Scrap-book belonging to the Rev. Charles Ludwig Dodgson, M.A., Christ Church, Oxford, better known as "Lewis Carroll", the author of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," "Through the Looking-glass", etc., bought, at the auction sale of his furniture, personal effects and books held at the Hollywell Music Room, Oxford, on Tuesday, May 10th, 1898, and following days, by

Fredric Louis Fluidekoper,

then an undergraduate at Christ Church, Oxford (1896-1898).

1614 Eighteenth Street, N.W.,
Washington, D.C.

ROYAL LETTERS.—VICTORIA.

It is not often that kings and queens are permitted—they are so ill-used by envy—to have the benefit of their own literary works. To be sure, they have, time out of mind, been great deceivers; their good things always having been said for them; put into their mouths, as you would put a lump of sugar between the beak of a parrot. When George the Third, the royal brain puzzled by the mystery of an apple-dumpling, asked how the apples got into the paste, seeing that there seemed no seam,—this profound reflection was attributed to Doctor Wolcott, to the great wrong of George Guelph. When Louis the Eighteenth on the blessed restoration, informed France that there was nothing changed in the country by his return, there was only one Frenchman the more; he was cruelly robbed of the felicity of the idea by the friends of Tallyrand—(has the Fox friends?) who plucked the royal bird of the feather to stick it in the hat of Prince Perigord Renard! Napoleon the Great has hitherto been undetected in his robberies; but we have no doubt that his famous speech about thirty centuries looking down from the Pyramids upon French soldiers was written for him by one of the *savans*—the much despised men—who riding about upon asses were quizzed as a sort of centaur, the unlearned not knowing where the wise man ended and the donkey began. The famous step from the sublime to the ridiculous remains as originally taken by Napoleon, the Uncle; but there can be no doubt of it, that the *faux pas* was the step of, perhaps, Madame De Stael.

This is too bad; but as it is, Louis Napoleon has not been so lucky. *L'empire, c'est la paix!* This—it has long been known to the private friends of that gentleman—is the property of John Bright. And the very last fine saying of Napoleon the Nephew has been traced as far back as—as Tacitus.

> "When your Lordship acts Tiberius,
> Tom Fudge's place is *Tacitus*,"

sings Tom Moore. In his speech to the Chambers, Louis Napoleon said of St. Arnaud, withered as he was and dying, that "he forced death to wait for victory." This, by the envious, is given to one Mocquard, the private secretary to the Emperor and translator of Tacitus, from whom he took the phrase!—In this way do republican levellers pull down the high ones!

How lucky, then, are we in Queen Victoria, whose Nightingale letter is in no way an embroidered letter; not a letter stiff with gold thread and glittering with royal gems, but a purely woman's letter—as simple as the simplest missive winged from country hall. The fair lady of the mansion desires to know about a few of her humble neighbours now absent. She hears of her finer acquaintance; but she desires to know how fare Tom and Dick and Harry?

> "Would you tell Mrs. Herbert that I begged she would *let me see frequently* the accounts she receives from Miss Nightingale or Mrs. Bracebridge, as *I hear* no *details of the wounded*, tho' I see so many from officers, &c., about the battle-field, and naturally the former must interest *me* more than any one."

The Lady of the Hall—it is called Daisy Hall—desires that her poor friends—they are honest, worthy tenants every one of them—may know that she still thinks of them; still hopes to see them? Her husband, too, the Squire of Daisy Hall, has kind and gentle memories of them.

> "Let Mrs. Herbert also know that I wish Miss Nightingale and the ladies would tell these poor noble wounded and sick men that no one *takes* a warmer interest, or feels *more* for their sufferings, or admires their courage and heroism more than the Queen. Day and night she thinks of her beloved troops. So does the Prince.
> "Beg Mrs. Herbert to communicate these my words to those ladies, as I know that *our* sympathy is much valued by these noble fellows. "(Signed) 'Victoria.'"

There is no regal flourish in this. It is downright simplicity of heart and earnest womanly tenderness. We know of no such royal letter in any of the Ellis collection. Grim and hard are Mary's, as though writ in ashes with the stick of a friar; hard and incisive Elizabeth's, traced with the sword; the sentences struck short, as with the headsman's axe. (Shade of Essex,—is it not so?) But in Victoria's letter it is all womanhood: there is nothing of the state of royalty in it; nought of the ermine but its softness and its purity.

W. M. T.

Childe Harold Corrected.—Before Byron is dismissed, I must speak of one of the strangest misprints that perhaps has ever occurred, for it was committed without being discovered by the author—sensitive as we know he was—or by the public, who have for years admiringly quoted the lines. The stanza which follows the one last cited runs thus:—

> "Thy shores are empires, chang'd in all save thee—
> "Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
> "Thy waters wasted them when they were free,
> "And many a tyrant since;——"

A skilful critic was very recently reading this passage, and when he came to "Thy waters wasted them" he paused. Wasted what? Where is it on record that the Mediterranean sea has wasted the shores that surround it? What part of the coast—European, Asiatic, or African—has been overwhelmed by the tide, and then left desolate? The ruins of Tyre are still a landmark; the rock of Salamis still overlooks the wave; the site of Carthage remains. Tyrants may have wasted those shores, but the waters never. There must, then, be some mistake. Could the critic have access to the original manuscript? It was produced and examined; and, as much to the surprise of all present as, I dare say, it will be to the public, the faulty line ran thus—

> "Thy waters washed them power when they were free,
> "And many a tyrant since."

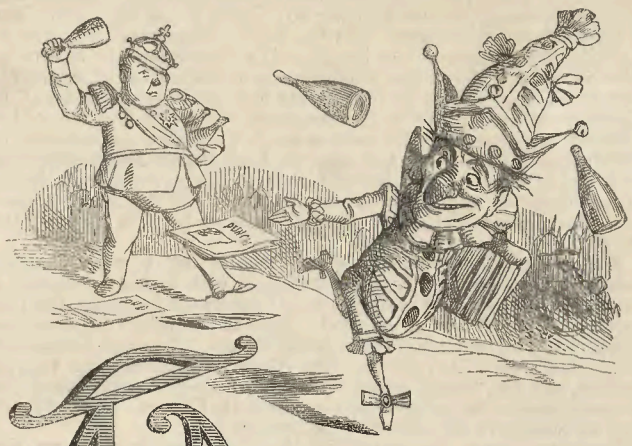
The MS. of another of Byron's poems rectifies a misprint which has been allowed to pass current in all the hitherto published editions of his works. It occurs in the *Prisoner of Chillon*:—

> "And thus together, yet apart,
> "Fetter'd in hand, but pin'd in heart——."

For "pin'd," read "join'd," which completes the antithesis.
—*Dickens's Household Words.*

AN UNMISTAKABLE VOICE IN EUROPE.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.—PRUSSIA.



Thus writes our own Correspondent:—

Berlin, March 2nd, 1855.

I dined with the King yesterday. His Majesty has been much irritated by the following statement, which has appeared in one of your contemporaries:—

> "Lord John Russell goes to Berlin to ascertain, if possible, the real meaning of the King of Prussia."

After dinner, Frederick-William complained to me on the subject of this paragraph. He dwelt with much emphasis on the words, "if possible," as being peculiarly offensive. In directing his remarks on those objectionable expressions to myself, the monarch did me the honour to use the English language, as when talking to our countrymen, it is his custom to use it always in the afternoon. His Majesty was pleased to say:—

"If *poshble*! Whyif*poshble*? Whoss Lorjohnrus'l come Berlinfor tashtain mymeanig*ifposhble?* Youunstan mymeanig wellenough! You fi no difficuly in unstan mymean—ic! Now do y'olefella? Veywellzhen! Whatshay ifposhble for? Shif I coo'n shpeakplain? Donishpeakplain? No instinkness in my prunciation—izher? You 'stinguish ev word I shay. Donu? Wellzhen, ifposhble 's 'bsurd. 'Fposhble 'sh erroneous. 'Fposhble's a gratuishous assumsh'n—'fpossble is. I won't have ifpossble. Share's no 'sh thing 's ifposhibility. Nev' lem me hear that obs'vation anymore!—and pashdecanter: and aff zhat, ifposhble, we'll smocigar."

At a later period of the evening his Majesty reverted to the topic of these unpleasant words, which evidently, to use a phrase current among your lower orders, stick in the royal gizzard. On this last occasion the King was so overcome that he cried, and his utterance was choked to such a degree as to deprive me of the ability to present you with a report of his observations.

THE PERMANENT HAPPY EXISTENCE OF

THE HUMAN RACE,

or the Commencement of the Millennium in 1855.

All Governments, Religions, Classes, Sects, and parties, in all countries, are invited to appoint and send delegates to a meeting to be held in the Metropolis of the British Empire, on Monday, 14th May next, in St Martin's Hall, to hear explained "Glad Tidings of Great Joy to all Mankind," which will include the principles and the plain and easy practice by which *all* Governments may make, with the aid of their respective religions every one from birth, good, intelligent, wise, united to all, and permanently prosperous and happy.

And as a preliminary measure, the United Trades of this Metropolis are invited to elect and send delegates to a Meeting to be held in St. Martin's Hall, January 1st, 1855, at 7 p.m., to have explained to them that they may explain to their constituents in London, and to their fellow work-men over Great Britain and Ireland, the course which will be recommended them to adopt at the Great Meeting of Universal Delegates, to be held as stated 14th May, on which day will be declared a coming change in the condition of the human race without revolution or violence, to be effected in peace, with order, wise foresight, and without injury to any one of any class in any country, but with high lasting benefit to all who shall from birth be placed within these new conditions.

Let all who shall attend these two meetings, come in the spirit of pure charity for all men, and a right good-will to aid and benefit them regardless of their class, creed, country or colour.

There will be no deception or secrecy in these proceedings, but the whole will be conducted with "Truth without mystery, mixture of error, or fear of man." And the glory of this elevation of mankind to a new phase in their condition will be alone to the God of the Universe who evidently worketh all things, in regular progress for the ultimate good and happiness of man.

London, Nov. 25, 1854. ROBERT OWEN.

"MY LORDS ARE NOT AWARE."

A Clerk in public pay,
  Who understands Red Tape,
Should know the formal way
  From question to escape;
His answer needs no care,
  'Tis pat as A. B. C.;
"My Lords are not aware,"
  And "I have the honour to be."

Strong magic words are those,
  His Chiefs in place to screen;
Inquiry's grounds suppose
  The grounds of coffee green,
Crimean army fare:
  This brief reply gives he:
"My Lords are not aware,"
  And "I have the honour to be."

It cannot be denied,
  The fact has made some noise,
Our soldiers were supplied
  With underclothes for boys.
The want of system there
  These words from blame will free:
"My Lords are not aware,"
  And "I have the honour to be."

If shot and shell were packed
  Above, and drugs below,
No matter; though the fact
  Undoubtedly was so.
Their Lordships, you declare,
  At least, were not at sea;
"My Lords are not aware,"
  And "I have the honour to be."

That hay is horses' feed,
  Is to their Lordships known;
That hay our horses need,
  Their Lordships cannot own.
Say, then, to all who dare,
  Of forage, lack to see,
"My Lords are not aware,"
  And "I have the honour to be."

Our gallant soldiers die
  Like sheep, consumed with rot,
Some meddler asks you why?
  Of course, my Lords know not.
You write—and you might swear,
  Of truth with some degree,
"My Lords are not aware,"
  And "I have the honour to be."

"My Lords," there is no doubt,
  Are not aware of much;
Could we not do without
  Their Lordships, being such?
John Bull "my Lords" might spare:
  That's plain to you and me;
"My Lords are not aware,"
  But we "have the honour to be."

Extraordinary Occurrence.—Considerable sensation has been caused in the towns of Topsham, Lympstone, Exmouth, Teignmouth, and Dawlish, in the south of Devon, in consequence of the discovery of a vast number of foot-tracks of a most strange and mysterious description. The superstitious go so far as to believe that they are the marks of Satan himself; and that great excitement has been produced among all classes may be judged of from the fact that the subject has been descanted on from the pulpit. It appears that, on Thursday night last, there was a very heavy fall of snow in the neighbourhood of Exeter and the south of Devon. On the following morning the inhabitants of the above towns were surprised at discovering the footmarks of some strange and mysterious animal, endowed with the power of ubiquity, as the footprints were to be seen in all kinds of unaccountable places—on the tops of houses and narrow walls, in gardens and courtyards, enclosed by high walls and palings, as well as in open fields. There was hardly a garden in Lympstone where these footprints were not observable. The track appeared more like that of a biped than a quadruped, and the steps were generally eight inches in advance of each other. The impression of the foot closely resembled that of a donkey's shoe, and measured from an inch and a-half to (in some instances) two and a-half inches across. Here and there it appeared as if cloven, but in the generality of the steps the shoe was continuous, and, from the snow in the centre remaining entire, merely showing the outer crest of the foot, it must have been convex. The creature seems to have approached the doors of several houses, and then to have retreated, but no one has been able to discover the standing or resting point of this mysterious visitor. On Sunday last the Rev. Mr. Musgrave alluded to the subject in his sermon, and suggested the possibility of the footprints being those of a kangaroo; but this could scarcely have been the case, as they were found on both sides of the estuary of the Exe. At present it remains a mystery, and many superstitious people in the above towns are actually afraid to go outside their doors after night.

*MAUD AND OTHER POEMS.**

The poets of this generation are more like King David than King Solomon. King David amassed the materials for a gorgeous temple which it was denied him to build. It required the genius of Solomon to rear into a habitation for the Lord of Hosts the treasures which his father had heaped—the Tyrian purple, the Shittim wood, the cedars of Lebanon, the gold of Ophir, and the brass for those bright lavers which he cast in the clay ground by the Jordan, between Succoth and Zarthan. Like David, our reigning poets spare no pains in gathering from the four winds of Heaven the elements of grand poems. All science—even toxicology, embryology, and hippopathology—they traverse in quest of knowledge. Aldobrandus, Hakluyt, and the Talmuds they ransack for curious illustration. New words that appal us like Frankensteins they create without end; and old words they exhume without scruple from Cotgrave and Ashe. They twist and twine with a labour of love the interminable arabesques of metaphysical subtlety. They invent unheard-of metres that would have driven Hermann to despair, and demanded a preface with half-a-dozen postscripts from Porson. Exotic similes they pursue as Dr. Hooker pursued the Himalayan *flora*, and cherish, as Sir William cherishes, the *Victoria Regia* at Kew. And, after all this preparation, what is the result? Where is the temple?—where is the Solomon to build a temple worthy of a God?—where is the genius, inferior to Solomon, that can raise such a palace as in a single night the genius of the wonderful lamp raised for the nuptials of Aladdin and the Princess Badroulboudour? To speak frankly, we are afraid that the architecture of our poets does not go much beyond the art of piling sentence upon sentence and "building the lofty rhyme."

The more we examine the tendency of their minds the less can we wonder at this inglorious result. They are so analytical and self-conscious that we should rather expect to see them professors of metaphysics in a Scotch university than poets soliloquizing in a poet's nooks. Their gaze is continually turned upon themselves. It is therefore turned upon an object which they can only see in parts; and the pictures which they draw must correspond with the fragmentary character of their perception. Thus they resemble the Kallipygian Venus, lifting her drapery and straining over her shoulder to gaze on the beauties of her person—painful her attitude, little can she see, and that little is not the best; while other poets, without thinking of themselves, see themselves in full view projected in the mirror of human life. The result of this continual introspection is, that it grows with their growth until it becomes an incurable disease—until it becomes, what Bacon describes, the merest cannibalism—the heart eating itself. All interest in human action departs. They care no more to sing of mighty deeds. From the external world of life and action they secrete themselves in the dormitory of their own thoughts; there they slumber in perpetual nightmare, or only wake from the nightmare to pass into hysterics over a pebble or a moss. All things are out of proportion. To their distempered vision molehills become mountains, and the great globe appears as "that little *o*, the earth." They repeat the marvel of antiquity and give us *Iliads* in nutshells. The return of the swallow in spring is to them a more joyous epic than the return of Ulysses to Ithaca; the opening of an oyster is a deed more heroic, with issues more terrible, than the wrath of Achilles and the sack of Troy. Can we wonder at the products of such miserable sentimentalism? Can we wonder that the poems are without form and void? There they are—full of nonsense dressed up as enigmas; full of diseased thought that is partially concealed by a hectic beauty; full of hiccough and maudlin; full of genius and absurdity; with talk as fluent as the Deluge, and action as little as in the Ark; with morbid heroes predestined to Bedlam, and morbid heroines predestined to the Magdalen.

It is with great pain that we find it necessary to commence a review of Mr. Tennyson's latest poem with these observations. But the fact is that *Maud* is unworthy of his genius, and gathers into a focus all the worst faults of the popular poetry of the day—the poetry which has been called "spasmodic." Our admiration for the Laureate has been so profound that, however we may have been dissatisfied with some of his later productions, we never deemed it possible for him to err so egregiously as to take his place at the head of the spasmodic poets. In now looking at his successive works we can see how—small by degrees and beautifully less—he has been tending to this.

In his first three publications, which bear the dates of 1830, 1832, and 1842, he rose higher and higher, till in *Locksley Hall*, *Morte d'Arthur*, and *The Gardener's Daughter*, he attained his zenith. Then came *The Princess*, next *In Memoriam*, lastly *Maud*—each volume a fatal descent. *The Princess* was his first attempt to write a sustained poem; he has truly described it on the title-page—*The Princess; a Medley.* It was a jumble of fantastic images and obscure ideas, with an impossible story and an impenetrable purpose. Still more obscure and impalpable was *In Memoriam*, the train of thought more disjointed, and the language dreamlike and ghostlike. And now it would seem as if in *Maud* he had reached the lowest deep. It is impossible that Mr. Tennyson should write what is utterly wanting in beauty; but we repeat that we deemed it still more impossible for him to write anything so hysterical and weak as the present poem. We have sometimes thought that the spasmodic poets have been dealt with too rigorously by the critics, and that some allowance should have been made for the waywardness of youth and the promise of the future. But what shall be said of the Laureate, in all the maturity of his great genius, presenting us with a poem which is the very triumph of spasm? The spasmodic poets generally pretend to exhibit somewhat, however little, of action; they pass off soliloquy for dialogue and dialogue for action, and profess to write with a dramatic intent—life dramas and death dramas, devil dramas and soul dramas. The Laureate makes no such pretensions, pays no such deference to popular requirements. The poem is one long soliloquy—rhymed fragments of the diary of a very disagreeable and excited individual of name unknown. It is written in a series of 26 fits—we do not mean the fits or cantos of old ballads, but veritable ague-fits. Undeterred by the knowledge that spasm is at present epidemic among the poets, Mr. Tennyson has actually sent forth a poem which is the perfection of spasmodic form.

The slight story, rather hinted than fairly developed in the poem, is soon told. The anonymous hero, soured by early disappointment, and leading a sort of "philosopher's life in the quiet woodland ways"—that is, a life in which, while hugging peace and inaction, he philosophizes on the superior healthiness of activity and war, glorious war—suddenly meets with Maud, the daughter of a neighbouring proprietor, and falls in love with her "cold and clear cut face," and "the delicate Arab arch of her feet." She, too, although intended by her father, "a ponderous squire," and her brother, a "curled Assyrian Bull," to be the bride of a certain "babe-faced lord," loves him and plights her troth to him. Now, it happens that the "ponderous squire," her father, gives a grand political dinner to the Tories around—a dinner and a dance; and our hero, not being a Tory, is not invited. But, not to be baulked, he spends the night in the rose garden of his lady-love, watching the windows and uttering pretty confidences to the flowers. At early morn, when all the guests have departed, when

> "Low on the sand and loud on the stone
> "The last wheel echoes away,"

Maud comes to him to the garden gate. She is followed by her brother, "the Assyrian Bull," who heaps on her terms of disgrace, and, finally—to sustain the rhyme—strikes her lover on the face. A duel is the result, in which "the Assyrian Bull" is killed. The hero flies to France; cannot rest there; returns to England only to find that his Maud is dead; goes mad; sings a very mad song (the obscurest part of the volume, but any one taking the trouble to make a minute psychological analysis of the state will find it a marvel of truth); by judicious treatment comes to his senses, discovers that we are at war with Russia, and, standing on a giant deck, waves his hat and shouts as the fleet weighs anchor for the Baltic. So ends the tale, with the strangest anti-climax that we ever remember to have read. Whether it has any hidden meaning we are not learned enough to discover. The more advanced Tennysonians used to detect abysses of meaning in *The Princess*, and we have heard that they find some wondrous allegory of the war in the present poem. If so, it is "as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile," and the element it lives in is mud. *The Princess* and *Maud* are both intelligible on the surface; it simply throws dust in our eyes, and clouds what is clear to be told of other and undiscoverable meanings. A windmill is a windmill; we must leave it to the Quixotes to encounter it as a giant armed. We find here simply a morbid, misanthropic young man, who is cured of his misanthropy but not of his morbidity by falling in love; whose love drives him to bloodshed and madness; and whose madness dissipates with the proclamation of war.

It is simply the representation of a diseased state of mind, of which the hero discovers at the end, although apparently without acting on his discovery, that the only sovereign remedy is action and war:—

> "As months ran on, and rumour of battle grew,
> "'It is time, it is time, O passionate heart,' said I,
> "'It is time, O passionate heart and morbid eye,
> "'That old hysterical mock-disease should die.'
> "And I stood on a giant deck and mix'd my breath
> "With a loyal people shouting a battle cry."

Taking the poem, then, simply as we find it, Mr. Tennyson has never yet presented to the public anything so crude, so shapeless, and so commonplace. The tale is sketchy, without the vigour of a sketch. The writing is prosaic and metaphysical, with the flatness and without the straightforwardness of prose. The imagery is conceited and far-fetched. The metre, which is varied, is for the most part an attempt to engraft the idea of the hexameter on the iambic rhythm to which English ears are accustomed, and has all the perplexities without the music of genuine dactylics. Coming from an unknown author, such a poem, notwithstanding some rare beauties of detail, would scarcely merit a lengthened criticism. Coming from Tennyson it rises into importance, and every poet and poetaster throughout the country—able to imitate his blemishes, but unable to imitate his beauties—will set up the Laureate as an example for prosy verse, for metaphysical sentiment, for affected imagery, for hysterical tears and melodramatic rage. It will be forgotten that he never sinned to the same extent before, and that here he has committed offences which no one ever dreamt that he was capable of committing. While reprehending these faults, it would be unfair to deny to Mr. Tennyson the merit which he deserves. The poem is not healthy, is not pleasing, will never be popular; but we have no doubt that it is true to his idea, and that its faults are to a certain extent intentional. Given a hero afflicted with "the old hysterical mock-disease," there cannot be a doubt that, as a dramatic study, the six and twenty fits of this poem are true to the life. Trust Tennyson to represent a character faithfully—he will never fail. And from this point of view we have not a syllable of objection to urge against the poem. Given the hero—his hysterical sentiment, his psychological analyses, his prosiness, his unequal verse, his conceited imagery follow naturally. The imagery, for example, is not merely mannered in form, but also limited in the selection of subjects. His muse delights in two things—horticulture and jewelry. She flies to flowers like a bee, and talks jewels like the fairygifted girl. The jewels are principally emeralds, rubies, sapphires, and pearls; the flowers are more varied and numerous—daffodils, violets, larkspur, pimpernel, jessamine, but chiefly roses and lilies. Now the imagery of Mr. Tennyson when he writes in his own person, is so catholic that one can have little hesitation in accepting the peculiarly horticultural and bejewelled imagery of the hero, merely as a characteristic of his position. And so with whatever else is faulty in the poem—it belongs to the hero.

What is there to blame then? it will be asked. Has not the poet a right to choose whatever subjects he pleases? And if he fulfils his intention, what more can we expect? Now, it may be very heretical, but we must deny the poet a right to choose what subjects he pleases. Were Byron and his school now alive and active, we think we should have a right to quarrel with his Satanic heroes; and we have the same right to quarrel with the consumptive heroes of Mr. Tennyson and the present race of poets. Dr. Darwin composed the *Botanic Garden*, he made the most of his theme; but not the less do we reprobate the poem and laugh at the loves of the flowers. In the same manner, what wonder that we tire of the Laureate's horticultural tendencies, and sicken over the morbid anatomy of *Maud?* Intention!—the intention of a poet is determined by his tastes and habits, and when we find a band of poets abhorrent of action, and piping of disease and poppyheads, and dreams, we may set them down as "mild-eyed, melancholy, lotus-eaters," whose poems reflect their characters. It is no use to say that Mr. Tennyson reprobates disease and inaction as strongly as we do; no use to quote the moral of the poem—

> "It is time, O passionate heart and morbid eye,
> "That old, hysterical, mock-disease should die."

That was the kind of argument which the comic dramatists of the Restoration, Wycherley and Congreve, Farquhar and Vanbrugh, employed to excuse the licentiousness of plays in which a bad word was a *bon mot*, profanity passed for wit, and obscenity for humour. Delighting in the vices which they portrayed, and portrayed in fairest colours, these dramatists declared that they only painted vice in order to make it abhorred:—

> "Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
> "As to be hated needs but to be seen."

And here we have half-a-dozen poets, with Mr. Tennyson at their head, pourtraying disease with painful minuteness, adorning it with the finest poetry at their command, and then, having done their best to make us admire the malady, finishing with a sigh. It is too bad, it won't do, such a life is death, the only true life is action. If Mr. Tennyson really wishes to inculcate such a moral, he knows that example is better than precept, and a poem full of healthy action far more inspiring than the moping and melancholy of *Maud*.

After all, however defectively the moral may be conveyed, we rejoice to find the Laureate proclaiming the truth with regard to the war—that this great war is the salvation of the country from evils far more to be dreaded than any which excite the fears of dove-eyed peacemongers. Very boldly he proclaims it throughout the poem, but most articulately at the conclusion, in the following verses, part of which we have quoted already :—

" It lightened my despair
" When I thought that a war would arise in defence of the right,
" That an iron tyranny now should bend or cease,
" The glory of manhood stand on his ancient height,
" Nor Britain's one sole God be the millionaire :
" No more shall commerce be all in all, and peace
" Pipe on her pastoral hillock a languid note,
" And watch her harvest ripen, her herd increase,
" Nor the cannon-bullet rust on a slothful shore,
" And the cobweb woven across the cannon's throat
" Shall shake its threaded tears in the wind no more.

" And as months ran on and rumour of battle grew,
" 'It is time, it is time, O passionate heart,' said I
" (For I cleaved to a cause that I felt to be pure and true),
" 'It is time, O passionate heart and morbid eye
" That old hysterical mock-disease should die.'
" And I stood on a giant deck and mix'd my breath
" With a loyal people shouting a battlecry,
" Till I saw the dreary phantom arise and fly
" Far into the North, and battle, and seas of death.

" Let it go or stay, so I wake to the higher aims
" Of a land that has lost for a little her lust of gold,
" And love of a peace that was full of wrongs and shames,
" Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told ;
" And hail once more to the banner of battle unroll'd !
" Tho' many a light shall darken, and many shall weep
" For those that are crushed in the clash of jarring claims,
" Yet God's just doom shall be wreaked on a giant liar ;
" And many a darkness unto the light shall leap,
" And shine in the sudden making of splendid names,
" And noble thought be freer under the sun,
" And the heart of a people beat with one desire ;
" For the long, long canker of peace is over and done,
" And now by the side of the Black and Baltic deep,
" And deathful grinning mouths of the fortress, flames
" The bloodred blossom of war with a heart of fire."

We have heard far too much of the blessings of peace. Like the blessings of Balaam they may prove curses. There comes a time to every man and to every nation when the cry must be raised—" War ! war ! No peace ; Peace is to me a war ! " Let us now hear somewhat of the blessings of war—war that has restored the manhood of a nation and taught us that honour is more precious than gold, duty grander than interest, and righteous Victory sweeping through the vineyards of the Alma diviner than Peace drowsily cracking the walnuts over the wine. And it is to hoped that, among other blessings of the war, our young poets, instead of puling in corners, will arouse themselves, come forth to the day, and show some interest in healthy human action. Let them remember that the really great poets have been pre-eminently men of action. Homer travelled far and mixed much with men ; Æschylus fought at Marathon ; Sophocles was a judge ; Shakspere had the Globe Theatre ; Milton was the secretary of Cromwell ; Goethe a Minister of State. Instead of this, what have we now ? Poets hiding themselves in holes and corners, and weaving interminable cobwebs out of their own bowels. It is, indeed, to be hoped that the war will put an end to this, and inspire the poet's heart to beat like a drum to action, and the poet's tongue to sound like a trumpet after victory.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The first of the usual Christmas performances of *The Messiah* took place last night before one of the largest audiences we have seen assembled in Exeter-hall.

Ordinarily this familiar event passes with a mere record of the fact, but the announcement of a singer, new to London, who was to undertake the whole of the very arduous *soprano* music for the first time imparted a special interest to the present occasion. Mrs. Clare Hepworth is from Glocester, and at the recent festival of the three choirs, owing to local influence, was assigned a somewhat important part in the morning and evening performances—too important, it was suggested at the time, for a beginner. The lady's friends no doubt imagined that from the Town-hall, Glocester, to Exeter-hall, London, was but a step ; and this opinion might have held good providing the step was not adventured at the concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society, where to win consideration is almost synonymous with being in the first rank of the profession. Whatever may be Mrs. Hepworth's qualifications and the hopes founded upon them, they went for nothing last night.

Fancy a young and inexperienced person, who had never enjoyed but one trial, coming directly on the strength of it to essay the most difficult part in the greatest of oratorios, and at the concerts of the first society in the metropolis ! Such boldness could only be justified by entire success. The opening recitatives, " There were shepherds," &c., which follow the " pastoral symphony," were enough, however, altogether to unnerve Mrs. Hepworth, whose intonation was so false, owing to the excessive trepidation under which she suffered, that it was impossible to know *what* she was singing. The brilliant air, " Rejoice greatly," brought this little drama to an end ; Mr. Costa was compelled to stop the orchestra, and Mr. Sims Reeves to lead away the *débutante*, whom we sincerely hope to meet again some future day under circumstances more favourable. The audience applauded her as she quitted the orchesta, under the evident impression that the fault was not so much her own as that of her too confident advisers. " He shall feed his flock" was of necessity passed over ; and the chorus taking up " His yoke is easy" brought the first part of the oratorio to an end. In the course of the second part Mr. Bowley, one of the most energetic members of the committee, informed the audience that Miss Louisa Vinning had consented to undertake the remainder of the *soprano* music " at a moment's notice," demanding indulgence for her on the plea that she had never publicly sung in *The Messiah*. Miss Vinning then made her appearance, and was loudly welcomed. Before she was half through " How beautiful are the feet " she had perfectly convinced her hearers that no apology was necessary ; and that while she might never have " publicly " sung in *The Messiah* till now, she must have done so very often indeed, *sub rosâ*, to be so well acquainted with the music, and to execute it with such ease and *aplomb*. This conviction was trebled in force by the manner in which she gave " I know that my Redeemer liveth." Each air was followed by a genuine burst of applause ; and Miss Vinning sat down, having achieved, impromptu, a success as complete as if she had been preparing for it assiduously a twelvemonth in advance. Although new to the Sacred Harmonic Society, this lady is not unknown in musical circles. Many may remember her a child, playing cleverly upon the harp, under the cognomen of the " Infant Lyra ;" and of later years a still greater number have recognized in Miss Louisa Vinning one of the most promising students in the vocal classes of the Royal Academy of Music. Since leaving that institution she has sung both in London and the provinces with success. Her voice is a clear and pure *soprano* ; and, although she has much to learn in her art, she is already mistress of enough to warrant high expectations in her favour. She never had such a chance of distinction as that which accident accorded her last night ; and if, which is not unlikely, it proves to be the stepping-stone to a prosperous career she will have to thank her knowledge of Handel, in whose songs had she not been " well up " she could not have availed herself of the opportunity. Thus what was poor Mrs. Hepworth's despair was Miss Vinning's felicity.

In other respects the performance of the *Messiah* was admirable. Of the choruses it is unnecessary to speak ; but the solo singers were equally to be commended. Mr. Sims Reeves, who made his first appearance for the season, and who has only just recovered from a severe indisposition, has rarely sung the great airs and recitatives—from " Comfort ye my people" to " Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron"—in more masterly style. Dignity, pathos, and energy are alternately demanded in the many and various pieces with which Handel has enriched the tenor part in his *Messiah*, and these were found united to faultless musical execution. Herr Formes sang his best, and, as usual, afforded immense satisfaction to the audience. In " The trumpet shall sound" the *obligato* part of Mr. T. Harper was as remarkable as ever. In the *contralto* music Miss Dolby always sings too conscientiously to leave a chance for criticism. The custom now established of giving the air, " But who shall abide" to the *contralto* (instead of bass), and " Thou didst not leave his soul in hell" to the tenor (instead of *soprano*), is satisfactory, inasmuch as it is in accordance with Handel's intentions.

The Messiah will be repeated on Friday for the first appearance of Madame Clara Novello.

Toad-Eater.—In an article on Abp. Whately's edition of Bacon's *Essays* in the last No. of the *Quarterley Review*, the reviewer makes a digression on the origin of this word. The late Bishop Copleston, he says, derived it from the Spanish, supposing it to be *todito*, a diminutive of *todo*, " all," and signifying *factotum* ; and this derivation he very properly rejects, for there is in fact no such word in any Spanish dictionary, and, even if there were, it could not have that sense. He next notices, and rejects also, the ingenious (the Archbishop is always so) etymon of Archbishop Whately, who takes it to be a mere refinement of a rather unseemly phrase, akin to one of frequent occurrence in Ben Jonson's " Bartholomew Fair." He finally gives what he regards as the true one, as contained in the following passage of Sarah Fielding's " David Simple :"—" It is a metaphor taken from a mountebank's boy eating toads in order to show his master skill in expelling poison." I doubt, however, if this practice was ever current, or was even possible ; and, at all events, neither is this the true solution. The truth I take to be as follows :—*Toad-eat* is an English adaptation of the French *avaler des couleuvres*. Thus, Boileau has in his tenth Satire :—

" Résous-toi, pauvre époux, à vivre de couleuvres ;"

on which the note of Lévizac is :—" L'expression proverbiale *avaler des couleuvres* signifie souffrier bien des choses fâcheuses, que l'on nous dit ou que l'on nous fait, sans que nous osions en témoigner le moindre déplaisir." If this be not an accurate description of toad-eating, I know not what is. English humour, to add strength to the image, changed the poor harmless and handsome snake into the ugly and supposed venomous toad. Finally, toad-eating and toad-eater have become toady, and mean servile adulation, a part of the business of the original toad-eater, usually, if not exclusively, a lady's companion.—*Notes and Queries.*

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM, " EILLIL."

I sing the song of a thousand years,
  A music that cannot die ;
I open the springs of upbraiding tears ;
  I dry them in many an eye :
To the crowded ball, to the lonely bower,
I carry the spell of a charmèd flower,
  The Faërie Forget-me-not.

The Lily was given a wealthy dower—
  It dies, and its scent is gone ;
The cold dead Rose is a nobler flower,
  Prized high when life is done :
But richer by far in storied fame
Than Lily or Rose is my charmèd name—
  My words are never forgot.

Uncultured—a wildling of Nature's birth—
  Nor beauty nor scent are my dower ;
And little care I what nook in the earth
  Be decked with my delicate flower ;
Look deep, look long : in that wee blue well
Lurketh the charm of a wizard spell
  That never can be forgot.

I dare when sicklier hearts delay ;
  I bring the distant near ;
I fly with the unvoiced words away
  And whisper them in the ear ;
In the message I breathe is a living power ;
I sing the song of the charmèd flower,
  Never to be forgot.

—

The Song of the Forget-me-not.

The home of thy childhood, the scenes that awoke
A tale in each stone and repeopled each nook,
  May all be forgot—

The father that cherished, the mother that bare,
The friend of thy youth, and thy one sister's care,
  May all be forgot—

The enemy's blow, and the slanderer's breath,
The grief that struck keenest, the first blank of death,
  May all be forgot—

But oh ! forget thee—how shall I
Forget thee, Lady, till I die ?
And whither, whither can I fly
Out of my haunting memory ?
  Oh ! how can I forget ?

The night, that shadows all the earth,
In slumber gives thy dream-form birth :
The dawning wakes me to a dearth—
A vanished hope—a lonely hearth—
  Oh ! how can I forget ?

As birds trill o'er and o'er their strain,
My dying hope, revived in vain,
Battles while yielding its domain,
Like shores which greedy waves regain—
  Oh ! how can I forget ?

—

Though the steed thou ridest be swift as wind,
  I'll follow o'er hill and dell :
I'll spring from the hoof-flung sods, and find
  Rich room for my secret spell.
The thoughts I quicken can never die,
For I breathe a charm on the memory,
  That nothing may be forgot.

Though thou sailest the sea, I'll wait on the shore,
  Where'er thou shalt set thy feet :
I'll haunt thy path for evermore,
  Still whispering when we meet—
" From the heart of thy lover that loveth thee well
My flower shall carry its deathless spell,
  My Faërie Forget-me-not."

Theta.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

The manner in which the *Tempest* is performed at this house is marked by the most complete originality of design on the part of the manager. The large ship, filled with living persons, that is tossed about on canvass waves at the commencement, is not, indeed, without precedent, but from the moment when Prospero is first discovered with Miranda to the moment when he takes his final leave of the audience every group is executed after a fashion altogether new. Instead of standing on the level sands to hear the roar of the departing "tempest," the Magician and his daughter watch the subsiding waters from the edge of a projecting rock. Instead of speaking the "epilogue" at the footlights, Prospero delivers it from the ship itself, which glides from the stage when the apologetic speech is ended.

Especial pains have been taken to endow Ariel with those attributes that always suggest themselves to the student of the play in the closet, but have never been exhibited on the stage. To sustain the character of Ariel as a vocalist the etherial spirit has hitherto been divested of his lightness, and a substantial full-grown lady has been supposed

"——— to tread the ooze of the salt deep;
"To run upon the sharp wind of the north."

In the Princess's *Tempest*, on the other hand, we have a juvenile Ariel in the person of Miss Kate Terry, and while she floats before the picture the music is sung behind the scenes by Miss Poole. To heighten the illusion every sort of mechanical and optical contrivance is adopted. An electric light accompanies the spirit wherever he strays; he darts swift as thought across the sky without any visible means of movement, and every time he appears it is from the corner where he is least expected. All parts of the sublunary world are equally permeable to Ariel, and consequently in all parts of the scene he can find with equal facility an entrance and an egress. The costume of the spirit is likewise new. When he leads Ferdinand across the "yellow sands" he indeed wears the ordinary attire of a sea-nymph, but his habitual aspect is that of a semi-celestial being with wings of the angelic kind. As Ariel is the ever-prominent personage throughout the action, so does he remain sole occupant of the stage at the end of the play. Prospero has spoken his epilogue, the ship has glided off, the island slips away in the opposite direction, and all that remains is the expanse of waters over which Ariel is suspended, exulting in his newly acquired liberty. This is, perhaps, one of the most poetical ideas ever embodied by means of stage contrivance.

In the scene where Alonzo and his companions are tantalized with the show of a feast through the magical arts of Prospero an extraordinary effect is produced. A picture of mere barrenness, in which two withered trees are the principal objects, is gradually changed into one of luxuriant vegetation, the foliage actually growing before the eyes of the spectator. The "strange shapes" vaguely indicated by Shakspeare are interpreted by Mr. Kean as the nymphs and satyrs of antiquity, and naiads, who dance on the surface of undulating waters, join them in their revels. The old fashion of making a table rise from a trap-door is abolished, and the nymphs, who carry baskets of fruit on their heads, bring them together, so that they themselves form the table, the illusion being perfected by the festoons of flowers that conceal their figures, while they crouch beneath the load of conglomerated dainties. The classical character given to this scene is in harmony with the masque in the fourth act, in which the speaking personages are Juno, Ceres, and Iris. Of course, this masque brings with it another striking *tableau*, and flying figures, suspended on the principle already adopted with so much success in *Faust and Marguerite* and *Henry VIII.*, float amid brilliant light, while Miss Poole, gorgeously attired as the Queen of the Gods, and accompanied by radiant pea cocks, warbles forth her song of gratulation.

Whatever may be said to the contrary, the serious characters in the *Tempest* afford no opportunity for very remarkable acting; and when we say that Miss Leclercq as Miranda and Miss Bufton as Ferdinand both looked exceedingly beautiful, and deported themselves with exceeding grace, we have said that they did all that was required of them. The great Prospero himself has only to appear extremely dignified, and to feign much more dogged ill-nature than really belongs to him, but, nevertheless, we have seldom heard a more perfect specimen of quiet declamation than the "epilogue," as spoken by Mr. Charles Kean on Wednesday night. A hitch had taken place in the machinery, and had occasioned an unexpected pause in the performance, so that the words

"Release me from my bands
"With the help of your good hands;
"Gentle breath of yours my sails
"Must fill, or else my project fails,
"Which was to please;"

might be construed as a sort of address from the manager himself to the audience, and were thus endowed with extraordinary pathos. They were answered with enthusiastic acclamations, and when the ship had departed, and the beautiful figure of Ariel remained sparkling against the sky, all remembrances of impatience were forgotten in a general sensation of admiring wonder, and calls for "Kean" arose on all sides.

Mr. Ryder's Caliban is a fine picturesque savage, and Mr. Harley is at home in the quaint pleasantry of Trinculo, but Stephano is susceptible of more weight and unction than is given to him by Mr. F. Matthews. But the effect of the comic portion of the play is in some degree marred by the long pauses which ensue between the acts, and which, notwithstanding a notice affixed to the doors of the theatre, craving the indulgence of the public, relax in some degree the powers of attention. No doubt pauses of more than ordinary duration are inevitable, for so complicated is the machinery of the piece that—as the notice tells us—more than 140 operatives (unseen by the audience) are employed in working it; but still we would recommend that every effort should be made to reduce them as much as possible.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Last night a smart lively burlesque, entitled *Masaniello; or, the Fish'oman of Naples*, was produced at this theatre with unequivocal success. The plot, as may be supposed, is taken from the book of *La Muette di Portici*, but the author, Mr. Robert Brough, while closely following the action of a long opera, so as not to omit a single incident of importance, has most dexterously avoided everything like tediousness, and on the fall of the curtain one is surprised to find how much has been done within the limits of a not very long act. The character of Masaniello is, of course, played by Mr. Robson, and the great scene is the last, in which, under the supposed influence of poison, this truly original actor sings snatches of his old songs, and expresses the frantic emotions of his mind by dances terribly grotesque. Finally, in the course of his delirium, he fancies himself a shrimp, and in the ditty which illustrates this extraordinary hallucination he contrives by his voice and gesture to convey a notion of infinite smallness and insignificance. But the character throughout is admirably conceived. Mr. Robson really becomes the light, sportive, penniless man of the South, with quick sensibilities and supple limbs, and seems to live in a region of tarantellas, till he chooses to stop short and sing an air to the tune of "Poor Dog Tray" with the twang of a London itinerant vocalist. The wronged Fenella is played by Mademoiselle Heckman, a French dancer, whose feats, gravely executed, were rendered comic by the significance of the tunes. Mr. G. Cooke, as a Neapolitan caricature of a London policeman, who afterwards joins the insurgents, is an amusing personage, whose kitchen amours serve to relieve the more portentous drolleries of Masaniello, and for the elegant figures of the picture we have Miss Swanborough, Miss Thirwall, and Miss Hughes, beautifully attired as Alphonso, Lorenzo, and Elvira, and uttering all sorts of pleasant sayings. Indeed, in studding over his dialogue with jokes Mr. Brough has been most unwearied and impartial, and many was the hearty laugh he gained in the course of the evening by the force of his verbal wit alone.

Although the piece is a burlesque, the scenery is painted in an earnest spirit, and the Neapolitan views are as bright and sparkling as possible.

PHOTOGRAPHY EXTRAORDINARY.

The recent extraordinary discovery in Photography, as applied to the operations of the mind, has reduced the art of novel-writing to the merest mechanical labour. We have been kindly permitted by the artist to be present during one of his experiments; but as the invention has not yet been given to the world, we are only at liberty to relate the results, suppressing all details of chemicals and manipulation.

The operator began by stating that the ideas of the feeblest intellect, when once received on properly prepared paper, could be "developed" up to any required degree of intensity. On hearing our wish that he would begin with an extreme case, he obligingly summoned a young man from an adjoining room, who appeared to be of the very weakest possible physical and mental powers. On being asked what we thought of him, we candidly confessed that he seemed incapable of anything but sleep: our friend cordially assented to this opinion.

The machine being in position, and a mesmemric rapport established between the mind of the patient and the object glass, the young man was asked whether he wished to say anything; he feebly replied "Nothing." He was then asked what he was thinking of, and the answer, as before, was "Nothing." The artist on this pronounced him to be in a most satisfactory state, and at once commenced the operation.

After the paper had been exposed for the requisite time, it was removed and submitted to our inspection; we found it to be covered with faint and almost illegible characters. A closer scrutiny revealed the following:—

"The eve was soft and dewy mild; a zephyr whispered in the lofty glade, and a few light drops of rain cooled the thirsty soil. At a slow amble, along the primrose-bordered path, rode a gentle-looking and amiable youth, holding a light cane in his delicate hand; the pony moved gracefully beneath him, inhaling as it went the fragrance of the roadside flowers: the calm smile, and languid eyes, so admirably harmonising with the fair features of the rider, showed the even tenor of his thoughts. With a sweet though feeble voice, he plaintively murmured out the gentle regrets that clouded his breast:—

"Alas! she would not hear my prayer!
Yet it were rash to tear my hair;
Disfigured, I should be less fair.

'She was unwise, I may say blind;
Once she was lovingly inclined;
Some circumstance has changd her mind."

There was a moment's silence; the pony stumbled over a stone in the path, and unseated his rider. A crash was heard among the dried leaves; the youth arose; a slight bruise on his left shoulder, and a disarrangement of his cravat, were the only traces that remained of this trifling accident.

"This," we remarked as we returned the papers, "belongs apparently to the milk-and-water School of Novels." "You are quite right," our friend replied, "and, in its present state, it is of course utterly unsaleable in the present day: we shall find, however, that the next stage of development will remove it into the strong-minded or Matter-of-Fact School." After dipping it into various acids, he again submitted it to us: it had now become the following:—

"The evening was of the ordinary character, barometer at 'change': a wind was getting up in the wood, and some rain was beginning to fall; a bad look-out for the farmers. A gentleman approached along the bridle-road, carrying a stout knobbed stick in his hand, and mounted on a servicable nag, possibly worth some £40 or so; there was a settled business-like expression on the rider's face, and he whistled as he rode; he seemed to be hunting for rhymes in his head, and at length repeated, in a satisfied tone, the following composition:—

"Well! so my offer was no go!
She might do worse, I told her so;
She was a fool to answer 'No.'

"However, things are as they stood;
Nor would I have her if I could,
For there are plenty more as good."

At this moment the horse set his foot in a hole, and rolled over; his rider rose with difficulty; he had sustained several severe bruises, and fractured two ribs; it was some time before he forgot that unlucky day."

We returned this with the strongest expression of admiration, and requested that it might now be developed to the highest possible degree. Our friend readily consented, and shortly presented us with the result, which he informed us belonged to the Spasmodic or German School. We perused it with indescribable sensations of surprise and delight.

"The night was wildly tempestuous—a hurricane raved through the murky forest—furious torrents of rain lashed the groaning earth. With a headlong rush—down a precipitous mountain gorge—dashed a mounted horseman armed to the teeth—his horse bounded beneath him at a mad gallop, snorting fire from its distended nostrils as it flew. The rider's knotted brows—rolling eye-balls—and clenched teeth—expressed the intense agony of his mind—weird visions loomed upon his burning brain—while with a mad yell he poured forth the torrent of his boiling passion:—

"Firebrands and daggers! hope hath fled!
To atoms dash the doubly dead!
My brain is fire—my heart is lead!

"Her soul is flint, and what am I?
Scorch'd by her fierce, relentless eye,
Nothingness is my destiny!"

There was a moment's pause. Horror! his path ended in a fathomless abyss— * * * A rush—a flash—a crash—all was over. Three drops of blood, two teeth, and a stirrup were all that remained to tell where the wild horseman met his doom."

The young man was now recalled to consciousness, and shown the result of the workings of his mind: he instantly fainted away.

In the present infancy of the art we forbear from further comment on this wonderful discovery; but the mind reels as it contemplates the stupendous addition thus made to the powers of science.

Our friend concluded with various minor experiments, such as working up a passage of Wordsworth into strong, sterling poetry: the same experiment was tried on a passage of Byron, at our request, but the paper came out scorched and blistered all over by the fiery epithets thus produced.

As a concluding remark: *could* this art be applied (we put the question in the strictest confidence)—*could* it, we ask, be applied to the speeches in Parliament? It may be but a delusion of our heated imagination, but we will still cling fondly to the idea, and hope against hope.

We read in the *Illustrated London News*:—
"Mr. John Ruskin, it is well known, has formed a collection of drawings by the late J. M. W. Turner, R.A. The 'Graduate of Oxford' is still an honorary student of Christchurch, and, conceiving that the study of Turner's matchless works must necessarily be beneficial to the intellectual culture of the rising youth of the University, he has proposed to Convocation to present the contents of his portfolios to Wadham College, where each 'thing of beauty' is to be a 'joy for ever.' The offer made by Mr. Ruskin is as generous as we trust its acceptance by the authorities of the University of Oxford has been graceful."

THE LATE MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Never, probably, in any age did private theatrical performances attain such a high degree of celebrity as those that took place last winter at Tavistock-house, the residence of Mr. Charles Dickens. None were admitted to witness them, save the friends of the amateur manager, but so wide is his circle of acquaintance, and so great is the social influence held by many of the persons of whom it is composed, that the merits of the "Tavistock-house Theatricals" soon became celebrated throughout the whole literary and artistic world of London. The number who actually saw the performances did not, most likely, exceed 500, but most of them were not only talking men, but men whose talk is sure to find listeners, and hence the fact that Mr. Charles Dickens was an actor of a far higher kind than had been demonstrated by his earlier amateur performances was one of the best affirmed facts of the day. Under these circumstances it was but natural that when, on Saturday night, the "Tavistock" performances took place before such of the public as chose to visit the "Gallery of Illustration" for the benefit of the fund "in remembrance of the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold," the long room was crowded to repletion. The Gallery, it will be remembered, is not in the shape of a theatre, but is an oblong room, the length of which far exceeds its breadth and hence the interminable series of heads presented a curious aspect to a spectator in the vicinity of the stage.

An audience which is select as well as numerous, and the humblest constituents of which pay 5s. for their places, is not apt to indulge in those noisy demonstrations of delight that are so freely given by the mixed assemblage of an ordinary theatre. But never was there a feeling of deeper and more genuine admiration than was left by Mr. Charles Dickens in the minds of his auditors at the conclusion of Mr. Wilkie Collins's drama the *Frozen Deep*. There was literally a gasp of applause when the curtain descended, and the conversation that ensued during the interval that preceded the farce was composed of a laudatory criticism of details. To gain the cool, deliberate approbation of such an audience was no small triumph. The ringleaders of conversation on such occasions are men who, to use a common phrase, are "up to everything," especially in matters connected with public amusement, and whose organ of veneration is by no means largely developed. They would rather grasp an opportunity for quizzing the ridiculous than seize an occasion for admiring the sublime. When such as these not only murmur forth their admiration, but discuss the causes of it, who among an audience could raise a dissentient voice?

The performance of Mr. Dickens as the vindictive and (afterwards) penitent Richard Wardour is, in the truest sense of the word, a creation. Nay, we may go further and say that it is the creation of a literary man—that it is doubtful whether any mere actor, unless under the influence of some extraordinary sympathy with the part assumed, would attempt to fill up an outline with that elaborate detail that is introduced by Mr. Dickens into Mr. Collins's sketch. We feel that if Mr. Dickens had had to describe in narrative form the situations of the *Frozen Deep*, instead of acting them, he would have covered whole pages in recording those manifestations of emotion, which, not having his pen in his hand, he now makes by the minutest variations of voice and gesture. Where an ordinary artist would look for "points" of effect he looks for "points" of truth. A specimen of humanity in which every twitch of every muscle can be accounted for is to be presented with all the elaboration of actual nature, no matter whether it be admired or not. When Richard Wardour tells the story of his disappointment in love there is ample opportunity for much noisy grief and many a stride to the footlights, but Mr. Dickens dares to keep down his voice through the whole of the narrative. The effect may be monotonous,—but what of that? He who talks not for the sake of display, but simply that he may relieve his mind from an oppressive and almost humiliating burden, will necessarily be monotonous. A man louder under the sense of wrong would have excited less uneasiness in his confidant. But such a man as Mr. Dickens presents—a man strong in the command of his voice, but weak in suppressing the language of his eyes and facial muscles—a man whose constant attempts to hide the internal storm by slight simulations of good fellowship only renders more conspicuous the vastness of that which he would conceal—a man who has a habit of losing his temper in a manner that mere external circumstances do not warrant—such a man is a just object of terror. Richard Wardour, as depicted by Mr. Dickens in the second act of the *Frozen Deep*, is the most perfect representation of dogged vindictiveness that the imagination could conceive.

In the third act so intricate is the web of emotions that he unfolds that in a verbal description no more than an indication of the various threads that compose it can be attempted. Richard Wardour and the object of his hate have departed together on an excursion during their sojourn in the Arctic Regions, and when the "expedition" has arrived, on its return, at Newfoundland, both have disappeared together, and it is supposed that one has murdered the other.

Suddenly a wild figure, arrayed in tatters makes its appearance. This is Richard himself, who has not only spared the life of his rival, when it was completely within his clutch, but has laboured magnanimously to preserve him, for the sake of the lady whom they both love, when he might easily have let him die off without incurring blood-guiltiness. When the magnanimity of Richard is fully established he dies in the arms of his friend and his beloved. Now, throughout the whole of this situation Richard, by dint of moral and physical suffering, is in a state of downright insanity, and he is compelled to reveal the generosity of his soul through all the impediment of a mental fog. All sorts of emotions are to be portrayed under a stratum of madness, and at last this is to be flung aside. By the most accurate attention in fitting every articulation and gesture to the circumstances of this complicated position Mr. Dickens solves the intricate problem, and presents a solution which taxes the attention to the utmost, so high is the value of every one of his details. Such a deliberate creation on the part of the actor can only be appreciated by the most careful study on the part of the spectator.

Of the company generally, with the exception of Mr. Dickens and two others, it may be fairly said that they are clever amateurs, though there is much genuine pathos in the acting of the ladies. The two who besides Mr. Dickens are worthy of comparison with any members of the theatrical profession, are Mr. Mark Lemon, whose representation of a bluff naval officer is a good sound unaffected "bit" of nature, and Mr. Augustus Egg, whose humour, as the grumbling ship's cook, John Want, is at once unexaggerated and characteristic.

The scenic effects, which, under the superintendence of Messrs. Stanfield and Telbin, were deemed perfect at Tavistock-house, were transferred to the "Gallery of Illustration" on the occasion of the performance, and as a proof of the zeal by which the management was actuated we have only to record the fact that the preparation of the stage did not commence till Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Reed had completed their ordinary entertainment in the afternoon, and left the coast clear for amateur operations.

We subjoin the cast of the *Frozen Deep* and the farce that followed it, with the information that the performance will be repeated, still for the benefit of the "Jerrold Fund," on Saturday, the 25th inst.:—

THE FROZEN DEEP.

Captain Ebsworth, of the Sea Mew ..	Mr. Edward Pigott.
Captain Helding, of the Wanderer ..	Mr. Alfred Dickens.
Lieutenant Crayford	Mr. Mark Lemon.
Frank Aldersley	Mr. Wilkie Collins.
Richard Wardour	Mr. Charles Dickens.
Lieutenant Steventon	Mr. Young Charles.
John Want, Ship's Cook	Mr. Augustus Egg.
Bateson } Two of the Sea Mew's People }	Mr. Shirley Brooks.
Darker } Two of the Sea Mew's People }	Mr. Frederick Evans.
(Officers and Crews of the Sea Mew and Wanderer.)	
Mrs. Steventon..	Miss Helen.
Rose Ebsworth..	Miss Kate.
Lucy Crayford	Miss Hogarth.
Clara Burnham	Miss Mary.
Nurse Esther	Mrs. Francis.
Maid	Miss Marley.

UNCLE JOHN.

Nephew Hawk	Mr. Wilkie Collins.
Edward Easel	Mr. Frederick Evans.
Uncle John	Mr. Charles Dickens.
Friend Thomas	Mr. Mark Lemon.
Andrew	Mr. Young Charles.
Niece Hawk	Miss Hogarth.
Eliza	Miss Kate.
Mrs. Comfort	Miss Mary.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Last night Mr. Wigan formally took leave of the public, which had assembled in great force to celebrate his benefit with appropriate honour. Almost to the moment when his address was actually delivered a doubt was entertained whether the indisposition that causes him to retire from management would not prevent him from performing the melancholy duty announced in the programme. However, at the end of the second piece he came forward, amid loud and encouraging cheers, the expression of his countenance bearing witness to the depth of his feelings on this really solemn occasion. After a short pause, during which he collected himself with some difficulty, he spoke as follows:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—I appear before you this evening under the influence of very strong feelings—feelings of mingled pride, gratitude, and regret. This has been announced as a farewell benefit, but it is not the familiar farewell of the outworn veteran, retiring in the natural decay of his powers to the leisure fairly earned by long service. It is the leave-taking of one stopped short in midcourse—in the most vigorous time of life—compelled to retire from management when most successful, and from acting when in the full enjoyment of your favour and approbation, by strange and unforeseen illness. But with pain at this unlooked for close (for the present, at least) of my managerial and professional career are blended pride and gratitude for the favours so liberally bestowed upon me for years past, and so nobly crowned this evening. I have had the honour of managing the Olympic Theatre for four years, or, more strictly speaking, for three years, for during the whole of the present season the active business of management in every department has devolved upon my wife. During that period ten pieces have been got up and produced under her sole superintendence, and I trust you will not attribute it to a husband's partiality if I say she has performed her task well and bravely under circumstances of peculiar difficulty and depression. That the public has been satisfied with her exertions is best proved by that most satisfactory of all tests—the balance-sheet. The result of the season has been prosperity and profit, where disaster and loss must have been looked for had I not possessed so able and indefatigable a substitute. She can no longer support the fatigue, excitement, and anxiety of such exertion without risk, and I am therefore compelled to retire until I may again be able to take my share of labour. The course I have adopted during my management has, I am proud to think, raised the Olympic Theatre to a high position in public favour, and I can look back and fearlessly say that its success has been honestly and fairly won by hard and well-directed work. When retrospect leaves this feeling, no wonder that parting from the theatre and from you, its indulgent patrons, should be very painful. But on painful feelings I will not dwell. After surmounting the many difficulties in the way of firmly establishing this theatre as a place of rational and harmless amusement, I shall, on the 7th of next month, relinquish all connexion with it; but I shall always feel a warm interest in its fortunes, and a sincere wish that it may long enjoy the success that has hitherto attended it. I have now a large debt of thanks to pay to the gentlemen of the newspaper press, for the fairness and the good-nature of their criticisms upon the performances at this theatre, and also for the warm and cordial sympathy which they have expressed with my present position; to the committee of friends who have done me the great honour to associate their illustrious names with mine; to the authors who have written for me; and to my company generally, not only to my brother actors for their zealous and loyal co-operation (more especially during this last season, under the direction of my wife), but to every one employed in the theatre, down to the humblest artisan; and above all, my warm thanks are due to the public, whose support has so generously rewarded my exertions. For myself, should the blessing of health be restored to me—and I will look forward hopefully—I may again be able to contribute to your amusement, when I trust that, by keeping to the same course, the same result will follow—that success will be won by a sincere desire and an earnest effort to deserve it. But should my hopes be doomed to disappointment—should this be my last appearance before you, I will carry with me to the end the memory of the great kindness I have always received at your hands—kindness so warm, so sympathetic, and so unvarying, that it leaves me scarcely able to pronounce that word which for me blends so much sweetness with so much sadness. But, linger as I may, it must be spoken; and so, ladies and gentlemen, good friends and patrons, I most respectfully and gratefully bid you all farewell."

Never, probably, was a speech delivered with more genuine and unaffected eloquence than the above. The sad countenance of the excellent actor and manager, whose right arm was in a sling, the voice suppressed throughout, though never becoming inaudible, and the almost choked utterance when he approached the conclusion, gave a meaning to the words which, well-chosen as they are, cannot be perceived by a mere reader. The printed speech, however, answers our purpose. It exactly states the cause of Mr. Wigan's retirement, with all its mournful peculiarities, and renders superfluous any comment on his management and its termination.

When Mr. Wigan had left the stage an unanimous call was raised, and he soon reappeared leading forward Mrs. Wigan, whose services he had so justly and so touchingly recorded. They both retired amid the deafening cheers of the whole audience.

A CURIOSITY.—In the month of September, 1853, while the ship Lord Riversdale, Captain Hague, was on her passage from California to Valparaiso, the vessel sprang a leak, which kept the crew busy at her pumps. On getting to Valparaiso the vessel was thrown over for the purpose of examining the leak, when, to the surprise of the carpenter, it was found that the narwaal, or sea unicorn, had forced its pointed horn through the garboard streak, the next plank to the keel, and left two feet of the formidable weapon, if we may so term it, in the plank. The plank is of American elm, four inches thick, and the horn had passed through the wood to the extent of six inches on the other side. It was no wonder, therefore, that the vessel leaked, and perhaps the fate of many an unlucky ship may be justly attributed to a cause, which in this case, from the peculiar place where the blow was struck, did not do any very serious damage. The plank and horn will be exhibited at the Exchange Newsroom for a few days for the inspection of the curious. —*Liverpool Mercury.*

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

The management of Messrs. F. Robson and W. S. Emden commenced last night under the most favourable auspices. All parts of the theatre were fully occupied, and the leading favourites were loudly cheered on their appearance. It should be stated that the policy of the new lessees has been to render the change of dynasty as little apparent as possible. Mr. and Mrs. Wigan have, of course, retired, but in all other respects the company is essentially the same, with the addition of Miss Wyndham, a well-known actress at the Adelphi Theatre.

The first piece of the evening, entitled *A Subterfuge*, was no more than a new version of *Livre Troisième, Chapitre Premier*, already familiar to the London public as a *Novel Expedient*. It served, however, for the exhibition of some very refined acting on the part of Mrs. Stirling, and was followed by one of the characteristic achievements of the evening—namely, the delivery of the following address by Mr. F. Robson:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—
"That's all I know—
"The words I had to speak awhile ago,
"And may have yet, for back they still may come anon,
"Have taken flight at such a strange phenomenon.
"That must have been the work of fairy elves,
"I don't know if you noticed it yourselves.
"Let me describe it. On this very stage,
"My home from infancy—not as to age,
"I could talk when I came here—that's all one,
"But here I felt my feet and learnt to run.
"Well, scarcely had I found myself alone
"Within this house, whose size I thought I'd known,
"When this occurred—the stage sank down 12 feet,
"The roof flew up and seem'd the skies to meet,
"The walls ran back and left of boards a plain,
"Say from Newcastle-street to Drury-lane.
"I in the midst of it—about as large
"As a stray oyster in an empty barge,
"Or Marius—Mario—I beg your pardon,
"Sitting among the bricks of Covent Garden.
"E'en now it seems than formerly much bigger,
"Yet rather more adapted to my figure.
"What in the size of my paternal mansion
"Could have created such a strange expansion?
"I know—and any youth can feel with me,
"Whose tender parents have gone out to tea
"And left him all alone (his heart's desire),
"With strict injunctions not to play with fire,
"To mind the house. How vast each room appears;
"And on a person of such tender years
"What dread responsibilities to fall.
"Suppose, for instance, visitors should call.
"Seats in the best of rooms he can't refuse them;
"But what to give them—how shall he amuse them?
"He cannot do the ill-behaved or glum thing
"And keep the doors shut, or he might lose something.
"To make the best of it he can but try—
"Ladies and gentlemen, that boy am I.
"They who as parents kind in art have stood for me
"(Who never gave me aught but what was good for me),
"Have left the house, perhaps for many a day,
"Not to enjoy themselves, I grieve to say;
"And I am left to fill the master's place,
"And save his house's honour from disgrace.
"Well, I've been educated with propriety,
"I've passed four years in very good society;
"And for a host I've had instructions ample
"In studying a gentleman's example.
"Besides (my recent image to employ),
"I've this advantage o'er the lonely boy—
"My anxious father and considerate mother
"Have left me in charge of my big brother—
"A steady youth, with brain quite free from dizziness,
"Who has for years attended to the business.
"You know him—of ill-breeding not a particle,
"And such a judge of a superior article;
"Trusting to his urbane and wise direction,
"I need but play, he'll see to the connexion.
"From drawing room to shop! The flight's absurd.
"Let me be serious—in a parting word.
"An exiled King, hail'd back to France's Throne,
"Said to his people ('tis a tale well known)—
"'Why do you shout? The Monarch you restore
"'Brings France no change—only one Frenchman more!'
"In our small realm, decreed to rulers new,
"The form of government approved by you,
"We would not change—improvements here and there,
"When wanted, to attempt we will not spare—
"Our base the same—no grief shall you express
"Save for an actor and an actress less."

Excellently adapted for its purpose by its author, Mr. R. Brough, this address was excellently spoken by the new manager, who was received with such a volley of acclamations that at first he scarcely knew how to proceed. When called at the conclusion of the oration he led forward his partner, Mr. W. S. Emden, and an outburst of enthusiasm was the satisfactory result.

The great event, however, was the production for the first time in public of Mr. Wilkie Collins's *Lighthouse*, celebrated as the first piece played by Mr. Dickens and his friends at the private theatricals in Tavistock-square. Mr. Stanfield's drop curtain, representing the Eddystone lighthouse, had been accurately copied, the original scene had been closely imitated, and Mr. F. Robson represented the almost murderer, sustained in the first instance by Mr. Dickens himself. Everything that could be done to render a piece effective was done on this occasion, and the success of the drama was proved by the call for the author, who bowed from a private box, but, nevertheless, we cannot avoid the conclusion that the *Lighthouse*, with all its merits, is rather a dramatic anecdote than an actual drama, and is consequently more suited to the drawing-room than to a regular theatre patronized by a large public. People of the ordinary stamp will now have an opportunity of witnessing a play hitherto confined to a chosen few, and will be satisfied with beholding a very charming story, very effectively acted; but those who have been admitted into the *sanctum* of Tavistock-house will also recollect and miss a certain compactness that gave to the whole performance the character of a highly-finished miniature. The taste with which the piece was put upon the stage is, however, all-important, as demonstrating the principle upon which the new managers intend to govern their establishment. Mr. Robert Brough's excellent burlesque on *Masaniello* brought the evening's performance to a mirthful conclusion.

SOUTH WALES CIRCUIT.

CARDIFF, THURSDAY, JULY 26.

(*Before Lord Chief Justice* CAMPBELL.)

The first cause called on was "Powell v. John," in which no one appeared.

His LORDSHIP.—Is it not 9 o'clock by Cardiff time? If not so, we will wait a little while. I find, however, that it is 10 minutes past 9 o'clock. If no one appears, the cause must be struck out. Does any one appear? (A pause.) There is really a very thin attendance of the bar. The cause must be struck out.

The cause of "Hawkins v. Williams" was then called on.

Mr. GROVE, Q.C.—My Lord, this is an undefended case.

Mr. Williams, the defendant, whose forensic abilities have won for him the distinguished title of "Sir William Follett," here addressed the judge, observing that it was not an undefended case, as stated by the learned counsel on the other side, for he had the honour, by his Lordship's permission, to appear as his own counsel.

The JUDGE intimated his readiness to hear the defendant.

Mr. WILLIAMS said he was not quite prepared with his papers, and should be glad if the Court would permit him a little time.

His LORDSHIP.—Certainly, Mr. Williams.

No other cause was then called on, the jury having been sworn in "Price v. Thomas;" but in this case there were no counsel.

The JUDGE.—I must really proceed. The jury are sworn, and the cause must go on. Are all the bar asleep? I never recollect such a thing before in all my experience.

Mr. Evans, Q.C., here came into court, and, apologizing to his Lordship, at once proceeded in the case of

PRICE V. THOMAS.

The plaintiff in this action was a most singular spectacle. He was the celebrated Dr. Price, of Eglwysilian, whose beard, hair, and peculiar costume have long been a theme of curiosity among all who have seen him, especially in court. To-day he stood at the barristers' table, with the white skulls and huge horns of three of his Welsh mountain goats and the shaggy and long black haired skin of another lying on the table before him. His iron-gray hair fell on his shoulders, in tresses and locks, down almost to his waist; and an Asiatic beard of silver gray, falling on his breast, over a turned down collar of beautifully fine and white linen. His jerkin, or jacket, was of Lincoln green, turned up with scarlet, the yellow buttons each bearing a different form of dog. The wrists of the jacket were scalloped—alternate green and scarlet, with yellow buttons, and the wristbands of his shirt were also scalloped. His scarlet waistcoat was similarly scalloped. The sharp, keen, eagle-eyes of the doctor, his Welsh idiom, and general appearance were the subject of close attention by all in court, and we noticed two or three of the learned counsel engaged in sketching a likeness of this remarkable "Welsh character."

The action was brought to recover damages sustained by plaintiff in the loss of 137 goats and kids, as laid in the particulars, worried and killed by the dogs of the defendant.

Mr. COLERIDGE opened the pleadings, the first being that the defendant's dogs worried and killed certain goats belonging to the plaintiff; and the second, that the defendant kept certain dogs, well knowing them to be disposed to worry, kill, and destroy goats, &c.

Mr. Evans, Q.C., stated the case; Mr. Grove, Q.C., and Mr. Giffard appeared for the defendant.

Mr. EVANS, Q.C., in stating the case, said the plaintiff carried on the business of a surgeon at Eglwysilian, where, also, he had a farm of about 33 acres, part of which was mountain land, upon which and upon his other land he had, in March, 1852, a herd of about 70 goats. The defendant occupied the farm adjoining; indeed, his farmhouse was under the same roof as the plaintiff's. The plaintiff complained that defendant and his sons, in spite of his repeated remonstrances, set on their dogs to worry and kill his goats, which caused the death of about 20 or 30; and this had induced plaintiff to bring the present action. The jury would observe that Dr. Price was somewhat singular in his style of costume. He did not dress in the common style, having an idea that the ancient jerkin and dress and the style of the olden time were more becoming in a descendant of the Cymri. But all this had nothing to do with the action—

His LORDSHIP.—No; certainly not.

The first witness called was the plaintiff.

On being directed to kiss the book, Dr. Price minutely examined the pages, and at length, coming to some pictures, exclaimed, "My lord! I do not like these things."

The JUDGE.—Take the oath in the manner which you consider most binding to your conscience.

Another Testament was thereupon handed to plaintiff, who, having satisfied himself by an examination of its contents, kissed the book, and proceeded with his evidence, the substance of which was that his farm adjoined that of the defendant; that his flock of goats, which he kept from a preference of their cheese to that made from the milk of cows, did certainly stray from the craig on his farm to the lands of the defendant, who, with his son, frequently set his three sheep-dogs and his mastiff upon the goats, worrying them so savagely that they died; that he had frequently remonstrated with defendant, who, notwithstanding, still continued to set his dogs on the goats; and that from June, 1852, to December, 1854, 28 goats and several batches of kids were killed, the value of which plaintiff set down at 250*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* Plaintiff caused considerable amusement by his description of his "beautiful" goats, the names of which—titles derived from Welsh history, &c.—were most difficult to pronounce, and were perfectly unreportable. He appeared to have kept a minute account of every transaction in connexion with the worrying and killing of the goats by the dogs of the defendants; and extracts from the entries were, by permission of the Judge, read by the plaintiff in support of his case.

In cross examination by Mr. GROVE, Q.C., the plaintiff admitted that he had frequently shot at the defendant's dogs. He had hit the mastiff once or twice, but had not killed him. He had also shot at the dogs of other persons, and had killed seven of them for chasing his goats. He had not yet brought actions against his neighbours for their allowing dogs to worry his goats. Defendant had been a witness, not against the plaintiff, but his brother; but no threat had been uttered by him on that account against the defendant. Those who knew him would not attribute such a thing to him.

Mr. GROVE.—Never mind that. You don't know what motives even those that know you may impute to you.

Plaintiff, to Mr. GROVE.—I have thrown 13 goats and kids into a pond on my farm.

The JUDGE.—Dead or alive?

Mr. GROVE.—Not until after death, my Lord.

Plaintiff.—They were starved to death, my Lord, by Lady Harriet Clive, who had ordered them to be impounded.

The JUDGE.—Do not mention that now. I suppose it will be a case for the next assizes. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.

Mr. GROVE.—You have had, I believe, Mr. Price, some acquaintance with the law?

Plaintiff.—Very little, very little.

The JUDGE.—Fortunately, he has now the very able assistance of Mr. Evans.

Mr. GROVE.—Were you not, Mr. Price, once tried for perjury?

Plaintiff.—Yes, and acquitted.

The next witness called was the plaintiff's daughter, who excited nearly as much interest as her father had done. She was about 12 years of age. A large brimmed Leghorn hat almost hid her very intellectual countenance, and her shoulders were covered by a peculiarly cut and scalloped white fur tippet.

Mr. Rees, the Court interpreter, was sworn to render her evidence into English.

The JUDGE.—Ask her if she goes to church or chapel, and knows anything of religion, or can say the Lord's Prayer.

Witness.—I do not go to church nor to chapel. I have been taught religion.

The JUDGE.—Ask her if she understands the Lord's Prayer.

Mr. Rees interpreted the question to witness, but

Dr. Price vehemently declared the question had been wrongly put.

Mr. Rees.—Put it yourself, then, if you like.

Plaintiff (warmly).—She has been brought up in the Christian religion, and is a first-rate Christian. She will make a splendid Christian. (Laughter.)

Mr. Rees asked witness if she knew the Lord's Prayer and anything about future rewards and punishments.

She replied violently, in Welsh, that she had learnt, but did not now know, the Lord's Prayer; and as to future rewards and punishments, those who are wicked "will go to the fire, they do say."

Question.—What is your name?

Witness.—Gwenhiolen Hiarylhes Morganwg.

[The literal interpretation of this name is "The Countess of Glamorgan."]

Question.—Are you the daughter of the plaintiff?

Witness (in Welsh).—He says I am his daughter. (Laughter.) She then went on to describe the various occasions on which the dogs of the defendant had worried and killed her father's goats. Once she was on the craig, when one of the goats was beaten by the son of defendant, and the animal, she said, ran towards her bleating plaintfully, and put its head to her head and "cried much." She held it there for some time, and then, fearing it would die, she took off her apron, wrapped the goat's head in it, and ran for her father. Her poor goat died that evening. She corroborated her father as to the injury done to the other goats.

Other witnesses gave similar evidence.

For the defence it was set up that the defendant had not set his dogs upon the plaintiff's goats, and that the goats had died of the mortality at that time common on the Welsh mountains among the herds of goats.

The jury, after being locked up half an hour, returned a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages 15*l.*

"DRILLING."

SWEET Amy asked, with pleading eyes,
"Dear Charley, teach me, will you,
The words I've heard your Captain say,
I should so like to drill you?"

"What! little one, *you* take command!
Well, Amy, I'm quite willing,
In such a company as yours
I can't have too much drilling.

Stand over there, and sing out clear,
Like this, Squad—Stand at ease."
"Oh, Charles, you'll wake papa up stairs,
Don't shout like that, dear, please."

"I stand at ease, like this, you see!
And then I scarce need mention,
The next command you'll have to give
Is this one, Squad—Attention!

Now, Amy, smartly, after me,
(You're sure, dear, it don't bore you?)
Forward—Quick March—Halt—Front—Right Dress—
There now, I'm close before you!

Present Arms—Well, it *does* look odd,
You don't believe I'd trifle,
We hold our arms straight out, like this,
In drill without the rifle.

Now say, 'Salute your officer;'"
"Oh, Charles, for shame, how can you!
I thought that you were at some trick
You horrid, cheating man, you."

Charles "ordered arms" without command,
She smoothed her rumpled hair,
And pouted, frowned, and blushed, and then
Said softly—"As you were!"

Volunteer Garrison, Sunderland. W. E. W.

LETTER FROM THE DEAN OF CARLISLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF PUNCH.

SIR,—Although perfectly aware of the malignant hatred which *Punch* bears to religion, and although profoundly convinced that he is actuated by a burning desire to see every cathedral turned into a hippodrome, and every church into a gin-palace; yet, as I hope I know better than to be uncharitable, I propose to address to you a few remarks on the subject of Pantomimes, with which horrors my name has been unhappily connected. I do not suppose, however, that you will insert my letter, inasmuch as I believe you to be a depraved worldling, and either too bitterly hostile to good men to show them fair play, or too stupidly incapable of comprehending them to see the merits of their arguments. If I were disposed to write harshly, I might use much stronger language.

"I have been represented, Sir, as having stated that a Pantomime is a wicked exhibition. I adopt, and repeat that statement.

"I have said the thing, Sir, too often to have any doubt in my mind of its truth. But knowing that it is my duty to prove all things, and supposing it possible that the anathemas of myself and other good men might have induced some outward reformation in these accursed spectacles, I came to London on Tuesday last, for the purpose of beholding, with my own eyes, what I deemed it my duty to denounce. I called, in my way, for the Editor of the *Record*, who was so good as to leave unfinished a statement that a leading Puseyite had just eloped with his grandmother, and to accompany me to the theatre.

"We selected Drury Lane Theatre, as being the oldest and largest of these temples of Beelzebub, but as we would not encourage wickedness by paying one farthing, we applied to MR. SMITH for a box. I am bound to say that in the note enclosing it, there was not a single oath or other demoralising expression, which, alas, shows the hypocrisy of the world. I make no doubt that he and every other manager habitually use lithographed forms of reply, with the most profane and evil language therein, but in Christian charity, I state that there was nothing of the kind in the envelope in question. We were shown into a box marked F, and the initial suggested the word Folly to my friend the Editor. Would that only folly were practised in the Theatre!

"The box-opener was in red, the livery of the Scarlet Woman. He did not ask for money, nor would I have given him any; but in exchange for what worldlings call a play-bill I gave him a tract, called '*Is* All Serene, my Cove?' May it be blessed to the poor creature!

"Sir, the veil disclosing the iniquity called a Pantomime had some time risen, and what is profanely called the Transformation scene was before the audience. And what an audience! Thousands of persons, from the pit (well named) to the ceiling, grinning, with idiotic delight, at a glistening spectacle, made up of paint, tinsel, gaudy dresses, red fire, (ah!) and bedizened females. What must be the influence of such a spectacle! I do not deny its fascination—even my eye dwelt on it, I blush to say, with a momentary sensation of pleasure, while the good man by my side was permitted to be tempted so far as to mutter the slang word 'Stunning!'

"Then, Sir, commenced a series of wickednesses which I firmly believe have never been equalled, in so short a time, since the beginning of the world. I write them with a shudder, and even the callous creatures who read your paper must feel some little shame at perusing such a description.

"I do not speak of the horrible morals taught. These were atrocious enough. A poor old man, apparently the friend of a fiend called the Clown, was treated more brutally than I could have conceived flesh could bear. He was dashed on the ground, his face was kicked, his eye was slapped, he was knocked on the head, all by his false friend, upon whom incessant remonstrance produced no effect beyond a mocking jeer. Sometimes under the guise of sociality the athletic ruffian would approach the poor aged creature, whose confidence in him was touching, and suddenly and without provocation would deal him a fearful blow, which resounded over the house. Sometimes he would wound him, or strike him with a huge club, or drive a ladder into his abdomen. It was cruel and barbarous. My good friend, the Editor of the *Record*, says that these ill-used old men seldom survive more than a night, and that new victims are hired by the managers, to be slaughtered like the horses in Spanish bull-fights. But I speak only of what I *saw*.

"Sir, I saw with my own eyes several murders that night. I saw a man who represented a policeman (no, Sir, I am not an ignorant bigot, and I am quite aware that the poor wretch was not really a policeman) blown into fragments by an explosion, caused by an electric wire. I am not to be deceived, I beheld his disjointed limbs fly about, and it is not by the paltry artifice of bringing in another person, supposed to be the victim restored to life, that I am to be deluded. I also saw a man's head cut off with a large pair of scissors, and the body was thrown down a hole, after much brutal treatment had been bestowed upon it. A live man was put in the place of the slain, but again, Sir, I say that I am not to be taken in. And a third time, *Mr. Punch*, I witnessed a similar spectacle, another policeman (the hatred of the wicked to all constituted authorities is awful) being stunned and thrown into a cucumber frame, whence, again, the substitute arose, but I am not again to be so deceived. My friend, the Editor of the *Record*, informs me that the manager of the Theatre contracts with an hospital to take away the bodies of the persons they put to death, and when we came out I saw a group of medical students at the door of an hotel called the Albion, who were doubtless waiting for the subjects for dissection.

"Sir, the audience evinced no horror at such scenes. On the contrary, they uttered shouts of delight when the victims were stricken down; just such yells, Sir, as the Pagans of the old Roman amphitheatre emitted when the wounded gladiator fell upon the ensanguined sand, and looked round upon the cruel thousands for the signal of mercy; but, alas, saw turned-down thumbs, announcing that he was to perish by the sword of the victor.*

"After such scenes, Sir, permitted in Pantomimes by the authorities, why need I dwell upon lesser, though still great crimes. I am bound to say that the females engaged did not dress in the unseemly fashion which I had heard was usual, and I do not know that there was much more display of their lower limbs than I have habitually witnessed on the part of the miserable but fashionable sinners of my Cheltenham flock, who wore Crinolines, and had to cross roads. But, for the rest, the whole performance was one of wickedness, lying, thieving, smiting, brawling, and vanity; all, however, thrown into nothingness by the diabolical atrocity of killing several persons in order to make a holiday for a London crowd.

"I returned, Sir, by a late train, but my friend, the Editor of the *Record*, in order that the carnal pride engendered in him by his extraordinary gifts and graces might be abased, was permitted to eat such a number of whelks at a stall in Vinegar Yard, that he was excessively unwell next day, and his journal came out for once without a single instance of what the worldlings and the Tractarians call misrepresentation; but which good men know to be the salutary scourgings for the enemies of true religion.

"I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

"FRANCIS CLOSE, D.D."

"*The Deanery, Carlisle.*"

* It was just the other way—*pollicem vertebant*—but the High Church declare that the Evangelicals are not remarkable for the exactitude of their scholarship.—*P.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN ENQUIRING MIND (Finsbury) requests that we will give him an historical sketch of Philosophy generally, with biographies of its principal professors, and an analysis of their corresponding or contradicting tenets. He also wants to know what is good for corns, and he particularly desires answers to both his requisitions this week.—On the first point we must refer him to any Encyclopædist, and on the second to any Chiropodist.

BISMILLAH.—Turkey is certainly in Europe, but there is also a Turkey in Asia. There are doubtless wild turkeys in America. But we suspect that some one has been hoaxing you about the four Turkeys. To your second enquiry, about "the directest way for you to become a Member of Parliment" (usually spelt Parliament), we reply that you had better commence by an educational process, which you cannot take up at too early a stage.

ROBERT BLOGGS.—We never before met with the lines you sent, commencing

To be, or not to be, that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler, &c.

We agree with you in thinking that they are probably from some play. But perhaps some of our readers can furnish the information.

ALBINIA E. M. has no reason to be "afraid" of our "sarcastic speeches." We never make any. Besides, her handwriting is very pretty, and we dare say corresponds with her face. But in reference to her petition that we will "manage to introduce her to some nice, clever man, with dark eyes, at least £400 a year, and a turn for music," we must pause. Is she sure she is in earnest? Our young men do not like their affections to be sported with. Let her ask her own heart, write again, abstain from sealing with a fourpenny bit, and spell "intense" with an "s," not a "c."

AMOR VIRTUTIS is informed that we cannot tell him where to get skeleton keys made.

NON MI RICORDO, and numerous other correspondents are apprised that we believe the lady was born about the end of the reign of King George the Second. But her address is in the *Court Guide*, and they had better apply to her personally. We do not profess to keep a Register Office.

SAUCY LIZZY.—The best cosmetic is health. Rise early, take exercise, read *Punch*, and be asleep before dark, and you will not need "washes," which, as the *Vicar of Wakefield* says, do no end of mischief. But if you must use anything of the kind, a little cantharides and mustard, rubbed into a paste with turpentine, laid on over night, and the face washed with sulphuric acid in the morning, will probably produce an alteration. But, Lizzy, on no account use it unless made up by a chemist.

A YOUTHFUL ASPIRER.—We happen, at this moment, to want neither "poetry" *nor* "a boy as can black boots and run errands," but should a vacancy occur in either department we will bear you in mind. Your "Lines to the Two Warrens" scarcely do justice either to the Blacking or the Blackwood one.

J. WHEELER BLASHBY (or some such name).—How can *we* tell you where to get a hippopotamus? But we could tell you where to get a writing master, who would be a much better "companion for your leisure hours."

MUSIDORA.—We need hardly say that we do recognise the hand, and with pleasure. Your grace's secret is, of course, perfectly safe with us, and we should write privately, but have no right to disturb a lady's *incog.* As your grace is pleased to prefer periwinkles we must bow, but a good deal may be said for whelks. We cannot, however, concur in your opinion of the music of *Rigoletto*, which we must, with all deference, pronounce "stunning." Your enclosure shall be duly forwarded to the Marquis.

ARCHIMEDES.—Yes, logarithms and decimals mean the same thing, and to reduce decimals into the concrete formula of logarithms, it is only necessary to extract the cube root and take the middle term (of course omitting fractions) until the tangents have for their basis the sine of the complement. Any charity boy could show you the process.

S. F. (Leeds).—We are surprised at such ignorance in a place of progress like Leeds. The Letters of Junius were not written by any man, but by Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who conveyed them to the press through her friend John Evelyn, author of the poem of *Silver* (on which Phillips founded his, of the *Splendid Shilling*), and she took the name of Junius as a sort of joke, because at the time of writing them she wore one of the Brutus crops introduced at the French Revolution.

JACK ROBINSON.—Rather, and before you could mention your own name. But when you send us grouse, send a leash, not a brace.

MACDONALD PAUL says, that the family of Skirwharmlie is Scotch, and its members have been worthy to rank with many of whom Scotia is most proud. Owing to the unfortunate prejudices of past ages against treason, arson, cattle stealing, and the like, the family was continually decimated by judicial interposition, but its representative keeps, or kept (for the police are very tyrannical) a marine store shop near Old Gravel Lane.

ROSE AND MATILDA.—Very much ashamed of both of you. To write to two officers whom you do not know, making them offers of marriage, might, under certain circumstances, be defended. But to tie your letters to the necks of two kittens, and to fling the inoffensive creatures in at the military party's windows, was contrary to all etiquette. Pray abstain from such demonstrations, if you wish us to think you ladies.

HEIR-AT-LAW.—We are afraid we cannot assist you in tracing your relative. There was, we think, a person named Smith living either in Clapham or Shoreditch during the early part of the present century, and you might search the registries of the churches there. It may aid you in identifying the party, if we add that he was in the habit of smoking a good deal on Saturday evenings. We shall be happy if our information enables you to recover your estate and title.

RUNIC.—Your lines are very pretty, and shall appear as soon as ever we can make room for them, probably in September or October, 1873. You need not wait until their appearance before sending the game.

JUVENIS.—The epigram is by MARTIAL, and runs, correctly, thus:—

Spes primâ facie largo factotum amicus,
Curiæ per contra nil desperandum gratis.

Which may be translated—but, on second thoughts, we invite our young classical friends to send us in their translations of this very terse and sparkling epigram. The name of the first and second best shall be given, as also that of the worst, if he lets us know it.

JOSHUA R.—We are not aware that the "Finding the Dead Body of Harold" has ever been made the subject of a painting, but now you have suggested it, we have no doubt that some artist will take the idea with thankfulness. We are always glad to be the vehicle for conveying such hints, and may mention that we have often wondered that neither *Gil Blas*, nor the *Vicar of Wakefield* has supplied subjects for painters.

MURPHY.—We do not profess to be weatherwise, but we believe that it has been observed, that before rain swallows fly high, dogs are unusually brisk and active and will not eat grass, waterfowl keep on the surface of the water, fish bite greedily, toads disappear, and sheep and cattle seem remarkably calm and comfortable. We can hardly tell you "how to avert the consequences of rain," but a good deal might be done by staying within doors.

A MOTHER.—Your excuse is a common one, but it is your business to know that he is out. Respecting the demand of your youngest son for cigar money and a latch key, we think you perfectly justified in refusing either until he is eight years old. And though we consider all coercion as objectionable, we cannot blame you for fastening the street door top-bolt, which is above his reach, to prevent his going alone to Vauxhall at half-past eleven at night. But beware of severity, and talk to him of the beauty of virtue, and the social advantages of subordination.

BACKFIN.—Sturgeon abound in the Hampstead ponds, but as they belong to the Lord of the Manor, Sir T. M. Wilson, no one will fish for them. We have ourselves taken salmon, in the New River, of from sixty to eighty pounds, but the tall iron railings sadly interfere with an artistic throw of the fly. We doubt whether the fine trout you describe can be caught in Peerless Pool. From off the terrace of the Houses of Parliament, now that the session is over, anglers are seen hooking John Doreys and smelts daily, but it is stated that the fag ends of the members' cigars have given them a cabbagy flavour.

A NOVICE.—Always happy to give any information on etiquette. If you are on the top of an omnibus, and see a lady walking, to whom you are but slightly known, call out "Hi!" and kiss your hand to her in a facetious manner. If she be of superior rank, it is usual, though not necessary, to put your hat on the end of your stick and spin it round, but discretion must be your guide. True politeness is that which places every one at ease.

ADA JANE.—We suspect poor ADA JANE is in rather an awkward position. We cannot see how she is to prevent her cousin's marriage with the young nobleman to whom ADA JANE herself has taken a liking. She might, certainly, go to the intended bride's mother, represent her own feelings, and ask her to give up the cousin's brilliant match—such things are done on the stage. But we doubt whether it would do in Belgravia. Let ADA JANE catch a young nobleman for herself, there are plenty about.

HENRY E. (Walton).—How can that be? The square of the half of any chord of a circle is equal to the product of the sagittæ of the opposite arcs, that is, the segments of the diameter bisecting the chord, or the versed sines of half the opposite arcs. From this the Jews argue, and we agree with Colonel Sibthorp in thinking they argue rightly, that no man can, by self-measurement, get a decent fit from a tailor.

W. W. and F. F.—Your account of your ascent of Primrose Hill is very exciting, but the feat has been performed before. To be sure, we observe that, like some other gentlemen who just now write to the papers about their "Ascents of Mont Blanc," you failed in reaching the top; but even this remarkable feature in the performance scarcely entitles you to publicity.

AFFECTIONATE EMMA.—Your "Lines to My Little Brother (aged 2¾), on his accidentally Sitting down upon some Stinging Nettles," have point and pensiveness, but scarcely sufficient interest for the general reader. Still we hope your brother is better.

CHARLEY, having been thrown over by a young lady, wishes to return everything she has ever sent him, but finds a difficulty, from the fact that, her papa having been a pastrycook, her presents chiefly consisted of jam tarts, Albert rock, and the like, which CHARLEY has eaten long ago. The dilemma is new and delicate, but if CHARLEY's conscience is tender, he had better estimate the price of the articles, and enclose it to the old Pattypan, from whom Miss had clearly no right to take them. But, as has been classically said, *Jams ate is.*

BELLICOSUS JOCOSUS.—You may obtain a commission in the army, by leaving your card at Lord Hardinge's any day before four o'clock, and by calling for an answer next day. You may give the servant one shilling. This applies to the line only. To become a guardsman, call at the Junior United Service Club any evening between six and nine, walk boldly into the dining-room, and state your wish to any party who may be dining together. The rest of the process you will find very simple.

A BRIDE.—Do not distress yourself. Very likely he loves you sincerely, and his winking at the bridesmaid might be mere accident—the whisper was probably to tell her how pretty you looked—and the pressure of her hand gratitude for her ready acknowledgment of it. Even the note may be explained; it was the address to which she is to forward some present for you. Never worry yourself about trifles—you have married him, and she is cut out. Go on your tour rejoicing.

JEUNE PHILOSOPHE.—Matter is, no doubt, as you contend, an integral part of cognate consciousness; but do not push this law to an absurdity. If homogeneous self-antipathies come into conflict with inchoate rationalism, where will you draw the line between casuality and causality? Hadn't you better shut up?

ANXIOUS JEMIMA.—There is no rule as to the number of clergymen requisite at a wedding. One able-bodied clerk in orders can do all that is necessary. The "assisting" system is a ridiculous custom, introduced by the Puseyites, by way of assimilating the ceremony to that of Rome. At the same time, we admit that a clergyman has a hard duty to perform in managing *some* couples, and it is probably in these cases that he calls in extra hands. Look at the announcements with that idea in your mind.

SIGHT-SEER.—You may walk into Buckingham Palace whenever you please, and without any ticket. But when you enter the rooms in which any of the Royal Family are sitting, you should put out your cigar, and politeness, if not loyalty, dictates your making some complimentary remark on the elegance of the building. If you have apples or other fruit in your pocket, you may offer them to the younger Princes and Princesses; but we believe there is an objection to their R. H. accepting slices of cocoa-nut, or toffy.

WILLIAM P.—We think the young lady was quite justified in slamming the door in your face, and in throwing the geranium pots at you from the two-pair window; indeed, we do not see how any person calling herself a lady could have acted otherwise.

PUZZLED.—We have so repeatedly explained that *R. S. V. P.*, on a note of invitation, means "Write and Say Vether you'll be Present," that we are tired of answering the inquiry.

THEATRICUS (Ebury Street).—We shall be happy to read all your thirty-four plays, and, having done so, to recommend them to such managers as they may best suit. There will be no difficulty about money, but we shall be happy to make any advance you may require while the plays are in rehearsal. One hundred guineas an act is the lowest price paid at any Metropolitan theatre.

SMACKARJEE WOPPAJEE (Calcutta).—We are much obliged. The sketch of the Ayah running round the compound after the Adjutant (bird), and the khansuma and the chuprassy pelting her with her own tabeejes and banjoobunds, has been handed to one of our artists, but we fear the nutcut will make but a queer jummakur of it. So you have got your juwaub, eh? Never mind, there are other young ladies in India. Ask again.

QUERY.—You are wrong. Sardanápalus is accented on the middle syllable; Zante is a dissyllable; Chobham is pronounced Cobham; théatre is accented on the *a;* Phäeton is sounded fee-á-ton; and Mr. Disraeli as Mr. De Hisreelly. Attend to these niceties if you would be supposed to have lived in good society.

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—In September pickle garlic, parsnips, and spinach, and pour vinegar into each of your marmalade pots, to prevent fermentation. Smear the frames of your looking-glasses and pictures with tar and treacle; and be careful that the pantry doors and windows are left open at nights, as the autumn air of the garden is cold for the cats. If you have beer in the house, drink it.

THE BARDS OF BURNS.

A Lay of ye Crystalle Palace.

FYTTE THE FIRST.

IT fell about the Christmas tide, when graziers kill their beeves,
When hall and hut are hung around with the holly's glossy leaves,
When turkey, chine, and pudding plump present a goodly show,
And many pleasant things are done beneath the mistletoe;

That our good Lord of Syddenhame blew from his Crystal Tower
A blast that pealed through all the land with most uncommon power;
It scared the man of Manchester beside his cotton twists,
The Cornish miner in his mine, the Gaël among his mists.

"Ho! now, my merry minstrels, get all your harps in tune!
A hundred years ago a bard was born by Bonnie Doon,
And he, who best his praises chaunts in most melodious strains,
Shall fifty pieces broad receive of the red gold for his pains!"

Full joyfully on hungry ears that guerdon's tidings smote,
And every bard caught up his lyre, and coughed, and cleared his throat,
And to that Tower of Crystal sheen right swiftly made repair,
Through the pleasant glades of Forest Hill, and of Penge the hamlet fair.

Oh! never drew such motley crew to tournament or feast,
There were thirty score of jongleurs, and gleemaidens at the least,
And hope flashed high in every eye, and they sang out loud and bold,
For those who cared not for the fame cared extremely for the gold.

"An umpire! Now, an umpire; oh! who will bring to me?
An umpire good, my gay foot page!"—"My lord, you shall have three!
The doughtiest men, that may be found, search all broad England through."
"God help the merry gentlemen, they'll have enough to do!

"Ho! fetch them here, and spread the cheer; pie, pasty, pipes amass,
Hock, Burgundy, and lordly Port, Brown Stout and palest Bass!
They must be ammunitioned well, as for a lengthened siege,
To stand such shock of bedlam bards."—"It shall be done, my liege!"

Then in they came, that lusty three! All fresh as from the hills,
And bearing high a branch of palm, stout MONCKTON hight DE MYLNES;
SIR TOM-LE-TAILZEOUR, from Whitehall, a swarthy man and strong;
BON GAULTIER humming, as he strode, the butt-end of a song.

They ranged themselves behind the Board, they dashed into the cheer.
"Ha! they manage all this sort of thing most admirably here.
This Hock is famous!"—"So is this, the vintage of Moselle!"
"And I like this tap of Burgundy particularly well."

And so they laughed, and joked, and quaffed, and chirruped o'er their wine.
"Six hundred bards," quoth stout DE MYLNES, "who cares though they were nine!—
Let's have these Minnesingers in, and hear them in their turns!"
"I fear, not I, no end of Scalds!"—"And I no end of Burns!"

Then one by one they led them in, and every poet there
First turned his collar down, and ran his fingers through his hair,
Then broke into a gush of song, and forth his fancies flung
With emphasis immense, and wild expenditure of lung.

And still the three full jauntily submitted to the din,
And bowed the rival minstrels out, as they had bowed them in.
The sun went down, the moon went down, the starry dark had gone,
And in the sky the sun was high, yet still THE THREE sat on.

A gleemaiden came tripping in, and, as she twang'd her lute,
Beneath her swelling Crinoline she showed a dainty foot.
"No tampering with the Court, Ma'am!" cried DE MYLNES, with brow of gloom;
BON GAULTIER kissed her fairy hand, and bowed her from the room.

In rushed a frantic lutanist, and he dashed his gauntlet down,
"The red gold shall be mine," he cries, "and mine the laurel crown!
My lyre among the seraph spheres I tuned!" "Oh, that will do!
To the seraph spheres go back!" outspake SIR TOM, "and play it too!"

So on they came, these minstrel men; one measure scarce was done,
Ere with unintermitting crash another had begun;
Night settled down, all night they sang, the day "began to daw,"
And seated still the morning chill THE THREE in judgment saw.

Yet still the minstrel rout poured down, and still they played and sang,
Some softly as the dove, and some with agonising twang,
The fife, the apollonicon, the clarionet resound,
And the dreary barrel-organ there its grating torture ground.

And some on the accordion play'd, and some upon the bones,
And some drew from the ophicleide the most guttural of groans,
Some shrieked upon the bagpipes wild a maddening Pillalu,
And some on the cornopean a cheery woodnote blew.

Another day! another night! still rang the minstrelsie,
And there with blanching cheeks sat on THE RHADAMANTHINE THREE;
They clutched their goblets in their hands, and their eyes stood in their head,
With the look most unpoetical of codfish that are dead.

They sat like men who had been stunned, they sat like things of stone,
And ever, as the minstrels sang, they sobbed a feeble moan,
And BURNS, and Doon, and Mauchlin Belles, and CUTTY SARK, and JEAN,
Danced through their brains like Will-o'-wisps, or ghosts at Hallowe'en.

At length a mantled form stole in, and with a touch of fire,
That woke triumphant tones, he ran his fingers o'er the lyre;
When from THE THREE that eerie trance to pass away began,
They rubbed their eyes, and slapped their thighs, and shouted "That's the Man!"

FYTTE THE SECOND.

When January chill had reached its Five and Twentieth day,
The Crystal halls of Syddenhame beheld a brave array,
All London's chivalry was there, and ladies bright of sheen,
In a bountiful circumference of flounce and Crinoline.

And through the throng, with faces long, and tresses thin and wild,
The elbowing minstrels pushed their way, and grimly too they smiled,
For aloft a laurelled purse was hung, and you might hear them gasp,
As met their eyes that golden prize, and they dreamed it in their grasp.

"A lane there, ho! Hats off! Sit down!" And lo! THE FATAL THREE
Upon a dais tottered forth of the gold and cramoisie,
And each was by his squires upheld, hard task it were, I ween,
To know them then, these ghastly men, so altered was their mien.

The stout De Mylnes looked feebly round, his eyes were dim and sunk,
And in his flapping gaberdine his goodly limbs were shrunk,
With grizzled beard and drooping head Sir Tom-le-Tailzeour stood,
And a perfect walking skeleton was Gaultier the Good.

They sank like lead into their seats, and a thrill ran through the hall,
When he that sang The Leaves of Palm piped out before them all,
"Ho! Trumpeters, a blast of might upon your bugles blow!
And for the Victor's Scutcheon you, my merry footpage, go!"

With triumph high full many an eye and brow was upwards thrown,
For every minstrel there knew well that scutcheon was his own,
And many an eye and brow was dropped with dark and deadly frown,
When they found that all their hopes were done ridiculously brown.

For high upborne by that foot page, they saw a blazoned shield,
With *Cruiser* kicking sinister three donkeys in a field,
And from his jaws in letters gules an argent scroll did neigh
"A man's a man for a' that," with some notes of "Scots wha' hae!"

Then rose a yell that scared the owls in Croydon and in Penge,
"Revenge! Revenge!" rang through the air, the cry was still "Revenge!"
The very pterodactyle at the bottom of the park
Was startled in his oozy lair, and grunted, "Here's a lark!"

And to the dais on they dashed, that rabblement of bards,
A surging mass that covered full one hundred cubic yards,
"Let's hew them down!" "I claim the crown!" "And I the golden fee!"
"And I!" "And I!" "And I!" "And I!" roared all that weltering sea.

Up sprang The Three, and spread their chests, and their manly tresses shook,
And from their Squires their harness proof, and dinted falchions took:
"Now by Saint Widdicomb the Just, this day ye well shall rue!"
And the very maddest minstrel there grew pale their wrath to view.

Tyrtæus Toodles bit the dust, and Shakspeare Scraggs went down,
Low lay the great Poseidon Hicks, and the valiant Milton Brown,
Longfellow Spinks, fair Brixton's pride, and Whistlebinkie bold,
And of young spasmodic bards a score died grappling for the gold.

For before that laurelled guerdon Bon Gaultier grimly strode,
And down these reiving troubadours like corn in harvest mowed,
And well his brothers kept their posts, and stood that minstrel shock,
As Eddystone hurls back the surge that raves around his rock.

And back before their strokes the tide of minstrel battle rolls,
Some shriek for help to salve their shins, some for priests to shrive their souls,
And fear fell on the men of song, and they called, "A truce! A truce!"
Then might you hear that cry of fear, "*A Mayne à la Rescousse!*"

And the chivalry of Scotland Yard came charging fiercely through,
And their staves rat-tat on brain and hat beat a terrible tattoo,
Like leaves before the autumn gale fled all they could not catch,
"Another hit," Le-Tailzeour cried, "in *An Unequal Match!*"

To the Banquet-hall they bore The Three, of wine they quaffed the best,
And to recruit their weary souls was many a dainty dressed;
What chanced to all the bards who fled, no mortal ever heard,
But legends tell, that those who fell, were decently interred.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

If anything in the form of hearty, unaffected, unanimous applause can reward a manager for years of unremitting toil and exertion, Mr. Charles Kean must have deemed himself amply remunerated, as far as his feelings were concerned, by the extraordinary scene that took place at the Princess's last night, when, at the conclusion of *Henry VIII.*, he formally took leave of the public, for whose amusement and instruction he has so munificently provided during nine successive seasons. In attempting to describe it, we can only use the ordinary commonplaces of a house "crammed to suffocation," of "waving hats and handkerchiefs," of "reiterated cheers." To give any notion of the strong *feeling* that manifested itself through all these visible signs of enthusiasm would be absolutely impossible. One spirit animated the mass that filled every available part of the edifice and rendered the lobbies impassable, although infinitely reduced by countless rejections for "want of room," and that spirit was a sentiment of real gratitude and admiration. The great magician who had so long made his small theatre a mirror, in which the mighty events of the past were reflected with an accuracy that had never before been attempted, was breaking his wand in the presence of his admirers, and there was something almost painful in the excitement which the spectacle produced.

We could easily fill a couple of columns with the history of Mr. Charles Kean's vigorous and successful exertions to maintain a taste for the poetical drama, at a period when "Shakspeare" was voted "slow." But we have too recently described his managerial career at the Princess's Theatre to render a repetition necessary, and at this moment our readers would doubtless rather peruse Mr. Charles Kean's own account of his principles and practice, as contained in the speech which we give below, than con over a frigid narrative of events generally known. But, as aids to the memory, we may mention the names of some of his grand "revivals"—his *Macbeth*, his *Sardanapalus*, his *Winter's Tale*, his *Henry VIII.*, his *Richard II.*, his *Henry V.*, and a brilliant series of living historical pictures will at once pass before the mind. That anything like those grand works will again be presented on the boards of any London theatre there is not the slightest reason to expect, for that another manager will be found combining histrionic genius, disinterested zeal for art, an enthusiastic love of archæology, and (let us add) pecuniary resources gained by honourable toil, to the degree in which these have been manifested in Mr. Charles Kean, is not to be anticipated. Neither can we point to any living actor who has the slightest chance of succeeding him as the acknowledged representative of the leading characters of *Shakspeare*, or of approximating to his matchless Louis XI. We have theatres in abundance for the performance of prose dramas of every degree of pretension; but the termination of Mr. Charles Kean's management of the Princess's Theatre can only be regarded as a calamity by all who class among the purposes of the stage the diffusion of a taste for the gigantic dramatic literature of this country. The great tragedian of his day having ceased to be a manager, the drama has lost its chief temple, and in the place of the Shakspearian theatre which had become one of the fixed institutions of the metropolis is a gap which no speculator would—as far as we can see—attempt to fill. The bond that connected together the fashion of our modern metropolis with the poetry that delighted our ancestors has ceased to exist, and the suburbs alone afford a home to the works of the Elizabethan era.

Mr. Kean delivered the speech which we give below in an impressive, unaffected manner, occasionally interrupted by emotion, which was especially manifest when he alluded to the devotion of Mrs. Kean, and when he approached the last words which he was to address to his audience. Applause was loud at every period, and the cogent reasonings with which he refuted the absurd attempts frequently made to oppose his system of decoration elicited shouts of approving laughter. A call from every throat at the end of the speech for Mrs. C. Kean, who was led on by her husband, completed one of the most imposing ovations ever beheld within the walls of a theatre.

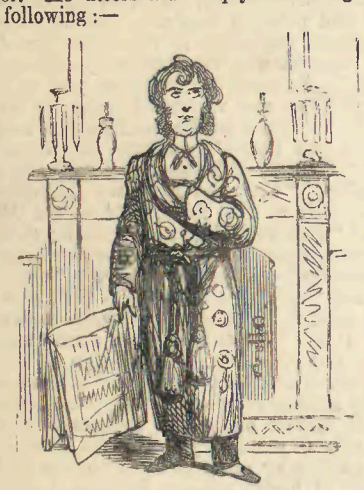
The following is the speech:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—This night concludes my managerial career. The good ship which I have commanded for nine years, through storm and sunshine, calm and tempest, is now about to re-enter harbour, and, in nautical phrase, to be paid off; its able and efficient crew dispersed, soon, however, to be recommissioned under a new captain, to sail once more, as I sincerely hope, on a prosperous voyage. It is always painful to bid adieu to those with whom we have been associated long and intimately; how deeply, then, must I feel this moment of separation from my constant supporters—patrons, friends—never to meet again under the same relative circumstances. You have accompanied me through seasons of incessant toil and intense anxiety, but your encouragement has lightened my labours, and your approbation has compensated me for manifold difficulties and disappointments. I may, perhaps, be expected on an occasion like the present to make some allusions to the principles of management I have invariably adopted. I have always entertained the conviction that in illustrating the great plays of the greatest poet who ever wrote for the advantage of man, historical accuracy might be so blended with pictorial effect that instruction and amusement would go hand in hand, and that the more completely such a system was carried out so much more valuable and impressive would be the lesson conveyed. In fact, I was anxious to make the theatre a school as well as a recreation, and the reception given to the plays thus submitted to your judgment, combined with the unprecedented number of their repetitions, bear, I think, conclusive evidence that my views were not altogether erroneous. I find it impossible to believe, as some have asserted, that because every detail is studied with an eye to truth, such a plan can in the most remote degree detract from the beauties of the poet. My admiration—I may say adoration—of Shakspeare would never have allowed me to do that which I could possibly conceive would be detrimental to his mighty genius, nor can I suppose that this great master would have been more highly esteemed had I been less correct in the accessories by which I surrounded him. I would venture to ask if, in the play of this evening, you have lost one jot of the dramatic interest, because in the ball-room at York-place, and at the Queen's trial at Blackfriars, every incident introduced is closely adopted from the historical descriptions recording those very events as they actually occurred above 300 years ago? I would ask, I repeat, whether the fall of Wolsey has been thereby rendered less effective, or the death of Katherine less solemn and pathetic? I would also venture to add, that I do not think you would have been more impressed with the address of King Henry V. to his army at Agincourt, had it been delivered to a scanty few, incorrectly attired and totally undisciplined, instead of a well-trained mass of men representing the picture of a real host, clothed and accoutred in the exact costume and weapons of the time. I remember that when I produced the *Winter's Tale* as a Greek play—that is, with Greek dresses, Greek customs, and Greek architecture—an objection was raised by some that, although the scene was situated at Syracuse, then a Greek colony, whose King consults the celebrated Oracle of Delphi, yet the play was said to be essentially English, and ought to be so presented, because allusions in various parts bore reference to this country and to the period when the author wrote. You would, perhaps, ladies and gentlemen, have been somewhat astonished and perplexed to have seen the chest containing the answer of the Greek Oracle to the Greek King, supposed to have been delivered above 2,000 years ago, borne upon the stage by the Beefeaters of Queen Elizabeth,—you would, perhaps, have been equally surprised to have witnessed at this theatre Leontes as a Greek King, in the last act, attired as Hamlet, Prince of Denmark; and yet such an incongruity was accepted within the last 20 years. I have been blamed for depriving Macbeth of a dress never worn at any period or in any place, and for providing him instead with one resembling those used by the surrounding nations with whom the country of this chieftain was in constant intercourse. Fault was also found in my removal of the gorgeous banquet and its gold and silver vessels, together with the massive candelabras (such as no highlander of the 11th century ever gazed upon), and with the substitution of the more appropriate feast of coarse fare, served upon rude tables, and lighted by simple pine torches; I was admonished that such diminution of regal pomp impaired the strength of Macbeth's motive for the crime of murder, the object being less dazzling and attractive. Until that hour I had never believed that the Scottish thane had an eye to King Duncan's plate. I had imagined that lofty ambition, the thirst of power, and the desire of supreme command, developed themselves with equal intensity in the human heart, whether their scene of action might be the palace of an European monarch or the wigwam of an American Indian. In the tragedy of *Macbeth* I was condemned for removing splendour that was utterly out of place; while in *Henry VIII.* I was equally condemned for its introduction, where it was in place and in perfect accordance with the time and situation. "I was told I might be permitted to present a true picture of ancient Assyria in Lord Byron's play of *Sardanapalus*, but on no account must I attempt to be equally correct in Shakspeare's *Macbeth*. That drama must remain intact with all its time-honoured conventional improprieties. What would the poet gain, and how much would the public lose, by the perpetuation of such absurdities? Why should I present to you what I know to be wrong, when it is in my power to give what I know to be right? If, as it is sometimes affirmed, my system is injurious to the poet, it must be equally so to the actor, and surely my most determined opponents will admit that, at least, I have pursued a very disinterested policy in thus incurring for many years so much labour and expense for the purpose of professional suicide. Had I been guilty of ornamental introductions for the mere object of show and idle spectacle, I should assuredly have committed a grievous error; but, ladies and gentlemen, I may safely assert that in no single instance have I ever permitted historical truth to be sacrificed to theatrical effect. As a case in point let me refer to the siege of Harfleur, as presented on this stage. It was no ideal battle, no imaginary fight; it was a correct representation of what actually had taken place—the engines of war, the guns, banners, fire-balls, the attack and defence, the barricades at the breach, the conflagration within the town, the assault and capitulation, were all taken from the account left to us by a priest who accompanied the army, was an eyewitness, and whose Latin MS. is now in the British Museum. The same may be said of the episodes in Henry V. and Richard II.; indeed, whatever I have done has been sanctioned by history, to which I have adhered in every minute particular. To carry out this system the cost has been enormous—far too great for the limited arena in which it was incurred. As a single proof I may state that in this little theatre, where 200*l.* is considered a large receipt, and 250*l.* an extraordinary one, I expended in one season alone a sum little short of 50,000*l.* During the run of some of the great revivals, as they are called, I have given employment, and consequently weekly payment, to nearly 550 persons, and if you take into calculation the families dependent on these parties, the number I have thus supported may be multiplied by four. Those plays, from the moment they first suggested themselves to my mind, until their production, occupied about a twelvemonth in preparation. In improvements and enlargements to this building to enable the representation of these Shaksperian plays I have expended about 3,000*l.* This amount may, I think, be reckoned at or above 10,000*l.* when I include the additions made to the general stock, all of which, by the terms of my lease, I am bound (with the exception of our own personal wardrobe) unconditionally to leave behind me on my secession from management. I mention these facst simply as evidence that I was far more actuated by an enthusiastic love of my art than by any expectation of personal emolument. Having said thus much, I need not deny that I have been no gainer, in a commercial sense; more restricted notions, and a more parsimonious outlay, might, perhaps, have led to a very different result, but I could not be induced by such considerations to check my desire to do what I considered right, and what would in my opinion advance the best interests of my profession. Whatever loss I have sustained is amply recompensed by the favour you have bestowed upon my efforts. So far, indeed, from regretting the past, if I could recall the years gone by, with renewed health and strength, I would gladly undertake the same task again for a similar reward. I do not now retire from the direction of this theatre through any feeling of disappointment, but from the remembrance of the old adage, "The pitcher goes often to the well, but the pitcher at last may be broken." Mind and body require rest after such active exercise for nine years during the best period of life, and it could not be a matter of surprise if I sunk under a continuance of the combined duties of actor and manager of a theatre where everything has grown into gigantic proportions; indeed, I should long since have succumbed had I not been sustained and seconded by the indomitable energy and the devoted affection of my wife. You have only seen her in the fulfilment of her professional pursuits, and are therefore unable to estimate the value of her assistance and counsel. She was ever by my side in the hour of need, ready to revive my drooping spirits and to stimulate me to fresh exertion. I cannot allow this opportunity to pass without correcting an erroneous impression which has to some extent gone abroad, that, in retiring from management, I also contemplated retirement from the stage. I have neither announced, nor conceived such intention, but, on the contrary, I hope, if my life be spared, at least for a limited number of years, to appear as an actor. The necessity of fulfilling a long round of provincial engagements will cause a considerable time to elapse before I can again have an opportunity—should such an opportunity ever arise—of meeting my London friends; but, though far away, memory will constantly revert to the brilliant scenes I have witnessed here, and conjure up visions of the bright eyes, encouraging smiles, and gratulating voices which have so often cheered me on my course. I can never forget that whatever triumphs I may have achieved, whatever reputation I may have won, whatever I may have been enabled to accomplish towards the advancement of dramatic art, I owe to you, my best friends—to you the public. Let me fondly cherish the hope that you will sometimes bestow a thought on the absent wanderer, and, confiding in your sympathy and regard, I now respectfully and gratefully take my leave, bidding you—'farewell, a long farewell.'"

BRADSHAW. A MYSTERY.

A Farce is being performed at the Haymarket under the title of *Grimshaw, Bagshaw, and Bradshaw;* but if the first two were omitted, *Bradshaw* alone would form an excellent subject for a tragedy. We have much pleasure in making a present of the following frightful plot to any dramatist who will just take the trifling trouble to supply the dialogue.

Act One opens with a scene in a house in London, where *Orlando* is discovered earnestly perusing the Second Column of the *Times* Newspaper. He utters a soliloquy something like the following:—



Sweet Second Column of the friendly *Times*,
'Tis by thine aid, the broken-hearted J.
Entreats the truant C. to hasten home.
To thee the *Lady Eleanor* repairs
To find her bracelet dropp'd at last night's ball.
To thee the pining and deserted wife
Turns anxiously to meet her absent lord.
Thou sweet restorer of lost property,
Rings, wives, keys, money, husbands, brooches, dogs;
All are recovered by thine agency.
To thee *Orlando* is indebted now
For finding where to write to *Leonora*.
But stay—I will not write—I'll go at once.

The Act concludes with a bustling scene, in which *Orlando* packs up his carpet-bag, and sends for a *Bradshaw*.

Act Two begins with the opening of the *Bradshaw*, which has just arrived, and *Orlando* eagerly turns over the pages to find the train for Liverpool. After some dialogue of a hurried nature with his servant, and a display of some irritation, the following passionate burst might be introduced with considerable effect.

Why, what is this? I'll to the Index turn,
And see if that can help me. Ha, ha, ha!
There's no such place as Liverpool set down.
It don't exist! Liverpool is a myth.
Its Commerce, Shipping, Public buildings, Docks,
Are all a dream—There is no Liverpool!
Servant. Be calm, good Master—turn to Birkenhead.
Orlando. My head—not Birken—'tis enough to turn.
Servant (finding a place in the book, and handing it to his Master).
See, Sir, I have discovered Birkenhead.
Orlando (snatching the Bradshaw, and looking at it). Why so it is—there's comfort for me yet.
What does it say? I've got it right at last (*reads*)—
"Birkenhead, Lancashire, and Cheshire. J."
What's J.? Who's J.? Why J.? What does J. mean?
But to the page—I see 'tis seventy-eight.
[*Turns furiously to page* 78.
Ha, ha! I thought as much! Here's "Landing stage."
Where's "Landing stage?" Ho, ho! I shall go mad!
Let me read further. Ah! Here's Liverpool.
The place I fain would reach—but by the book
I'm there already. How to get there, though?
I'll try the Down Train. Horror! worse and worse!
That starts from Chester—how to get to Chester?
Will no one tell me—how to get to Chester?
Or why to Chester need I go at all?
[*Collars his Servant.*

Slave, tell me! Wherefore didst thou bring this book—
Was it to torture me with?——
Servant. Sir—'Tis *Bradshaw*—

The Second Act being concluded, the Third Act opens at Liverpool, where *Leonora* is discovered anxiously expecting *Orlando*. She is intently gazing on a *Bradshaw*, which she

throws away from her, with a speech to the following effect:—

Away! away! thou torturer of hearts,
Breaker of heads—thou brain-perplexer go!
I cannot spell thee out with all my pains.
Can'st tell me when *Orlando* should be here?
Thou can'st not—tantaliser—mocking fiend!
For now thou seem'st to bring him to my arms,
And now thou rudely hurl'st him back again;
Referring me to some far distant page,
Prating of junctions or some other jargon.
I shall go mad!—I'm going mad!—I'm mad!

The Fourth Act shows *Orlando* more calm, with the *Bradshaw* still open before him. After

some quiet dialogue with his faithful domestic, a speech like the following might naturally ensue:—

We've got it now at last, 'tis the North Western;
Yes, that's the line that leads to *Leonora*,
I mean to Liverpool—what's the first train?
There's one that starts at nine-fifteen—that's good!
But when does it arrive—never, by jingo!
It stops at Stafford. Come, let's try again,
One at nine-thirty—that will do as well;
It reaches Liverpool at—ha, ha, ha!
It never gets to Liverpool at all;
But I'll be patient.—Now to try the next:
It starts at eight, the third before the first,
The cart before the horse. But never mind!
When does it reach? This is beyond a joke:
This sticks at Dunstable. Where's Dunstable?
Who wants to go to Dunstable? Do you?
Or you, Sir? all my brains are dancing reels;
Dunstable bonnets whirl about my head.
Servant (catching him in his arms). Poor fellow! well, his wits are gone at last.

The Fourth Act being thus ended, the Fifth opens with *Leonora* at the Railway Station, at Chester. After making numerous inquiries in a state of great agitation, she goes off into the following rhapsody:—

What junction? Where's the Up and where's the Down?
What train meets which? When is the other due?
What's the express? Is this the proper platform?
Or that?—or neither?
Guard (rings bell). Now! The train from London—
[*A train arrives, and* Orlando *looks out of a window of a carriage.*
Orlando. Where am I? Is this Liverpool—or London—
Or Wolverhampton?
Leonora. Ah! it is his voice!
[Orlando *leaps out of the carriage, and the Lovers are immediately locked in each other's arms.*
Orlando. How came you here? I know you cannot tell,
For I can't say at all how I got here.
I looked at *Bradshaw*.
Leonora. Oh, don't talk of *Bradshaw!* *Bradshaw* has nearly maddened me.
Orlando. And me.
He talks of trains arriving that ne'er start;
Of trains that seem to start, and ne'er arrive;
Of junctions where no union is effected;
Of coaches meeting trains that never come;
Of trains to catch a coach that never goes;
Of trains that start after they have arrived;
Of trains arriving long before they leave?
He bids us "see" some page that can't be found;
Or if 'tis found, it speaks of spots remote
From those we seek to reach! By *Bradshaw's* aid
You've tried to get to London—I attempted
To get to Liverpool—and here we are,
At Chester—'Tis a junction—I'm content
Our union—at this junction—to cement.
And let us hope, nor you nor I again
May be attacked with *Bradshaw* on the Brain.

Leonora. I'm happy now! My Husband!
Orlando. Ah! My Bride!
Henceforth take me—not *Bradshaw*—for your guide.
[*The curtain falls.*

LORD RAGLAN AND THE WEATHER.

Lord Raglan might in September have taken
Sebastopol duly and truly;
But the weather (he raves about weather!) was warm,
And he wished to take it—coolly!

So he made what was, indeed, to our foes,
A diversion; quoth he, "I'll con it
"Awhile, and in the meantime keep
"My weather-eye upon it."

October, November, December came on,
As if missioned his army to kill off:
"The weather is now too cold," quoth he,
"I'll take it—with the chill off!"

For three months more despatches he wrote
In meteorological form,
'Till the storms had passed; "'Tis too late now,"
Quoth he, "to take it—by storm!"

Thus, whether the weather be foul or fair,
Sebastopol 'scapes the blow—
Then, down with the weatherglass!—give us a man
Who will take it—whether or no!

Sheffield. DAVID WALKINSHAW.

What has happened to Christ Church, Oxford? It is not burnt down, the Corporation is not abolished, "Tom" has not gone into the melting-pot, Peckwater looks dull and sedate as ever; but why, as a school of learning, is it dwindling down to a vanishing point? It is a sort of instinct with old Oxford men to look down the class lists as they twice a-year make their appearance in the newspapers. In every parish of England there are men who have, perchance, long since disappeared from the Oxford books, but who recollect with what hope and terror they used to look for those class lists a long time ago; and how, when the ordeal was passed for themselves, they counted College against College. They noted then, and continue the habit of noting, which College was holding its own, which was rising, and which was going down. They remember, also, the little University scandals which were always based upon these trial lists; how Dr. Brown was supposed to be lazy, Dr. Jones to be ignorant, and Dr. Robinson absent hunting for tufts and lawn sleeves. Christ Church, of course, with her 200 undergraduates, sending up her five-and-twenty men to each examination, and having all the advantage of great prizes and the pick of Westminster School, would always take the lead. From Dean Jackson downwards, and for aught we know upwards, it was always a point of honour with a long line of energetic Deans that she should hold her own in the schools. It was their habit, whenever they got a good bit of marble, to grind it and polish it well: so that it might happen that if a statesman like Peel drew upon him the notice of the world in his rising career people might guess at once that he was one of the Christ Church Double Firsts, and feel comfortable that his advance was quite natural and all right when they had ascertained that this was so. So with a distinguished Judge—in those days when it was thought expedient that Judges should be men of education; so also with distinguished Churchmen; and in all ranks of intellectual excellence it was the ambition of the Deans of Christ Church that the old Christ Church proof-mark should be found upon as many as possible of the great guns of the age. In those bygone times we might feel a curiosity as to how other Colleges competed among themselves, but Christ Church was always, as a matter of course, at the head of the river, and at the head of the class list.

It was on Thursday last that we published the classical list for the Michaelmas Term Moderations examination, and it was with no small sentiment of surprise that we glanced down the unusually long list of honours, and, at first, missed the familiar name of Christ Church altogether. There are 13 first-class men, to whom Magdalen can contribute three and Corpus three, but Christ Church not one. There are 28 second-class men, and, among these, minute search discovers one Christ Church man; while even New College can show two and Lincoln three. There are 15 third-class men, and in this number there is not one from Christ Church. A solitary second-class man is the only sign which this greatest in numbers, in endowments, and in facilities of previous training of all the Colleges of Oxford makes to show that she is not dead. We may be told, perhaps, to wait till the degree class lists come out—that Christ Church may be very strong in mathematics, in physics, or in jurisprudence and modern history, and that the attention of the Christ Church undergraduates has been recently much turned to this last course of study. There is nothing in such an answer. Christ Church has been accustomed to turn out well-informed English gentlemen, and not mere pedants. Of the 80 students it is provided that 34 shall receive their appointments for their proficiency in mathematics and physics, and that the remainder shall be chosen for their proficiency in those multifarious branches of learning which are dealt with in Oxford in the classical schools. The public ask for some result from these great prizes for the encouragement of classical learning. From the year 1850, when the new system came into play, to the year 1855, Christ Church always gave to the world first-class classical scholars, as well as her fair proportion of first-class men in the other lists. Since that year, however, this College has in the degree examinations only produced one first-class man in classics, and in Easter Term 1857 there was no first-class man from Christ Church in any one of the four classes. There is something so very remarkable in this falling off that people at a distance are seeking reasons for it.

It so happens that the appointment of the present Dean, which was in the year 1855, is contemporaneous with the most remarkable phase of the decline and fall of this illustrious seminary of learning. It is also unfortunately true that the Dean's health is so bad that he is often compelled to repair to Madeira and Malta, and other mild atmospheres, and that his duties as Chaplain to his Royal Highness the Prince Consort require him to be in frequent attendance upon the Court. Dean Liddell, therefore, is to a certain extent a non-resident head of the College. These reasons for his non-residence are unanswerable; and, even with a duty before us so imperative as that of protesting against the neglect of the principal College in our first University, it would have been an odious thing to point attention to a non-residence which is occasioned by bodily debility. But it is not to the non-residence of any individual that the evils now active in this College can be ascribed. Dean Liddell might not be able to do the work himself, and yet might readily find some other man to do it for him. Christ Church is a very jealous wife; she has always had uncourtly, home-staying husbands. Her Deans have always been proud of their position—often preferring it to rich bishoprics; and we cannot think it would now be difficult to find some man who would throw his zeal and ambition into the work, and be satisfied, without envying the Dean's preferment, to recover and sustain the reputation of the College. If we may credit even a tithe of the common talk, there have been scandals within the walls, and even the Dean's appointments have not been always such as to give the desired weight to College authority. It is greatly to be regretted that the Dean's weak state of health should be such as to render it impossible for him to do what his office requires to be done; but, if he would choose some man who has a will and a strong purpose, and invest him with the authority which he himself cannot exercise, we should probably see Christ Church rising again to her old place in the class lists, and in no further danger of becoming the drone of the University hive. The example is very unfortunate. The absence which is a necessity to Dr. Liddell may become a precedent for other heads of houses who have no such real excuse, but who may neglect their Colleges to dance about upon the skirts of fashion or to follow the trail of preferment.

FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

AN ATTEMPT AT CONVERTING THE NATIVES.

Assiduous Young Curate. "Well then, I do hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing both of you next Sunday!"

Miner. "Oi! Thee may'st coam if 'e wull. We foight on the Croft, and Old Joe Tanner brings th' Beer."

A Syllabus of Plane Algebraical Geometry. By C. L. Dodgson, M.A., Student and Mathematical Lecturer of Christ Church, Oxford.—Oxford: Parker.

The object of this syllabus is to present a sketch of a concise, logical, and complete system of algebraical geometry. Looked at from this point of view this little book is, in our opinion, marked by merits of no ordinary kind. It begins by stating with great precision those definitions, postulates, axioms, and elementary propositions which are required for the application of algebra to geometry. Now everyone who has carefully thought on this subject must have observed how deficient ordinary text-books are in the statement of definitions, and in demonstrations which are applicable to all instances to which they profess to extend. For example, a book which has been so much praised as Salmon's 'Conic Sections' attempts no satisfactory explation of the positive and negative signs of the radius vector, nor of those of a and p in the well-known equation, $x \cos a + y \sin a - p = 0$. Indeed, in order to do this effectually it would be necessary carefully to extend and modify the ordinary definitions; and although this has been attempted by various authors, including even so eminent a mathematician as Professor De Morgan (see his 'Differential Calculus'), yet we have seen no book in which this object has been so completely attained as in the book we are now reviewing.

The syllabus does not aim at novelty in its results; but this kind of novelty is often of far less importance than novelty of method. We have heard that one of our most eminent mathematicians said, that the most difficult mathematical book to write would be a logical and philosophical work on arithmetic; and in a similar way, the completeness of the system developed in Mr. Dodgson's book, and his strictly scientific method, places it in our opinion far higher than those numerous text-books like Salmon's 'Conic Sections,' whose principal merit consists in importing into our Universities some of the more recent discoveries of continental mathematicians. As this book however contains very few demonstrations, and the reader is referred for them elsewhere, we are afraid that it will only be generally read by those who attend the author's lectures at Christ Church; and we therefore hope Mr. Dodgson will be induced to write a complete work on Analytical Geometry, founded upon the able sketch which has just been published. We think that sketch bears the same relation to the present state of analytical geometry as an admirable syllabus written many years ago by the late Dean of Ely bore to the then state of trigonometrical science.

PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.

There is very little novelty to call for notice this year, either in subject, or mode of treatment, or chemical process. In the last respect—with some few exceptions, as Jaupenot's and Fothergill's process, collodio-albumen, &c.—the old collodion process constitutes the staple of the exhibition.

The merits and demerits of photographs are, generally speaking, so entirely chemical as to leave little subject for art-criticism. In the quality of chemicals employed the photographer has generally no further concern than in the choice of a chemist; and in such subjects as copies of painting, &c., there is really nothing by which the skill, or want of skill, of the artist himself can be tested. All is done for him. The chief merit of which photographs are capable as chemical productions is sensitivenes of collodion, or other vehicle, and capability of reproducing minute details. This is best tested by foliage and old stonework—foliage especially, as the green presents an obstacle to the photographer which has never been perfectly overcome. The best examples of successful treatment of this may be found in Messrs. Cundall and Downes' No. 31, Mr. L. Smith's 23 and 47, Lieut. Holder's No. 66 (though suffering a little from a want of light), and Mr. Robinson's Nos. 73 and 61; the latter is, perhaps, the best specimen of this year. In stonework we would call especial notice to Messrs. Bisson's beautiful pictures—(Nos. 30, 34, 35, 36)—nothing can exceed the perfection of detail exhibited by the roof in No. 30; and 35 contains a most successful moonlight effect, though no doubt taken in sunlight. Then there are those of Messrs. Cundall and Downes (No. 40); Mr. Barnes (No. 17), where the crumbling stonework of the old college fronts is most truthfully rendered; Mr. Grice (21), all Mr. Piper's; while, perhaps, the best specimen of detail in architecture and foliage combined is to be found in Mr. Bedford No. 432, As similar subjects we may call attention to Mr. White's 155 and Mr. Fenton's 121 and 145; in the latter he has most successfully contended with the additional difficulty of winter light. However, this merit of sensitiveness of collodion may be carried to an extreme, so as to fail in giving the necessary contrast of light and shade, and so to produce a general flat effect. An instance of this may be seen in Mr. Fenton's 130.

The artist himself is mainly responsible in views for choice of point of view and time of day, and (occasionally) the arrangement of foreground accessories; in such subjects as copies of pictures, &c., for focussing alone; and in portraits, for choice of light, altitude, and grouping.

As instances of taste in choice of view Lord Alfred Churchill's 234 and Mr. Bedford's 238 are well worthy of notice; the former is a thoroughly poetical picture. In the upper picture of 238 the tree in the foreground is perfectly placed, and in the lower remarkable taste has been shown in getting the mass of white formed by the cottage and the cascade just far enough out of the centre to avoid stiffness of composition, and yet not so far as to overbalance the picture by an excess of light on one side; two other good specimens of this may be found in Messrs. Cundall and Downes' 281, and Mr. Mudd's 315.

Instances of good choice of light may be found in Messrs. Maull and Bolyblank (No. 5), Mr. Grice (21), Mr. Mudd (37), and Mr. Fenton (150); the last, an interior, is an especially difficult subject.

For good focussing Mr. White's No. 155 may be taken as an instance. This picture is excellent in every way, the collodion having been perfectly sensitive, and a very still day chosen for taking the picture, thus avoiding the too common fault of woolly foliage. The facsimiles of music by Mr. Rippingham (Nos. 558, 561, and 562), and the copy of a map which faces the spectator on entering, are also first-rate.

In taking portraits a well-arranged light is of paramount importance. We have already noticed a remarkable instance of this in No. 5, and another may be found in Mr. Hering's 237, and Messrs. Watkins' 2 and 26. This point is of especial importance, as without it all softness of feature is hopeless.

The grouping of Messrs. Hennah and Kent's 312, and Mr. Robinson's 98 and 493, is especially good. In all the important result of unity of picture has been obtained by giving to the different figures one object of attention; thus, the cricketing group in 312 may be supposed to be watching a match going on behind the spectator, and in 98 some object to the right has evidently diverted for a moment the attention which would naturally be directed to the spectator himself.

In single portraits the chief difficulty to be overcome is the natural placing of the hands; within the narrow limits allowed by the focussing power of the lens there are not many attitudes into which they naturally fall, while, if the artist attempts the arrangement himself, he generally produces the effect of the proverbial bashful young man in society who finds for the first time that his hands are an incumbrance, and cannot remember what he is in the habit of doing with them in private life. Mr. Hering's portraits generally are specimens of what may be done in overcoming this difficulty. His portraits of children in No. 327 are nearly all excellent, while the two end ones, and the third from the left in the upper row, are as nearly perfection in this line of art as the present state of photography admits of; the last-mentioned picture (with the trifling drawback of an awkward pose of the right hand) is not surpassed by any in the room. Among pictures of this sort Messrs. Lock and Whitfield also deserve notice, especially the child in profile No. 231, and the same exquisitely coloured in 331. The colouring itself does not of course constitute a branch of photography. Beautiful instances of this may be found in Nos. 331, 342, 343, 357, and 366. All Mr. Herbert Watkins's portraits are artistic and lifelike.

We turn now to a less pleasing portion of our task—the fault of photographs. These, like their merits, chiefly consist in choice of view, lighting, focussing, grouping, &c., and in all these respects instances may be pointed out which may act as beacons to the young adventurer in the art.

A common fault in choice of view is getting the principal object exactly into the centre, or, at all events, so near to it that the calculating faculty is at once aroused instead of the imaginative, and the spectator longs for a foot rule to ascertain whether the picture is exactly bisected or not. Instances of this may be seen in 197 and 295, the latter having the additional fault of facing the spectator full instead of a little obliquely, which is the more pity as Magdalen Tower presents so many much better aspects from other directions. In No. 120 a very curious effect is produced by the absence of all the usual standards of measurement, for want of which the spectator can scarcely avoid taking the edging to the flower-borders for the height of ordinary railings, and so raising the windows above into gigantic proportions.

Bad lighting is another very common fault; this may be studied in Nos. 67 and 135, the latter giving one the idea of the fish having been left out till so late at night that the forgetful sportsman is forced to bring a lantern to look for them.

But it is in grouping that the chief difference lies between the artist and the mere chemical manipulator, and melancholy instances of what may be done in this way are only too easy to point out. Mr. Robinson's groups are usually exquisite, and some of his have already been noticed as such; but in No. 68 not only has the head of the principal figure been thrown out of focus for the sake of other parts of the picture, but the infant has been so placed that its feet are terribly magnified, giving it the effect of a hideous dwarf. The same remark applies to 459, where this group is repeated, though the effect is rather less apparent from the diminution of the picture. Mr. Robinson has also inflicted a pair of very large feet on the central figure in 98, a picture otherwise admirable. In No. 183 he has thrown all three figures into strained and unlikely attitudes, while the eyes of the right-hand girl would most certainly be fixed on the spectator, who is necessarily close upon the group. In No. 142 there is a unity of attention given to the group, but it is centred on nothing; the eye involuntarily wanders over the pile of logs in search of the figure of the stump orator or field preacher who *ought* to be there, but whose motions appear to have been too continuous and energetic for photography to catch him. In 501 the figures, though practised actors, are greatly wanting in life and meaning; but perhaps the crowning instance of what may be achieved by a resolutely stiff and conventional arrangement may be found in No. 537. A resigned gloom has settled over nearly all the unfortunate victims; and if the second picture from the right in the top row were only labelled "Entrance to a Panoramic Exhibition, all the seats full, and no view to be had from the door," it would be indeed excellent.

One other fault, but much less common than any of the preceding, remains to be noticed—the attempting of manifest impossibilities. Some instances of this may be found in Mr. Piper's beautiful pictures, where, by taking a point of view too near for the powers of the lens, a disagreeable pyramidal effect is given to the buildings—see Nos. 44, 51, and 196. This effect may be especially noticed in 244, where the buildings actually appear to be falling. In 198 and 305 effects are attempted which cannot possibly be all in focus at once, and a woolliness of effect is inevitable.

Mr. Paul Pretsch's nature engraving is interesting, though the result is so uniformly dark as to be hardly satisfactory.

I have omitted to mention some fine views of Niagara Falls exhibited by the London Stereoscopic Company. Through an oversight, probably, they are not numbered in the catalogue, but they nevertheless are well worthy the attention of the visitor. I would especially mention "The General View of Niagara," embracing the Horseshoe Fall, Goat Island, and the American Fall.

The Lounger.

ORE WORKING MEN'S INSTITUTE.

This new society was formally opened on Tuesday se'nnight, and so far was a decided success. There was a good attendance, and the greatest enthusiasm was evinced by all present for the objects of the society. The Rev. W. J. Turner, on taking the chair as President, expressed the pleasure he felt in aiding this and any other cause which he thought was for the good of the parish.

The Rev. E. Hensley expressed his satisfaction at being present at the opening of the reading room before leaving the parish.

Dr. Hunt delivered the first address. He said that the opening of a Working Men's Institute was one of the most pleasing ceremonies which the progress of civilisation had brought about. He thought it very satisfactory that chess and draughts were to be permitted in the reading room. Dr. Hunt then entered into the causes of the failure of many institutions of a similar nature, and mentioned the points which are most to be guarded against. He then impressed upon the working men the pleasure that the study of literature and science afforded, if they were only approached in a proper manner. Nothing, he said, made a man so truly humble as the study of science; and instanced Newton, Bacon, and Rag. In conclusion, Dr. Hunt said that we ought not to study to make us appear better before the world, but to exalt our own aspirations, and to elevate and purify our characters.

Mr. Tate next addressed the meeting, and in a most lucid speech dilated on the practical advantages which all mechanics derived from study, and illustrated the motto "knowledge is power," even to the meanest mechanical pursuits. Mr. Tate then gave some of his own early personal experience, and spoke with great feeling of the effect which "Euclid" produced on himself in early life, and its influence on his after career.

Mr. C. L. Dodgson (of Christ Church, Oxford) made a few practical remarks on the best use to be made of the opportunities of reading now set before his hearers. After explaining the superiority of intellectual over mere physical enjoyment, he said that, as it was necessary to the enjoyment of a feast to create an appetite for it, so was it requisite before beginning to read a book to excite a genuine interest and curiosity for the subject in hand, and not to read merely as a duty or task. He continued the simile throughout the subject in an able manner, warning his hearers against reading either too much or in a desultory manner. He made an amusing comparison between a reader who begins a dozen books at a time, and a thirsty person who proposes to quench his thirst by drinking a spoonful of oil, a spoonful of gin, a spoonful of vinegar, a spoonful of water, and a spoonful of blacking. He concluded by commenting on the great benefits arising from the cultivation of the intellectual faculties, and he exhorted his hearers to encourage this taste by every means in their power, remembering that every one is accountable to one Heavenly Father for the talents committed to him.

The Rev. Mr. Fawcett said that he cordially agreed with Mr. Tate's sentiments, and saw no reason why members of this institute might not rise to the highest position of eminence. He cited an instance of one man who had similarly risen—the late Sir Peter Fairbairn, of Leeds—who once occupied the humble position of an operative in a factory; and also another instance, which came under his notice, of a distinguished Fellow of the University of Oxford, whom he had once known in the position of a shoeblack. Mr. Fawcett concluded by giving some excellent advice to the members of the New Reading Room as to their choice of books and method of reading.

A vote of thanks was then passed to the Rev. E. Hensley for the interest and trouble he had taken in the formation of the society; to R. Hunter, Esq., for the gift of a house to the society for two years; to Mr. Thompson, for his zeal as honorary secretary; to J. Rock, Esq., for a donation of books; and to the Chairman. The society already numbers between 50 and 60 members, and the library already contains 650 volumes. Altogether, there is every evidence of the Ore Working Men's Institute having entered upon a successful, and, we trust, a long career of usefulness.

GOOD SENSE IN BAD ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—The Cabman question has been spoken in Your journal, and the condemnation of a Cabman, having asked 5sh. for a short fare, which has much contributed to the Cab-owner's public offence and crime on Wednesday, is not so alone standing, as great number of people is believing.

For the Stranger 'tis a fortune that the robbery of these "Wegelagarer" has become and end. The undersigned German, in the firat time of his being in London, not knowing the laws for cabman, has regularly been robberd of this men, then he has must pay for a fare of 2 miles 4sh.—for a fare of 3 miles 6sh.—in the manner, that seldom he has had a fare under 3sh. He 'co'n't good speak english, and for not would have scandal in the street he must pay as much as these rubbers were asking. When he was saying, "having heard, that the fare were only 3sh."—the cabman repending, that were true, but "he must enough become the back fare to his station."

It would be good for the great number of strangers visiting London, that in every carriage for public use were published the laws and conditions under which the carriage-owner was authorized for public service, and by the great number of strangers, who can not understand english, it should be, that this publication were also in french and German language.

But these rubberies are not alone standing; a number of taverns are no better—at example, the great Tavern at the entrance of Regents park, the York and Albany-tavern. The undersigned, coming from the zoologial gardens in Regents park during raining weather, and having cold, maked give himself 10—12 drops (½ little glas) of rhum and a cup of coffe without milk. The rhum was bad and the coffe not good! But the wrongest was the prize of them.

"6 pence for the coffe"—paid! "The Waiter, Sir"—paid 1d. "6 pence the rhum, Sir!" This I would not pay, meaning that the rhum were paid with the coffe. But I must, would I not have scandal.

This, Sir, are only two facts of my experiences, and such facts are not plaising the stranger, which is coming to England in the meaning that the free people of England also would be a honest people! The last give much to wish!

If I publish these facts, 'tis not on account of me,—no, 'tis only for do the service, that such things may become an end, and for love to the people of England, for what I wish, that it should be great in every manner.

I have the honour, Sir, to remain,

A POLITICAL FUGITIVE FROM GERMANY.

London, 29 July, 1853.

THREATENING LETTERS.—Several having been sent to Mr. Nash, in different handwritings, on the subject of the railway robberies and proceedings before Alderman Hughes Hughes, in Garrett's and Maynard's cases, TEN POUNDS will be paid for PROOF and TEN POUNDS for CONVICTION of the senders of any of the letters, and in each case. Apply to Mr. Collard, station, Paddington; or to Mr. Nash, 6, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry. One posted Sept. 25, (advertised Oct. 2,) containing this passage—"But if you persevere Fennell and Co. are ready with more writs, and there are more pistols than yours;" another, posted Chief-office, Oct. 4; another, Walworth-road, Oct. 13, apparently the production of a talented person; and another, posted Oct. 18, in Holborn; of which three the following are facsimile extracts:—

Nash Esqr
Solicitor
6 Frederick's Place
Old Jewry
Cheapside

These letters are but the flash before the report — the gleam of the blade before it descends into your entrails — the rattle in the throat before all is hushed in silence. Nor can we that the world knows our intentions beforehand, as it cannot prevent them.

For the purpose of demonstrating that our threats are anything but idle, and that should Maynard & Garrat suffer by your officious meddling — should you pretend to a Venetian tyrant, you shall be forcibly met by a Venetian Bravo whose poignard will revenge them and release the world from a reptile; but should you see your error in time to repair it all will be well and your days may yet glide down the inclined plane as easily as a lawyer's can be expected.

Be warned in time, these letters are but messengers of the coming storm, harbingers of a future revenge. If you are wise, you will interpret them wisely

a trap is laid for you so look out keep your body back from my friend Garrett

CHRIST CHURCH.—The following letters from the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of St. Asaph, will be interesting to some of our readers:—

Whitby, Nov. 24, 1860.—My dear sir, I have sent an order to Messrs. Colnaghi, to present to you a print from Grant's full-length picture of myself, which I beg your acceptance of. I hope your common room party may be as pleasant as you wish. The members of it are probably unknown to myself, but still I beg you will commend me to their good wishes, as an old and most attached member of the house and common room.—Believe me, my dear Sir, very faithfully yours, C. T. EBOR.

Rev. Herbert Randolph, Marcham, Abingdon.

Copy of a letter from the Bishop of St. Asaph.—St. Asaph, Nov. 24, 1860.—My dear Randolph, I fear that I cannot hold out any hopes of being able to ride over to Marcham as I used to do, and join your party of students of Christ Church, as I should like to do, for I have a party at home, but I send you a copy of the print of myself, and my best wishes to yourself, and all your party.—Believe me, yours truly,

THOMAS VOWLER, St. Asaph.

Rev. Herbert Randolph, Marcham, Abingdon.

The annual exhibition of the Photographic Society is now open Year by year the photographers are growing, as a race, sadder and wiser men; year by year the Photographic Exhibition is improving and deteriorating—it is improving in all points of mechanical perfection, sensitiveness of chemicals, sharpness of focus, and delicacy of tone; it is deteriorating in the equally-important qualities of invention, suggestiveness, and variety. Some brilliant exceptions there are to the race—rash neophytes, who *will* attempt new combinations of lights, or grouping, or accessories, the inevitable result of which is that half the picture is out of focus, and no one will look at it but some pitying friend, who shakes his head over it, and says, "Ah! I told you it would fail; this will teach you not to try what has been proved to lie beyond the limits of the art;" as if any art were limited, least of all one yet in its infancy, as photography undoubtedly is.

But the chief cause of deterioration lies in the rapid diminution of the class of things which are pronounced to be "suitable to photography." At present this class may be said to consist of still-life (which, being photographically interpreted, means dead game and ornamental vases), single portraits, groups of three, sculpture, exteriors of buildings, hill country, and microscopic objects. All other created things belong to the "unsuitable" class, though the following are occasionally attempted by some aspirants, who are regarded by the more experienced with a mixed feeling of pity and contempt:—Live animals, groups, interiors, combinations of background with foreground figures, flat country, and waterfalls.

There is so much sameness, both of merit and demerit, in the exhibition that it would be invidious to select examples of either. The portraits by Mr. Macandrew, Mr. C. Wright, Messrs. Maull and Polyblank, Mr. H. Watkins, and the London Stereoscopic Company (especially the *cartes de visite* frame of the latter) are exceedingly good; and the miniatures of Messrs. Lock and Whitfield are exquisite. So are the figure groups of Mr. H. Hering, who seems to excel in his delineation of child-life. In Mr. R. Fenton's "Furness Abbey" a very happy effect has been obtained by the lights on the ground in the interior, making the building stand out in much bolder relief than shadow would have given.

Messrs. Dunn, Mudd, B. Jones, Gordon, Bedford, and Fry have been most successful in their landscapes and architectural bits. "A Holiday in the Wood," by Mr. H. P. Robinson, deserves notice as one of those patchwork pictures which are strongly censured by some as the ruin of all real art. It is, indeed, painfully artificial; the great difficulty being to fill in the gaps where the various fragments join so as to avoid the effect of one photograph having been cut out and pasted on to another. I prefer, however, to notice only the artistic power shown in the grouping: this no picture can dispense with, while the imperfections here are merely such as require improvements in materials and mechanism to overcome.

Messrs. Cundall and Downes' rendering of Mr. Hicks' picture, "The Post Office," exhibited last year at the Academy, is an excellent reproduction of oil-painting, showing at the same time the "unsuitability" of several of the colours employed. If any painter would condescend to use only such colours as photograph well, finishing as carefully and well as if it were in proper colours, he would produce an extraordinary picture, no doubt, but one which could be multiplied for the benefit of the million with a beauty and lifelikeness which no engraving could pretend to.

In "Studies," by W. Peters, No. 1 should, of course, have been labelled "Poisoned! and No. 2 "Tired of Life" In No. 1 the lady on the right is saying with a melancholy satisfaction, "Yes! there *is* a white precipitate (she has been trying some chemical test on the tea); we are *poisoned* beyond a doubt" The lady on the left, though pointedly appealed to, can make no reply; she is fast subsiding into stupor; whilst the gentleman behind, with an indignation excusable under the circumstances, strikes the table as he adds, "But we will not die unavenged; I have yet an hour or two to live, and *I'll write to the Times!*" The conversation passing in No 2 is not perhaps quite so obvious: the youth in the window is remarking, "To return to what I said at first, Have we, or have we not, anything worth living for? *I* say No." And his elder brother replies, "As I haven't understood a word you have said, you'll excuse my committing myself."

It may not be amiss to conclude with a few remarks on the faults most commonly committed in photography, and the probable means of avoiding them. The point of view is almost the only thing now left to the artist, and in landscapes it is almost as difficult to find a bad one as in portraits and groups to find a good one. All, then, that the artist can do to improve the landscape is to put in a foreground figure, and this is generally a man sitting on a stile; this is not only objectionable on the ground of sameness, but also because experience convinces us that a stile is the least convenient seat usually to be found in a country scene. In portraits there seems to be only one attitude admissible for a gentleman: you must dangle your right hand over one knee, and have your left elbow on a small round table—so small that one can imagine no other purpose which such a table could serve. If not seated, you must rest your right hand on the chair-back, while the left arm, weakened by a long course of rest on small tables, is supported by putting the thumb into the pocket. One haunting feature in pictures has hitherto been spared to photographs—I mean the eternal scroll which the M.P. is condemned to hold. However, in No. 275 we see fatal proof that the golden age of the art is over—the scroll is henceforth inevitable. If I may veature on giving a few hints on this point I would say, leave the grouping as much as possible to nature; repeat the same picture again and again, if necessary, till a happy expression has been caught, and *watch* the sitters at times when they are not being photographed, and are thinking of other things; thus you will see what attitude suits each best. And, above all, try new and original effects; even if they fail, failures always teach something; and, in any case, the art will be better advanced thus than by endless repetitions of cathedral fronts, dead birds, and woody nooks.

The Bramah Lock Controversy.—The Messrs. Bramah have just published in a pamphlet, for general circulation, the articles which appeared in *The Morning Chronicle* of the 8th and 10th of September, together with the remarks which appeared in one of our contemporaries on the subject. To these remarks they have added the following information:—

"The property of transposition and property of motion which the Bramah lock possesses are illustrated by the subjoined table. The first column shows the number of sliders in each lock; the second, the number of transpositions; the third, the variations which may be made in any lock, supposing each slider to admit only of six notches, by which the actual sum of security compared with unity is demonstrated for any given number of sliders from four to eighteen.

"TABLE OF PERMUTATIONS OF THE BRAMAH LOCK.

1.	2.	3.
4	24	576
5	120	3000
6	720	25920
7	5040	211680
8	40320	1935360
9	362880	19595520
10	3628800	217728000
11	39916800	2634508800
12	479001600	34488115200
13	6227020800	485707622400
14	87178291200	7322976460800
15	1307674368000	11769693120000
16	20922789888000	20085878292248000
17	355687428096000	362801176657920 00
18	6402373705728000	6786516128071680 00

"To illustrate the practical effect of these changes or permutations, it may be stated, that when a key to any Bramah lock is lost or stolen, the change of position of one of the sliders will effectually exclude the original key. A new key (and this is the only expense) becomes necessary, while the old one remains utterly useless in whatever hands it may happen to fall.

"This trial having been disposed of, it is intended to fit up the same lock with such improvements as Bramah and Co. now use, and to restore it with its challenge to the place of honour it has occupied in their window, 124, Piccadilly, for half a century.

"The lock on which Mr. Hobbs operated for 16 days before he could open it, was by no means a large lock, being only 4 in. wide, and 1½ in. thick, and 2¾ in. over the boss, (all outside measurement) while its actual machinery was contained in a barrel 2¼ in. long, and 1½ in. in diameter. In order to open it the operator had recourse (although the spring was only 13lbs.) to a fixed apparatus, to keep it down screwed to the woodwork in which the lock was enclosed, a powerful reflector, a trunk of tools, and four or five other instruments made for the purpose, and this after he had been allowed six or seven weeks before he commenced his operations, to take a wax impression of the key hole; und further, the lock did not contain Messrs. Bramah and Co's. more recent improvements in at least three particulars, and its interior had not been opened for 34 years."

THE ORGANIZATION OF CHARITY.

To the EDITOR *of the* PALL MALL GAZETTE.

SIR,—At this inclement season, when the appeal for aid from the benevolent is rising from all quarters, it seems a fit opportunity for discussing methods of facilitating and stimulating the flow of national benevolence.

I believe that a great deal of possible charity is retarded, or altogether withheld, through the difficulty, first of selecting the objects for benevolence, and secondly of reaching them when selected.

Let us take the case of some wealthy and charitably disposed Englishman. By reference to the advertisements, and to the lists of contributions acknowledged in the newspapers, he can with some trouble collect for himself the names of the principal institutions in need of help. Such a list will of course be far from complete, and that is of itself unsatisfactory to any one wishing to do the *best* with the means at his disposal. Let us suppose, however, that he has selected half a dozen of these, and has decided on the sums to be contributed to each; he will now have to procure half a dozen post-office orders, payable to as many different secretaries, and to post each of them in a separate envelope. Now, without diverging into a discussion of the existing system of post-office orders, it is enough to say that no one can have often gone through the process of procuring them without retaining a tolerably lively sense of the tediousness of the operation; and in addition to the trouble, there is a clear waste of money entailed on our charitable friend. I do not think that the process of sending the money by cheques (which would generally be paid into different banks) would be found, on the whole, less troublesome or less expensive.

Now the charitably disposed Englishman, like the rest of his countrymen, is a lover of ease, and not unlikely to limit the flow of his benevolence to those directions in which he found its exercise least troublesome and least trammelled with the necessity of additional and (so far as his object is concerned) wasted expenditure.

It is much more easy to point out an evil than to suggest a practicable remedy; but I am inclined to believe that if the following ideas, Utopian as they may seem, could be in some form realized, the cause of national benevolence would be furthered. The object to be aimed at I take to be a central point, *to* which, and again *from* which, the streams of benevolence should flow: one where contributions could be received, by some simple process, from all quarters, and for all charitable purposes, and handed over again, *without deduction*, to the objects designated, and from which information should be circulated of the names, purposes, claims, and progress of the various charitable institutions. Could such an object be attained, I believe that the giving of charity would be made so much more easy and attractive to those who, having abundance to give, need only information as to where and how to give it, that probably much more would be given.

To give this idea more of a tangible shape, let us imagine the existence of a "National Philanthropical Society." It would have something of the character of a bank, in which money might be deposited to be hereafter assigned to charitable objects, if any chose so to do. It would receive as money cheques on all country banks, and would transfer the amount without deduction to the accounts of the various charities designated. There would be a register kept, in which, by paying a small annual fee, any charitable society or institution might have its name entered, with a short statement of its history and objects, and might add any further statement by paying for it as an advertisement. This register, with list of contributions, would be published from time to time, as cheaply as possible, and also largely circulated gratuitously (for instance, copies might be sent to all ministers of religion, to libraries, waiting-rooms on railways, &c.) And it would be a great addition to the usefulness of this society if there were a committee, who would receive money sent for general purposes (such as hospitals, churches, &c.), and make grants from time to time from such "general" funds to whichever particular institutions they considered most in need of help.

The necessary expenses of such a society might be defrayed partly by the fees for registration, partly by the advertisements, and partly by voluntary contributions.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

CHARLES L. DODGSON,
Student of Christ Church, Oxford.

Jan. 22, 1867.

IN A CONGREGATION to be holden on Saturday, the 31st instant, at Two o'Clock, the following form of Statute will be promulgated.

F. JUNIUS,
Vice-Can.

UNIVERSITY CATACOMBS,
Nov. 3, 1860.

Placuit Universitati
In Epitaphio Thunni in Musæo Academico depositi hæc verba

THUNNUS QUEM VIDES
MENSE JANUARII A. S. MDCCCLVII
AB HENRICO W. ACLAND TUNC TEMPORIS ANATOMIAE IN AEDE XTI. PRAELECTORE
EX MADEIRA INSULA
QUO HENRICUM G. LIDDELL AEDIS XTI. DECANUM
INFIRMA VALETUDINE LABORANTEM DEDUXERAT
PRAETER OMNEM SPEM OXONIAM ADPORTATUS EST.
TYNA ENIM NAVE VAPORARIA IN QUA REDIBAT PRAELECTOR
AD SCTI. ALBANI PROMONTORIUM IN COMITATU DORSETIAE EJECTA,
QUUM IPSE VIX SOSPES E FLUCTIBUS EVASIT,
HIC PISCIS IN NAVE RELICTUS PER VOLUNTATEM NAUTARUM AD TERRAM ADVECTUS EST.
DEINDE IN MUSAEO AEDIS XTI. POSITUS
PER ARTEM CAROLI ROBERTSON *'ΕΣΚΕΛΕΤΕΤΘΗ.*

abrogare, et in eorum locum quæ sequuntur subrogare:—

THUNNUS QUEM RIDES
MENSE JUNII A. S. MDCCCLX
AB HENRICO W. ACLAND NUNC TEMPORIS MEDICINAE IN ACAD. OXON. PROFESSORE REGIO
EX MUSAEO ANATOMICO
DE QUO HENRICUM G. LIDDELL AEDIS XTI. DECANUM
AETERNA MANSUETUDINE PERORANS SEDUXERAT
PRAETER OMNIUM SPEM OXONIENSIUM HUC ADPORTATUS EST.
ORATIONE ENIM VAPORARIA IN QUA GAUDEBAT PROFESSOR
AD SCTI. ACLANDI GLORIAM IN CONGREGATIONEM DOCTISSIME INJECTA,
QUUM MUSAEUM IPSUM VIX SOSPES EX HOSTIBUS EVASIT,
HAEC AREA IGNAVE REFECTA PER SEGNITATEM MAGISTRORUM AD FINEM PROVECTA EST,
QUAE IN MEDIO AEDIFICIO POSITA
PER ARTEM BENJAMINI WOODWARD *ἐΣΚΙΔΜΩΡευθη.*

DECLARATION OF THE KING, IN FAVOUR OF THE CHURCH.

With a sense of exultation and gratitude which we cannot describe, but in which millions of our fellow-subjects will participate, we lay before our readers the following account of the interview between his Majesty and the prelates of the United Church, which took place yesterday. It will be seen by our court news that the Archbishops and Bishops, preceded by the Archbishops of Canterbury and Armagh, waited upon the Sovereign with a dutiful and affectionate birth-day address of congratulation, which was delivered in the royal closet by the Most Reverend Primate of England. For what follows, we pledge whatever of character for veracity and caution this journal has earned. We believe that we give the very words of our beloved Monarch; we are sure that we give the substance of his reply with the strictest fidelity.

After a short conversation, in which his Majesty said, amongst other things, "I now remember you have a right to require of me to be resolute in defence of the Church," the King proceeded:—

"I have been, by the circumstances of my life and by conviction, led to support toleration to the utmost extent of which it is justly capable—but toleration must not be suffered to go into licentiousness—it has its bounds, which it is my duty and which I am resolved to maintain. I am, from the deepest conviction, attached to the pure Protestant faith which this Church, of which I am the temporal head, is the human means of diffusing and preserving in this land. I cannot forget what was the course of events that placed my family on the throne which I now fill. These events were consummated in a revolution which was rendered necessary, and was effected, not, as has sometimes been most erroneously stated, merely for the sake of the temporal liberties of the people, but for the preservation of their religion. It was for the defence of the religion of the country that the settlement of the crown was made, which has placed me in the situation that I now fill; and that religion, and the Church of England and Ireland [Ireland with peculiar emphasis,] the prelates of which are now before me, it is my fixed purpose, determination, and resolution, to maintain.

"The present Bishops, I am quite satisfied (and I am rejoiced to hear, from them and from all, the same of the clergy in general under their governance,) have never been excelled at any period of the history of our Church, by any of their predecessors, in learning, piety, or zeal in the discharge of their high duties. If there are any of the inferior arrangements in the discipline of the Church, which, however, I greatly doubt, [the expression of doubt was again delivered by his Majesty with great emphasis,] that require amendment, I have no distrust of the readiness and ability of the prelates now before me to correct such things; and in you, I trust, they will be left to correct, with your authority unimpaired and unshackled.

"I trust it will not be supposed that I am speaking to you a speech which I have got by heart; no, I am declaring to you my real and genuine sentiments. I have almost completed my 69th year, and though blessed by God with a very rare measure of health, not having known what sickness is for some years, yet I do not blind myself to the plain and evident truth, that increase of years must tell largely upon me when sickness shall come. I cannot, therefore, expect that I shall be very long in this world. It is under this impression that I tell you, that while I know that the law of the land considers it impossible that I should do wrong,—that while I know there is no earthly power which can call me to account, this only makes me the more deeply sensible of the responsibility under which I stand to that Almighty Being before whom we must all one day appear. When that day shall come, you will know whether I am sincere in the declaration which I now make, of firm attachment to the church, and resolution to maintain it.

"I have spoken more strongly than usual, because of unhappy circumstances that have forced themselves upon the observation of all. The threats of those who are enemies of the Church make it the more necessary for those who feel their duty to that Church to speak out. The words which you hear from me are, indeed, spoken by my mouth, but they flow from my heart."

His Majesty was affected to tears during the delivery of this declaration; and concluded the interview by inviting the prelates to partake of the Holy Communion with him at the Chapel Royal on Tuesday, the 22nd of June. Thanks to the King of Kings, we have a Sovereign worthy to succeed to Geo. III,—a prince, who may be well loved as the brother of Frederick Duke of York. Will his people prove worthy of such a monarch, and will they adopt his just and noble sentiment, "that the threats of the Church's enemies make it necessary for those who feel their duty to that Church to speak out?" We cannot doubt that they will,—we will not believe that those who would defend whatever ought to be most dear to man, will not rally round their sovereign when he summons them, in language so eloquent and affecting, to aid in the sacred duty We know what was the extraordinary effect of the King's name in forcing the Reform Bill—although the well-informed could not but be aware, that His Majesty's concurrence in that measure was hesitating, if not reluctant Shall it then be said, that the friends of our most holy institutions are more lukewarm than the emissaries of innovation? No, we will not distrust the Christian people of this Christian empire. This is "the accepted time"—this is the moment for action; and thanks again to the Giver of all good gifts, in this crisis of our fate, we have our natural and lawful leader, heart and soul, ready to conduct and guide us in the great struggle. Let not a moment be lost—let addresses of gratitude and devotion be at once presented to our patriot Christian King. Let not the glorious and saving self-sacrifice of "the faithful found amongst the faithless,"—Let not the high claims of Mr. Stanley, Sir James Graham, the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Ripon, and the others who, we trust, before many hours, will follow their bright example, pass unregarded. Let them learn that they have devoted themselves for a grateful, no less than for a Christian people. Perish all other considerations. Events have now arrived at that point to which we have long looked forward as to the day of England's regeneration. The question is now narrowed to this—is the British empire to remain a Christian empire, or is it not? for by the extinction of the church, a Christian empire it would cease to be. Considerations of vast importance crowd in upon us—but we would hold our own attention, as we would have our readers hold theirs, to this single point. By the extinction of the church, Christianity would cease to be more than a tolerated faith. Will they resist such a degradation of the Gospel? Will they sin by conniving at it? As we have before said, it is matter for the deepest attention of every man, woman, and child, in the empire. Let none, then, of whatever rank, or sex, or age, forego the double joy of paying our gratitude to our human benefactors, and discharging, as we may by the same act, however imperfectly, our duty to the Most High.

Standard Office, London, May 29th, 1834.

HADDOCKS, PRINTERS, WARRINGTON.

THE GREAT FIGHT BETWEEN "BILL MONEY," AND M. M., OR "THE MERRY MILLER."

(From the Oxford Field.)

Although we are rather tired of reporting the progress of this somewhat protracted encounter, we think that our readers may now be interested by a short review of what has occurred up to this time. It will be remembered that the late respected holder of the blue ribbon of the Oxford Prize-Ring, died in May last. Scarcely had the breath left his body, when "Bill" claimed to hold the belt almost as a sacred right; he was, undoubtedly, the first in the field, and his friends have spared no expense in bringing their man up to the scratch in good condition. His challenge was, however, soon taken up by his wide-awake opponent, and after very little delay the battle commenced. The few rounds which have been fought, have not been very decisive.

1st Round. Both came up smiling. "Bill" was the first to draw blood by a dodgy blow, which he had picked up from the late champion. This put up the miller's crest, and there was some very quick hitting, till the features of both men were so puffed, that they were obliged to call in the aid of the ever-ready sponge.

2nd Round. "Bill" now went at "the Miller," and passed over to his side of the Ring, and opened the fighting. After some ugly passes "Bill" rushed in, clenched, and struggled for the throw, and they went to earth together, with "the Miller" slightly on the top. At this point considerable confusion occurred from the outrageous conduct of one whom M. M. has the misfortune to count among his partisans. A well-known noisy braggart, Tom Thunderer, who had forced himself close to the ropes and before the judges, not only cheered his man in the most indecent language—"Smash him "Miller;" "You're the boy;" "Lick the imposter;" but actually attempted to dictate to the Umpires. There was great indignation naturally among "Bill's" friends, and many whose sympathies had before been with the "Miller," were disgusted at such unfair and un-English conduct. We must confess, however, that the supporters of "Money" quite made up by shrillness and the virulence of their hoots for the weakness of their voices "Down with the German;" "England for ever;" "No dirty foreigner;" and one in particular, a noted member of the swell-mob, named Jenkins, equally famous for his shabby gentility of dress, and vulgar affectation of elegance in language, was heard exclaiming "Detur Anglicano," having picked up a few words of Latin from some more educated compeer.

THE COMPANY AT THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.

We have already stated in effect that the company now playing at the Prince's Theatre are much superior to the work devolved upon them by Mr. Boucicault's new play. The ability which they have brought to bear upon the play deserves (particularly in the case of those who fill the leading characters) a fuller and more careful analysis than we have yet given it. We are bound the more to do this, inasmuch as the leading lady, Miss Kate Terry, the most rising young actress of the day, visits Manchester for the first time in connection with this play. We have seen Miss Terry in parts which made greater, deeper, and more various demands upon her powers, but in Mary Leigh she has to pourtray a wide range of emotion, from the innocent and assured happiness of the loved and loving wife, in the opening scenes, through the first shock of fear and undefined sense of impending ill, when her gossiping visitor mentions the name of Count Willidoff and the letters he has shown her, to the sudden terror under which she swoons, when she first recognises in the *soi disant* count her villanous first husband, whom she has believed to be dead for ten years. Among other remarkable points in this act we may direct attention to the unexaggerated measure with which Miss Terry pourtrays the playful happiness of the young wife, safe in the love of a generous and unworldly husband, the graceful womanly kindness of her reception of Clara, and the singular truth of her fainting fit, and of the re-awakening from it to the reality of horror in the presence of the resuscitated Rawdon Scudamore.

In the second act the notable point of Miss Terry's impersonation is the exquisite and pathetic tenderness of her appeal to her husband to take her away, the faltering reluctance with which she brings herself and him face to face with her desire to go alone, away even from him, and the unstudied grace of her actions when after his departure she sinks on the seat and lets her tears have way. Indeed the whole of this act is an example of the best kind of emotional acting, which grasps and never leaves its hold of the groundwork of the situation and character, letting the words and action of the scene grow out of this central conception, with the ease and harmony of development, instead of the painful and visible labour of building up. And all is done so quietly, with such a graceful and composed womanliness that it steals into us without our consciousness, and wins our tears, we know not how or why. There are but two points in this and the previous act to which we would object, and those are the singular attitudes in which Miss Terry falls when she faints. The swoon in the chair is so true that we are astonished afterwards to find an artificiality of pose which only suggests muscular dexterity.

In the third act, her writing of the letter to her husband is a masterpiece of subdued pathos, kept within the nicest limits of true stage art, where a less refined actress would be certain to overdo the emotion; and in her last defiance of her villanous husband Miss Terry shows how completely the moderation of the preceding passages has been the result of controlled strength and rightly calculated restraint, and not of weakness.

Miss Terry is an almost solitary example of an infant phenomenon having developed into a fine actress. She has retained her true womanly susceptibility under all the hardening and distorting influences of the theatre; and the atmosphere of the lamps has not vulgarised her, though she has breathed it almost from the cradle. The good result of this life-long experience of the boards, in her case, has been that at an age when most actresses are only learning the drill of their art, she is so complete a mistress of this, that she is enabled to devote her attention to the study of the higher and subtler requirements of her calling. We should recommend our Manchester public not to lose the chance which Miss Terry's engagement gives them of seeing the best young actress of our time, and of appreciating those rarest qualities on our stage at this day, grace, refinement, and womanly delicacy, associated with a thorough mastery of the pictorial and executive side of the actress's art, which (with the exception of the instances we have referred to) delights the artistic eye as much as her truth of conception and earnestness of feeling affect and impress the mind of the spectator.

Having given precedence to the lady, we turn to the gentleman in whose hands is the only character to which no exception can be taken—Mr. J. C. Cowper, who plays John Leigh. For, while considering Miss Terry we have been compelled to pass over those points which are inconsistencies in the author's creation, and so to discriminate throughout between the actress and her part, in the case of Mr. Cowper we have a good conception worked out with some *bonhommie* by Mr. Boucicault, and raised into an attractive admirable man by Mr. Cowper's skill. On this gentleman's last visit to Manchester we did not estimate his performances as highly as did the many voices of his reputation. Since then he has visited the United States, being engaged, if we mistake not, to accompany Miss Bateman. It is much, undoubtedly, in a distribution of parts, to get a *rôle*, which may be said to be, like a suit of clothes, a perfect fit. Of course, that implies something good to fit, if the display is to be pleasing to the public eye. Such, in short, is Mr. Cowper's case. His inherent powers, maturing by every experience (and this is the process with every conscientious artist), find in this instance a character which precisely suits the present stage of Mr. Cowper's artistic development. The fondness in his strong heart for his young wife, his utter trust, and the gentle demonstrativeness of the early scenes, attach to him the admiring interest of the spectators. This interest he continues to excite by his genuine manliness,—a manliness without an admixture of effeminacy or affectation. Nor, on the other hand, is the personation weakened by boisterousness. Mr. Cowper's conception throughout is that of a thorough English gentleman, happy in his wife and children, successful in his profession, and following after the only sound ambition—to be good and wise.

Mr. Henry Irving's "Rawdon Scudamore" recalls the story of Dr. Johnson's chat with Garrick, when the sage told the player that if, as he professed, he felt himself to be the creature he sometimes personated, he deserved to be hanged every time he played it. Mr. Irving pictures a villain as so despicable a being that one feels it a personal injury at the close of the play that he is not killed, or left for execution, or punished in some other appropriate way. With regard to Mr. Irving a mixed opinion prevails,—that he carries out his wickedness with a cool effrontery that is as clever as it is true to the idea of such a scoundrel, and that it must be regretted that so unpleasant a character, without one redeeming feature, has been allotted to him. Since Mr. Irving left Manchester he has not been idle. Many indications in his Scudamore show a progress in the capacity to realise and reflect the subtle traits which in inferior hands are overlooked or brushed aside in a comprehensive generalisation. Mr. Irving never neglects the little things which go far to sustain the unity of a character, nor does he deal with them with any seeming art. Having carefully and closely studied his part, he is simply consistent alike in the more marked features and in the lesser details. Hence it is that in the new drama he is a thorough rogue, and the instinctive shrinking from him is only an evidence of the cleverness with which Mr. Irving has succeeded in his self-imposed task.

Miss Bufton is endowed with graces of person and manner that make her addition to the company very acceptable; and, while it must be added that she is somewhat stagey, we would hope that in another drama she may be seen to more advantage. Mrs. Stephens is loquacious, curious, and mischief-making as Mrs. Bolton Jones, and is a capital specimen of Sheridan's type of scandal mongers transferred to modern days.

In conclusion, we can only repeat our desire that this excellent company may be seen in Manchester in some sterling drama.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF ADAM BEDE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—If you receive any more letters about the authorship of *Scenes of Clerical Life* and *Adam Bede* will you be so kind as to publish this note?

Those works are not written by Mr. Liggins, or by any one with a name like Liggins, and if any person is receiving charitable contributions on the ground of being the author of the said works he is doing so under false pretences.

The author is known to us, and subjoined is a copy of a note we have received from him since the appearance of the letter of your correspondent "S. G. O."

We have the honour to be,
Your most obedient servants,
WM. BLACKWOOD AND SONS.

37, Paternoster-row, June 4. 1859

June 4.

"My dear Mr. Blackwood,—As it seems my statement that Mr. Liggins is not the author of *Scenes of Clerical Life* and *Adam Bede* is by certain persons flatly contradicted, I wish you would add the weight of your testimony to the truth of what I have stated.

"It is the more painful to me that Mr. Liggins, or any one else should be receiving charitable donations on the ground that your treatment of me has not been sufficiently liberal, because I, for my part, can only wish that every author had equal reason to be satisfied with his publisher.

"If those benevolent persons who persist in attributing the authorship of the works in question to Mr. Liggins will induce Mr. Liggins to write one chapter of a story, that chapter may possibly do what my denial has failed to do.

"Yours most sincerely,
"To John Blackwood, Esq." "GEORGE ELIOT.

BARON MAROCHETTI'S STATUE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—Will you have the goodness to allow me a little of your valuable space for a few words of explanation on the statue at present exhibited in Apsley-house garden, as they seem to be called for by some articles and letters in the public papers?

This statue is a part of my design for the monument to the late Duke of Wellington when it was to be placed against one of the pillars supporting the cupola of St. Paul's. It was my intention to represent Victory sitting on the steps of the door of the tomb, bidding adieu to her favourite son, and taking back the sword which she had lent him,—this is the statue now exhibited, and, though prepared for a peculiar site, a change of position in the figure will adapt it to any other.

Had St. Paul's been opened to any artists except those selected by Lord John Manners I should have exhibited a full-size model there, and I have accepted with gratitude the Duke of Wellington's kind permission to place this statue in his garden, in order to give publicity to a work which I should be sorry to destroy or to bury in a corner without trying to gain some credit by it, and endeavouring to show that my pretensions to the honour of executing in England a great national monument were not founded on absurd vanity, and were not disappointed in consequence of any want of exertion on my part.

I have been a candidate for the monument to the Duke of Wellington from the day it was decided that such a monument should be erected. I did not take part in the competition proposed by Sir W. Molesworth, which was to have been confined to Messrs. Gibson, Foley, Bayley, and myself, or in the general one opened by Sir B. Hall, mainly because in both cases the model was to be small. From such models the effect of the real monument cannot be fairly anticipated. They are good for recollection, not for suggestion; the use of them is mischievous to the pursuit of sculpture as a profession. Only a model of the full size will enable the Government and the public to judge what the monument will be when completed, and thus to understand what they are invited to accept or to refuse. A further objection to Sir B. Hall's competition was that the site was to be under one of the arches of the nave. I thought it a bad choice, as it would have suggested either that the monument was placed there temporarily, or that the church was unfinished as long as every other arch was unprovided with a monument of the same importance.

My refusal is, I think, justified by the results. The design pronounced to be the best by the judges is not to be executed, and the monument is not to be placed under one of the arches.

I do not complain that Lord John Manners neither visited my design nor even sent for my plans. As he has selected other artists, it is better for me that my design has not been seen, and consequently has not been rejected.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,
MAROCHETTI.

3rd Round. The clamour on both sides became deafening, and a miss of "Bill's" gave rise to the following choice dialogue. "He's a pretty one for a champion, he can't hit, he can't." "That he can. You shut up! he'll show you precious quick." "I tell you, he can't then." Fortunately the growing darkness put a stop to further proceedings for that day.

It is hardly possible to express any opinion as to the chances. Both men are in high condition and full of spirits and confidence. "Bill" relies mainly on the old-fashioned straightforward knock-down blow, being innocent of much further science: but his arm though very heavy is short, and his want of reach will be a great difficulty. On the other hand "The Miller" has studied the art of self-defence, as practised by nearly every nation under the sun, from the Zulu Kaffirs to the Scandinavian Sea-Kings, and he has a curious collection of antique weapons, especially those used in ancient India. But as the latter are clearly inadmissible in such a mill as the present, many of the knowing ones think that his superior science will prove rather a drawback, especially as by a peculiar interpretation of the rules of the Ring, no hitting is to be allowed except the old-fashioned, sledge-hammer style, in which it is thought that the superior length of the "Miller's" reach will hardly compensate for the ponderous gravity of his opponent.

Large crowds are expected to assemble to witness the final rounds, and it is not unlikely that when the excitement reaches its height, the adherents of both combatants will break through all restraints, and the strongest party will carry off the prize for their man, by sheer force of numbers.

"AMOR MUNDI."

"Oh, where are you going with your love-locks flowing
On the west wind blowing along this valley track?"
"The downhill path is easy, come with me an' it please ye,
We shall escape the uphill by never turning back."

So they two went together in glowing August weather,
The honey-breathing heather lay to their left and right;
And dear she was to doat on, her swift feet seemed to float on
The air like soft twin pigeons too sportive to alight.

"Oh, what is that in heaven where grey cloud-flakes are seven,
Where blackest clouds hang riven just at the rainy skirt?"
"Oh, that's a meteor sent us, a message dumb, portentous,—
An undecipher'd solemn signal of help or hurt."

"Oh, what is that glides quickly where velvet flowers grow thickly,
Their scent comes rich and sickly?"—"A scaled and hooded worm."
"Oh, what's that in the hollow, so pale I quake to follow?"
"Oh, that's a thin dead body which waits th' eternal term."

"Turn again, O my sweetest,—turn again, false and fleetest:
This way whereof thou weetest I fear is hell's own track."
"Nay, too steep for hill-mounting,—nay, too late for cost-counting:
This downhill path is easy, but there's no turning back."

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

Shilling Magazine. June. 1865.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

A Poem which obtained the Chancellor's Medal at the Cambridge Commencement, 1861, by F. W. H. Myers, Trinity College, and recited by him in the Senate House, May 21.

"Hic vir, hic est."

Behold he reared a race and ruled them not,
And he shall rule a race he did not rear:
Warrior and prince, their former feud forgot,
Have found a meeting here.

And as of all that breathes the eldest birth
Sometimes in ages out of human ken
Lived in the glory of the primal earth
A life unknown to men;

And in their time they perished as was meet,
They perished each as he had lived, alone,
And one or two of them beneath our feet
Have stiffened into stone;

And one is standing under iron skies,
Beyond the range of life, the rule of law,
Locked in the arms of everlasting ice,
A wonder and an awe.

With such a marvel looked he on the tomb
Of that the rebel chief, forgiven at length,
With such a reverence pondered he the doom
Of that departed strength.

And as he thought on him that lay below,
Of what a mighty one the bones were dust,
Surely by some strange sense he seemed to know
The presence of the Just.

Surely he could not his own thought control,
But mute in expectation bent his head:
Seemed it not silently a solemn soul
Spake to him from the dead?

And thereunto he listened wondering,
While thus it said or thus it seemed to say,
Live with the light and, slowly vanishing,
Dead with the dying day.

I crave no pardon, Prince, that led by me
This land revolted from thy fathers' rod:
It was not I that set the people free,
It was not I, but God.

Nor always shall a race with one accord
Yield due allegiance to a foreign throne,
No, nor shall always bow them to a lord
Whom they have never known.

Neither can one consent for ever bind
Parent and offspring, but they shall at length
A closer union in disunion find,
In separation strength.

Therefore at last in wrath the land arose,
And gathered frenzy from contest begun,
And on their kinsmen turning as their foes
Fought till the fight was won.

But through their tumult was I still the same,
And with one watchword kept the land in awe,
For ever stedfast to the single name
Of liberty and law.

Then as at length an end was put to strife,
And freedom born from our calamity,
And the long labour of heroic life
Had taught us victory:

By many a wild wood, many a river fair,
Where stately Susquehanna sweeps along,
And where the nightingale on Delaware
Shrills everlasting song:

And where the sun on broad Missouri sleeps,
Or loud St. Lawrence speeds him stedfastly,
And where the strength of Niagara leaps
In thunder to the sea:

Or those that sail Huronian deeps upon,
Or tread Ontario's solitary shore;
And all the peoples west to Oregon,
And north to Labrador,

At length delivered from a foreign yoke,
And finding fair conclusion to foul strife,
The stately cities filled with nobler folk,
And leapt to lustier life.

Yea, from long tutelage risen a man at length
The mighty land took courage mightily,
To grow for evermore from strength to strength,
For evermore be free.

And as the saviour of a royal race,
In ruddy gold inwrought divinely, saw
The Just at Council in a holy place,
And Cato gave them law:

Even so for many a country had I care,
And many a delegate obeyed my word;
No thought of wealth, no thought of birth was there,
Their greatest was their lord.

Yea, for I sought their profit as my own,
But in false ways their baser captains trod:
Each loved his own advantage: I alone
My people and my God.

Therefore I ruled them till my work was done,
And ordered all their matters as was best:
And when at length my race was nobly run
I entered into rest.

Simple I died as when I had my birth,
Unsoiled by lucre and unwarped by fame;
Leaving for ever to the sons of earth
My nation and my name.

In silence bent the prince an awful head,
In solemn silence turned him from the spot:
He heard the spirit of the mighty dead,
He heard and answered not.

He left him to his glory and his rest,
Where ever, over-rained and over-shone,
Beneath the glimmer of the waning west
Shall that great ghost sleep on.

But he returned him to his heritage
O'er many lands and many seas between,
And found the ruler of a reverent age
In majesty the Queen.

Who knowing well what such a love can do,
And what to her a mother's care became,
The future monarch of our race unto
Herself hath shown the same.

With such a rule her firstborn did she rear
To tread the ways wherein his fathers trod;
So waxed his wisdom in the single fear
Of Justice and of God.

Such life of old the sturdy Sabine knew,
And Romulus was reared from such a home:
And with such sons to great dominion grew
The Queen of cities, Rome.

Likewise up-treasuring for time to be
Their future lord the flower of England saw
The wisdom of prophetic history,
The legend of the law.

Yea they beheld him leading fearless days
In modest confidence and manly truth,
For ever winning with his royal ways
The heart of all the youth.

Unconsciously for ever compassing
A reign no turbulence shall think to move,
For no prerogative can fence a king
Like to his people's love.

But when the time was ripe she bade him go,
Nor to his ancient halls return again,
Till he might wander far, and widely know
The ways and homes of men:

For surely such a science well befits
The son who springs with half the earth his own,
And with more honour such a sovereign sits
Upon a reverenced throne.

Not Alexander led so far his hosts
Across the earth, a never travelled way,
Beyond strange streams and o'er astonished coasts
Bound for the breaking day,

Nor drave so far the victor youth divine
The linked tigers of his leafy car,
Nor did the robber of the royal kine
His course extend so far.

Albeit he caught the brazen-footed deer,
And laid the curse of Erymanthus low,
And shook at Lerna o'er the affrighted mere
The terror of his bow.

Hail flower of Europe, heir of half the earth,
Descendant noble of a noble line!
Blest none from heaven with so bright a birth,
So fair a fate as thine.

Not at thy coming is vague terror shed
From hideous oracles and homes of guile,
Not at thy coming roar with nameless dread
The myriad mouths of Nile,

But for thy coming doth thy people wait
With stedfast confidence and hope serene;
And such a king expect to celebrate
As even now a queen:

And to thy coming looks whate'er of good
Is anywise oppressed or overworn,
Or anywhere for lack of hardihood
Is subject unto scorn:

Albeit for thee be little left to do,
And after noble mother noble son
This task alone shall find, to carry through
The work so well begun.

For such thy mission, prince, and such thy praise,
To war for ever with the powers of wrong,
To lift the humble into happier days,
Yea, and to crush the strong.

Oh might so long a life to me remain
And such a sacred strength in me increase,
To tell of thee, the wonder of thy reign,
Of honour and of peace.

Oh might I see, nor only thus presage,
The mighty months at length begin to roll,
And feel the glory of a grander age
Strike on my startled soul.

Nor me should Thracian Orpheus vanquish then
Nor Linus, glad in mother or in sire,
No, nor Apollo strike more sweet to men
The music of his lyre.

Long time, O Prince, in honour held thine own,
With life song-worthy of all bards that sing,
And in thy season failing, leave thy throne
To many a gracious king:

Until all storm at length be overpast,
And every land in darkness lying still
Be filled with light, and every race at last
Learn their Redeemer's will:

Till every wandering sheep have turned him home,
And shaped to pruning-hooks be every sword,
And all the kingdoms of the earth become
The kingdom of the Lord.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A Woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It 's O! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"O! Men, with Sisters dear!
O! Men! with Mothers and Wives!
It is not linen you 're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

"But why do I talk of Death?
That Phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep,
Oh! God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work!
My labour never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.
That shatter'd roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

"Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work—
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb'd,
As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work,
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A Woman sate in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
Would that its tone could reach the Rich!
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

THE GREEK PROFESSORSHIP AT OXFORD.

The object of the present of 2,000*l.* to Professor Jowett is thus explained in a letter addressed to the professor:

"The amount has been confined to the arrears of salary withheld by the University. The reasons for properly endowing your chair are nowise touched by our proceedings, but may be urged as before, whenever it is thought advisable. The promoters of this subscription recommended it to others upon the ground that they wished to mark their sense of the honourable and conscientious manner in which during six years you have fulfilled your professorial duty; to discharge at least some portion of the debt which has accrued to you during that period; and to protest against the injurious precedent of importing theological considerations (as was openly done in the recent debate in congregation) into questions wholly distinct from them. They hope, in all earnestness, that you will approve of their act, by enabling them to announce your acceptance of what has been offered."

Professor Jowett's answer is as follows:

"My dear ——, —I hardly know how to express the feeling with which I received, through you, the information that the sum of 2,000*l.* had been placed at my disposal in payment of the salary of the Regius Professorship of Greek, which has hitherto been withheld.

"It is the greatest pleasure to obtain from my friends such a testimony of their regard. I will try to show my gratitude in the only way that I am able, by increasing energy in the work of the professorship.

"But I cannot accept their munificent present. Though I wish to see an endowment provided for the chair, I ought not to receive money from those on whom I have no claim.

"Could I have anticipated such generosity, I would never have allowed you and others to take so much trouble on my behalf.

"Will you give my best thanks to the subscribers, and assure them that the possession of the list of their names gives me a satisfaction far greater than the pecuniary advantage which they designed for me.

"Balliol College, Oxford, Jan. 24."

Amongst the subscribers are the following:

Rev. Charles Arnold, Assistant Master, Rugby (Ball. Coll.)
Theodore Aufrecht, Bodleian Library.
Lord Belper.
*Rev. R. E. Bartlett, Trin. Coll., Oxford.
*Rev. T. W. J. Blake, Assistant Master, Rugby (Queen's Coll.)
*Rev. J. W. Blakesley, Trin. Coll., Cambridge.
*E. C. Boyle, Trin. Coll., Oxford.
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*Rev. L. Campbell, Queen's Coll., Oxford.
*Rev. W. G. Clark, Public Orator, Cambridge.
*John Conington, Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford.
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James Heywood.
Rev. Dr. Hodson, Rector of Edinburgh Academy.
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*Godfrey Lushington, Lincoln's Inn (All Souls).
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*Max Müller, Professor of Modern European Languages in the University of Oxford.
*Very Rev. the Dean of St. Paul's.
*F. T. Palgrave, Council Office (Ex. Coll.)
*Rev. E. Palmer, Ball. Coll., Oxford.
Earl Russell.
Right. Hon. Sir E. Ryan.
Rev. W. Rogers, St. Thomas, Charterhouse (Ball. Coll.)
*G. Rolleston, Linacre Professor of Physiology in the University of Oxford.
Edward Romilly, Commissioner of Audit.
Rev. Lord Saye and Sele.
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F. R. Sandford, Council Office.
*Rev. C. W. Sandford, Ch. Ch., Oxford.
*W. Y. Sellar, Professor of Greek in the University of St. Andrew's (Ball. Coll.)
J. C. Shairp, Professor of Latin in the University of St. Andrew's (Ball. Coll.)
*Henry Smith, Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford.
W. Spottiswoode, Queen's Printer (Ball. Coll.)
*Rev. Canon Stanley, Ch. Ch., Oxford.
Hon. E. Stanley, Ball. Coll., Oxford.
Fitzjames Stephen.
*Rev. F. Temple, Hd. Mast. of Rugby (Ball. Coll.)
Alfred Tennyson.
*Rev. W. H. Thompson, Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge.
Rev. Dawson Turner, Principal of the Royal Institution, Liverpool.
*Hon. E. Twisleton.
*Theodore Walrond, Civil Service Commission, Ball. Coll., Oxford.
*Rev. A. G. Watson, Assist. Mast., Harrow (All Souls).
*Rev. J. M. Wilson, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Oxford.
Thomas Woolner.
*W. Wright, Oriel Coll., Oxford.

The addition of an asterisk (*) marks those who are, or have been, tutors or fellows.

MR. PEEWIT (goaded into reckless action by the impetuous MRS. P.). *"I—I—I shall report you to your Master, Conductor, for not putting us down at the corner——"*

CONDUCTOR. *"Lor' bless yer 'art, Sir, it ain't my Master as I'm afeard on! I'm like you—it's my MISSUS!"*

"—— MYSTIC, WONDERFUL!"

IN his essay "Concerning Churchyards," A. K. H. B. writes, "In these days of the misty and spasmodic school, I owe my readers an apology for presenting them with poetry which they will have no difficulty in understanding." A shallow author, indeed, merely to quote matter that anybody can easily comprehend! Well may he declare a few pages previously that he is "a very commonplace person!" *He* never could turn out such a powerful article as "A Summer Night on the Thames," in the present number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, which combines a masterly solution of some of our most difficult social problems in CARLYLE's fashion (called by certain unthinking, ribald minds the "newly-macadamized style," from the going over it being so very heavy), with the inscrutable flights of EMERSON, and the dreamy beauty of the best passages in *Hyperion*. This article is a rare intellectual treat, which we cordially recommend to all lovers of the Infinite, the Metaphysical, and the Beautiful. One of our contributors has attempted the following brief essay in the same school. It is, however, too intelligible, and, consequently, lacks the truth, practical sense, and talent of the great work of which professedly it is an imitation; but it should be leniently regarded as the effort of a mere youth, ambitious, though as yet only a guinea-a-liner.

A SUMMER NIGHT IN A SEWER.

If only the Summer would not make a man so hot! If only it would make us less thirsty, less inclined to drink more beer than our heads can stand! For the overmuch of beer is confused thought and headaches; and it is very difficult sometimes in magazine writing to know what we really do mean, and not to look daft in the eyes of the public.

It was very hot, when our other us whispered in the words of SYDNEY SMITH, "Let us take off our flesh and sit in our bones." Of course, this is merely a figurative expression. I hope there will be no misapprehension about this. For when he joked, SYDNEY SMITH never bubbled over with irrepressible fun; he always had a deep, laboured meaning. Here he simply meant that we should divest the universe of its tertiary formation, and break off our *liaison* with the Devil's Mother-in-law; at least, we both think so—we and our other us.

And on this hot evening, when Nature is simmering herself to sleep, how good and grand it is to see old SALLY, the charwoman, lave the doorsteps with a cool flannel swab! I will not talk too much of her beautiful large figure and hand lest the world should think I have borrowed from "Companions of my Solitude" (Hush! 'Tis the Enemy. I know you. Bo!). She is adored by a brave, helpful, hideous cabman, whose solace in love is Geneva. Is not that noteworthy?

I shall have a bad night with him—that other One, the Devil's Advocate (an acute attorney-at-law, believe me). I cannot sleep with him; he almost persuades me that I have a grain of sense. And yet my bed is comfortable. The sheets have lain so long in lavender that they smell of the earth—of course, and not of lavender. It is easy to tell from what planet *we* came; we are moon-struck. And yet our *robe de nuit* will at least bear patching.

To avoid the heat, the overmuch, and an uneasy bedfellow, I sat in the fireplace to be cool and dignified; and from my window gazed down into the new High Level Sewer works, open and dimly lantern-lit. Said we to our other us—using bad grammar—"We won't lay here; we have our pure longings, and, to escape the Devil's Legal Adviser, will spend the night in the sewer."

It was nothing o'clock. The solid, angular sewer glittered in its fragile walls. It was like nothing so much as a whale. As both—we and our other us—drew near to the wharves by the river's side, the cool night breeze made me long for scarves and handkerchieves to tie around my throat. I am enamoured of the sewer and its virgin purity. My coy one, do you flow on towards the ambling ocean sward? O beer! O skittles! I hear the sound of wings. 'Tis a bee in my bonnet! Again, O beer! O skittles!

("The eleventy-fifteenth of Septober * * * * *
Alas!
I havn't six and eightpence about me—
Legal Adviser, avaunt!")

More wharves! (as I said *only once* before); mere dwarves to the others, yet still infinite, quasi-rhythmical, all-precious. Chaos reverts ere glutful greed with social pathos chuckles out the poet's shriek (we *must* speak out sometimes); while life and love ever purposeful, seethingly convey to the crumpled mind these spasms of crude thought. We are at the sewer's mouth again.

And this will all be printed. Altogether, what terrible "hum" it will be.

Here, O night watchman! In this pocket-book you will find thrice the amount. I return to Hanwell by the first up flash of thunder.

THE CIRCLE SQUARED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "STAR."

SIR,—I send you a few figures, the result of my leisure hours. My attention has been lately called to "Squaring the Circle," and I have brought out the understated interrogatory, which I shall be glad to have answered by some of your readers and geometers. The calculation consists of 26 decimals; it is finite, and will not admit of the terms ordinarily used, "approximated," or "nearly."

Question: 8862269254527 being the square root of a circle of which the diameter is 1, what is the area and the circumference of said circle, and what is the ratio of the circumference to the diameter?

If this is correct, thus will end the squaring of the circle and the ambition of yours, &c.,

H. HARBORD.

19, Albion-street, Hull. Nov. 9.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "STAR."

SIR,—When I wrote to you on the 9th, I submitted a question relative to "Squaring the Circle." I now send the answer thereto, and believe it to be correct. I am quite satisfied with its definite result; all that I hope is that it will afford some amusement, if not practical benefit to society.—I am, &c.,

H. HARBORD.

Hull, Nov. 11.

Square Root.	8862269254527
Area.	.7853981633973454830999372 9
Circumference of Circle.	3.1415926535893819323997491 6
Ratios.	3.9269908169867274154996864 5
	1.25

JOHNSON AND BLONDIN.

Extracted, by permission, from the latest edition of BOSWELL'S *Life of* DR. JOHNSON.

THE next day was Saturday, and I called upon my revered friend in the Temple, and after some hesitation I mentioned that I had purchased tickets of admission to the Crystal Palace, to see the feats of the French acrobat, BLONDIN, who was to exhibit that day. I said that I did not know whether I should go or not.

"Sir," said DR. JOHNSON, "why do you tell me a lie? You know that you have resolved upon witnessing this Frenchman's exhibition, and the weakness of the desire is less culpable than the cowardice of the mendacity that would veil it."

I admitted that I had a curiosity to behold an instance of the power of courage and skill in surmounting difficulties of a grave nature.

"You are a humbug," said my venerated friend. "You care nothing for the fellow's courage or skill, but you have a vulgar desire to go with the multitude, and perhaps a concealed hope that you may be present at a painful catastrophe."

I urged that the PRINCE OF WALES, my Sovereign's eldest son, had witnessed the sight, and rewarded the performer with a medal.

My honoured friend became exceedingly angry. "Do not," he said, "drag the name of a member of the Royal Family of these realms (royal, *de facto*, he added with a murmur to himself) into your miserable plea. The PRINCE OF WALES, in not refusing to join in a transatlantic holiday, was gracefully discharging an instalment of the duty for which he was accredited to the West. You have no business on Sydenham Hill, and if you had a medal, so far from bestowing it upon BLONDIN, you would stick it upon your own hat, and repeat the Paoli farce. Let me hear no such nonsense."

But my character, as is well known, is one of invincible fortitude and pertinacity, and when I know myself to be in the right, I am not easily put down. I therefore returned to the charge with a courage which almost astonished myself.

"PINDAR sang the praises of horse-racing, DR. JOHNSON," I replied.

"A horse is not a Frenchman, nor are you a PINDAR," retorted my revered friend, with that quickness which belonged to him. The lively sally restored his good humour, for he added, "you are not even a PINDAR of Wakefield, though in your heart you despise GOLDY's Vicar of that locality."

This was unjust, and I told him that though I did not think so highly of GOLDSMITH's little tale as some did, I was far from despising an elegantly written and moral fable. I then said, "DR. JOHNSON, will you do me the favour to come and see BLONDIN?"

He laughed, and said I was putting him to the *experimentum Crucis*—which I afterwards thought a most felicitous phrase, because the Frenchman had to "cross" the transept. I doubt not that I have lost hundreds of equally good things through my culpable negligence of transcription.

"Why, Sir," he said, "if you had asked me to purchase a ticket for this sight, I should have peremptorily refused, because I am not justified in contributing to bribe a fellow-creature, though only a Frenchman and a mountebank, to risk the loss of his life. But as *you* have paid for the tickets, and as I shall not repay you, the *onus* is with yourself, and I will accompany you."

"We are at the Crystal Palace," I remarked, as the train entered the station.

"The building is not of Crystal, nor is it a Palace," said my illustrious friend.

The name, I said humbly, was given by *Mr. Punch*.

"*Mr. Punch* is a great authority," said DR. JOHNSON, removing his hat for a moment, "and I willingly accept his nomenclature. The fact had escaped me."

So ready was he to own an error, when it was properly brought before him.

"*Mr. Punch*," he continued, "is most fortunate in selecting denominations. It was he who gave the name of *Arcadia* to that new arcaded Garden and locality at South Kensington; a name which I observe the journals are all adopting without acknowledgment of the original inventor. But few can so well afford to be robbed, though the wealth of the Bank of England is no excuse for the criminality of the burglar."

We proceeded across the beautiful garden, and my revered friend, whose classic recollections were ever ready, pointed to the Mercury on one of the water-temples, and remarked that there was a BLONDIN ready perched. I said "*Stat in eternum*," but was immediately and steraly rebuked by my honoured friend for light use of a word signifying eternity. "But," he added, playfully, "do not be cast down, for you yourself are an everlasting donkey." This re-assured me, and we ascended to the gallery, and took our seats. Gazing down upon the vast area, on the sides of which, and around it, were nearly ten thousand persons, DR. JOHNSON whispered, slily,

"Do you think as many persons would come to see *you* supported by a single cord?"

I felt hurt, for though I am conscious of many short-comings, it was wounding to think that the greatest moralist of the age had ever seriously contemplated my coming to be hanged.

"Do not be a fool," said DR. JOHNSON, kindly. "You will repose in your Scottish mausoleum, followed by an incalculable array of semi-denuded Caledonian boors; so be happy, and survey mankind."

The Frenchman came upon the rope, ran, tumbled, stood on his head, feigned to slip, lay down, walked backwards blindfolded, and performed his other extraordinary gymnastic feats at an height of one hundred and eighty feet from the floor that had been cleared below. Military music played, the vast assembly applauded, and tears came into my eyes.

"What are you blubbering for?" said my illustrious friend. "Do you envy that poor acrobat his triumph, or do you imagine that you yourself could perform those feats better? In the first alternative the sentiment is unworthy, in the second the vanity is egregious."

Thus did he ever seek to improve my mind and heart, and what do I not owe to him? I told him, however, that he misjudged me, and that I was weeping to think that ten thousand of my fellow-creatures had assembled to derive excitement from the chance of a French mountebank breaking his neck.

"Spare your tears, and stow your twaddle," responded my venerable friend. "They have come for no such savage purpose. They have heard that a person has acquired the art of safely walking on a suspended cord, and they evince a laudable desire to witness a triumph of courage and of skill. Do you degrade your fellow subjects to the level of the Roman spectators of gladiator-fights? Is there one person in that crowd who would turn up the thumb, if doing so would bring down that acrobat to that floor?"

I did not dare to remind him that he had summarily crushed my own plea in his chambers, but I asked him whether he would take anything to drink. He was condescending enough to partake of a bottle of Scottish ale with me, and seasoned it by a good humoured jibe at my selecting liquor bearing the name of my country.

"The health of the French acrobat, with the American reputation, in a tumbler of Scotch ale!" he said.

"Drunk by DR. JOHNSON," I ventured to add, "whose reputation is neither French, nor American, nor Scotch, nor English, but universal."

"You are a thundering humbug," said my revered friend, smiling. I have reason to believe that he was pleased, for he permitted me to pay the cab from the terminus to the Temple.

No man can know precisely on the day of election the value of his own vote to the cause, and no man, therefore, is justified, upon any consideration whatever, in neglecting to record it. There are many instances in our parliamentary history showing the important results which have attended the gain or the loss of a single vote. We will give the story of one such case. At the general election in August, 1837, there was no seat more keenly contested than that for Lanarkshire. At two previous elections, since the Reform Act, the Liberals had been in a decided majority — Mr. MAXWELL, in December, 1832, winning his seat by a majority of more than two to one over his opponent, Mr. BUCHANAN; and again, in January, 1835, by a majority of 200 over Mr. A. M. LOCKHART. In August, 1837, however, the Conservatives had increased so much in strength as to induce Mr. A. M. LOCKHART again to contest the seat with Mr. MAXWELL. The struggle was one of the most severe which ever took place in Scotland, the result being a victory for the Conservatives by a majority of one. Among Mr. LOCKHART'S supporters was a gentleman who at the time of the election happened to be on a tour in Switzerland, but who, hurrying back to record his vote, was just able to reach the polling-booth in time. Had he failed in obeying the call of duty the result would have been to lose Mr. LOCKHART the seat, for the votes for the two candidates would have been equal, and the returning officer, being a Liberal, would have decided in favour of Mr. MAXWELL. Now, let us mark the sequel. In June, 1841, in the same Parliament, there was moved a vote of want of confidence in Lord MELBOURNE, which was carried, after the severest whipping ever known on both sides, by a majority of one—this majority including among the entire strength of the Conservative party, of whom not one was absent from the division, the member for Lanarkshire, Mr. LOCKHART. Had he been absent, or had he lost his seat in 1837, Lord MELBOURNE would have gained a victory, and the Whigs would have enjoyed a further lease of power, for the then Speaker, Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE, was a Liberal, and would have voted with his party against the motion. Thus we perceive how important to his party was the single vote which the Lanarkshire elector came all the way from Switzerland to record. Probably, had he consulted his own convenience in preference to the dictates of duty, the whole course of our parliamentary history would have been altered. This one vote, in fact, may have contributed to restore the Conservatives to power, and to secure for Conservative principles and the Conservative party all the *prestige* and the advantages which that term includes.

FACT versus FICTION.—1st, The Sun's Distance; 2d, The Stability of the Earth.—Fact 1st. I have for years observed, at noon, when 50 degrees north of the sun's perpendicular, the shadow of any perpendicular substance is as long on a plane base as the substance is high. This fact clearly proves the distance of the sun is not as many thousand miles as modern tuition says 'tis millions. I hereby challenge the modern scientific to show how it is possible for such amount of shadow to appear, if the sun's distance was more than six times the earth's diameter, the earth being a globe. Fact 2. It is a well-known fact, when an eclipse of the sun occurs the dark body of the moon appears to the eye of an observer to pass over the sun's disc from west to east. This fact proves that the earth does not turn daily before the sun. I challenge the aforenamed to show the possibility of the earth's turning once in 24 hours. The moon travelling round the earth only once in 29 days, the sun stationary, and the eclipse not to appear to an observer to pass from east to west before the sun.—J. WELSFORD, 18, High-street, Plymouth, Devonshire.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT AMATEUR THEATRICALS IN AID OF THE SUNDERLAND ORPHAN ASYLUM,

MONDAY, DEC. 22ND, 1862.

Shakespeare hath writ on his immortal page,
This famous saying—"All the world's a stage"—
A stage, where pass the shifting scenes of life,
The calm of happy homes, the din and strife
Of fierce battalions meeting on the plain,
The many histories of joy and pain,
The glittering brightness of youth's opening days,
The feeble flicker of his sun's last rays,
The deeds of fame that time can never rust,
And their sad contrast—honour in the dust.
These, and how *many* more, on every page
Of the world's history, make that world their stage.

The curtain rises on that scene most blest,
The infant smiling on its mother's breast;
And as the play proceeds, midst hopes and fears,
She soothes its sorrows, dries its transient tears,
Until the baby merges in the boy,
And walks alone, his mother's hope and joy.
From her he learns all lessons good and wise,
And reads of virtue in her gentle eyes,
Her sweet example shows him so to run
The race, that when it ends, the prize is won.
And so in every scene since life began,
Until he treads the world's great stage—a man.

But, stay, suppose no mother's influence kind
Watches the opening of the infant mind,
No prompter ready, when the play begins,
To whisper which are virtues, which are sins,
No friendly haven, where a bark so frail,
May run for shelter in th' impending gale,
No loving hands to guide, or words to cheer—
The picture's true, alas! tho' sad and drear,
Oh, may it wring from each spectator's heart,
Pity for those who play the orphan's part.

For them it is that here to-night we plead;
There *is* a shelter in the orphan's need,
A kind asylum where the friendless child
May find a haven in misfortune wild;—
A home, where Charity the want supplies
Which to his opening years hard Fate denies.

Then, fellow-actors in the drama grand
Which men call life, stretch out a liberal hand,
And help these players, who, with weary hearts,
Play not as "stars," but take the minor parts.
And when, as now, all fingers point *one* goal
To which the tide of Charity should roll,
One tragic scene—oh! let it thither roam,
But don't forget that it should start from home.

Let then this cause for which we now appear,
Plead for the actors—stay the critic's sneer,
Win for our efforts your approval kind,
And make you to our many errors blind.
Then, when in future years, 'mid changes new,
Our memories pass these old times in review,
With halting steps, they'll linger in delight
Over the pleasant record of to-night.

LADY FRANKLIN'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—The rumour contained in one of your recent leading articles respecting the intention of Lady Franklin to send out another and a final expedition to clear up the great Arctic mystery has within the last day or two ripened into reality, Lady Franklin having effected the purchase of a steam yacht admirably adapted for the requisite Arctic service, and the eminent and experienced Arctic voyager and explorer Captain M'Clintock having accepted the command of the expedition.

These facts alone are abundantly sufficient to show that Lady Franklin is as earnest as she is energetic in her intention of carrying out the great duty which has devolved on her. But shall she be allowed to do this national work unassisted? I trust not. Already many leading scientific men, among whom are the presidents of the Royal and Geographical Societies, have evinced by liberal contributions towards the equipment of Lady Franklin's expedition that they consider the burden of this, the last effort to ascertain the fate of our countrymen should not fall entirely on the devoted and high-spirited widow of Sir John Franklin.

It cannot be too widely spread that this final search will be limited to a very small portion of the Arctic regions, where all evidence—and it is now very strong—points to the conclusion that a thorough exploration of the tract in question will be rewarded by the discovery of the relics of the Erebus and Terror.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,
Burlington-house, April 25. C. R. WELD.

*IDYLLS OF THE KING.**

The Laureate has put forth all his strength to achieve what Milton thought of achieving, and he has produced a really fine work. We have more than once been compelled to speak unpleasant truths of Mr. Tennyson, and to protest against the somewhat delirious delight with which blind admirers have greeted his later volumes. When a poet stumbles, there are people who imagine that he is not wrong, but only original; when he nods, that he is not drowsy, but only authoritative and godlike; and Mr. Tennyson's obscurities have been regarded as dazzling, rather than dark—his monstrosities as not unnatural, though rather bold—his metaphysics as not hard and painful, but inviting and most blessed, as the stones of which the patriarch made a pillow, and resting on which he had dreams of heaven and the angels. Having frankly opposed these fallacies when occasion offered it is with no common pleasure that we now turn to the more genial task of praising a poem remarkable for its simplicity, and displaying much of that perfect workmanship which will always make some of Mr. Tennyson's earlier pieces among the most cherished in the language. It is impossible, however, not to note in passing that the simplicity which we so much enjoy in the present volume is the imitation of an old style, and that our poets seem to labour under a curious inability to use a modern style with the same plainness and utter freedom. There are bright exceptions, no doubt, but Mr. Tennyson's usual style is not a little removed from such simplicity as this, and although he is one of the greatest masters of the English language, he is apt in the use of modern phraseology to be flat when he would be plain and downright. We may have to give examples of this infirmity before we conclude; but here it is to be observed that the poet shows very clearly in the *Lady of Shalott* as well as in the fragment entitled *Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevre* how at one time he intended to treat the theme of the present volume—King Arthur and his Round Table—in a style which is peculiarly his own. In that manner he drew very gorgeous pictures, the poems we have named being indeed miracles of pictorial effect. But if the power of word-painting thus exhibited was marvellous, there was wanting the moral effect which belongs to genuine simplicity. Apparently dissatisfied with what he had accomplished, the poet determined to try his hand again, but in a different style. He wrote the idyll, or fragment of an epic, which he called *Morte d'Arthur* in blank verse, and holding as much as possible to the manner of the old romances. It was a complete success, and has always been regarded as one of his masterpieces. It is almost passionless, indeed, and with all its grandeur appeals rather to the imagination than to the heart; but it was at once perceived that a poet who could in all calmness produce an effect so sublime might, if his power of feeling were equal to his power of description, achieve the design which Milton abandoned, only because he found a mightier hero than King Arthur and sung of more terrible lists than those of the Round Table. Mr. Tennyson tries his hand yet again, and produces four idylls, which are strong in passion as well as in description, and which, if they do not constitute an epic, may, together with our old favourite *Morte d'Arthur* for a fifth, be taken as fragments of a great whole. Epics are apt to be wearisome; and we are under obligations to a poet who asks us, as here, to read only his more stirring episodes. Probably the same considerations which made Milton hesitate over his design of an epic on King Arthur convinced Mr. Tennyson of the uselessness of attempting a connected poem on the same subject; and whether it be so or not, we are indisposed, after reading a work in which the Laureate has produced some of the noblest passages in English verse, to inquire too minutely into the reason why here, as at all times, he contents himself with short flights, and does not venture on a continuous and long-drawn effort.

Mr. Tennyson had some right to fix on Milton's abandoned theme, for in kind (we do not say in height) of power there is a greater resemblance between these two poets than between any other two of whom we can boast. What Milton's was, before in his old age he wrote the *Paradise Lost*, that, and something more, is Mr. Tennyson's rank as a poet. Observe in both the same intense appreciation of all that can delight the eye and ear, combined with a spirituality which in most persons overrides all such merely sensuous tastes. Observe in both the same learned allusion—the same pleasure in occasional obscurities of diction—the same fondness for archaisms—the same revelling in the mere sound of words.

Take such a line as this from the *Morte d'Arthur*, where the poet describes the King as having—

> " All his greaves and cuisses dashed with drops
> " *Of onset.*"

Everybody will recognize the peculiar subtlety of thought in this phrase as quite Miltonic, and a hundred others might be quoted. In neither of the poets is there any real humour, the consequence of which is that, with all their refinement (and in that quality they are unequalled), they have not been kept from perpetrating monstrosities. Mr. Tennyson has been laughed out of his Kraakens, and, perhaps, if Milton lived in these irreverent days he would have been laughed out of his Sin and Death. Again, the *In Memoriam* of the one may go side by side with the *Lycidas* of the other, two poems that stand by themselves alone in English literature. If we go further, we find that not only is the religious sentiment exceedingly strong in each, but that combined with this exceeding strength of Christian feeling religious dogmatism is so weak in them that it would puzzle any one to discover what is their religious creed. Perhaps a century hence Mr. Tennyson will share the fate of Milton, and it will be proved that he was nothing more than a Deist. Not to multiply instances, let us add that both poets are continually theorizing on the relations of sex. Of course, love is the theme of all poets, but these two have pet theories on the subject to which they frequently recur, the elder poet chiefly in his prose writings. Lastly,—and this is the chief point to be noticed in connexion with the present volume—no poet since Milton can be named who has such a wonderful command of musical expression as Tennyson. These two we say confidently have a greater mastery of all the resources of metre than any other writers in the language. In all Mr. Tennyson's works this is quite evident, and nowhere is it more strkingly displayed than in the blank verse of these idylls.

Turning from the mechanism to the subject of the verse, we have still further evidence that we are in the hands of a great and original genius. In the blameless king—*flos regum Arthurus*—Mr. Tennyson has found a noble subject, and it is impossible not to admire the skill with which the character is portrayed. In none of these poems is Arthur the principal personage. Even in the *Morte d'Arthur* Sir Bedivere stands out in, perhaps, stronger relief than the king; yet by constant allusion to his designs, by reference to his authority, by passing incidents and little conversations in which he now and then appears, he is palpably the great hero of the work, and stands before us, calm, pure, and grand, the highest type of knighthood, and the finest form of man. His queen, Guinevere, has an idyll all to herself, and this, although the shortest, is the most powerful of the present series,—the most instinct with passion, the most sublime in thought. Hers is a character uniting in a complexity which Mr. Tennyson loves to dwell upon nobility with unfaithfulness, sin and grace, impurity and loveliness. She too, like Arthur, though in a less degree, pervades the volume, and in her we see in its most fascinating form the first indication of that depravity which makes havoc of our ideal schemes, and turned to nought all the fine dreams of perfect manliness that, according to the poet, gave rise to the institution of the Round Table. Sir Lancelot is among the men what Guinevere is among the women—the noblest knight of all, yet most untrue; reflecting the highest honour on his Sovereign, yet inflicting on him the most cruel wound; most mighty and most weak. His intrigue with the Queen is the thread which connects together the different tales here presented to us in a detached form. It is through fear of the Queen's example that Geraint removes his Enid from the Court. It is the Queen's influence that gives the lissome Vivien her importance among the courtiers. It is for the Queen that Lancelot neglects Elaine. It is on the discovery of the intrigue that in the last of the idylls Guinevere flies to Almesbury, where Arthur addresses her in that great speech which is a splendid revelation of his character, and in all its simplicity is the most telling passage in the volume.

The first of the idylls has the greatest variety of incident, of character, and of style, though we are, at the same time, compelled to say that the incidents are somewhat rambling, and their meaning not always intelligible. For the characters, Enid, the heroine, is beautifully drawn, and her brave husband, Geraint, with all his knightliness, uxoriousness, and suspicion, stands out very lifelike. How well, too, her kind old father is portrayed in a few lines,—

> " And I myself sometimes despise myself;
> " For I have let men be and have their way;
> " Am much too gentle, have not used my power;
> " *Nor know I whether I be very base,*
> " *Or very manful, whether very wise*
> " *Or very foolish.*"

Another character, the Sparrow-hawk, seems an apocryphal personage, and his repentance has a horrible resemblance to that of a ticket-of-leave, who with hair smoothed upon his forehead mouths holy texts to cheat the parson. Limours is more natural, but he is in the rough, and so is the Earl Doorm—a coarse, but vigorous sketch. Between such a heroine as Enid and such an animal as Doorm the poet has room enough for variety. In the hall of Doorm the men sat down to their meal—

> " And ate with tumult,
> " Feeding like horses when you hear them feed."

When Doorm speaks to Enid the men are astonished—

> " The brawny spearman let his cheek
> " Bulge with the unswallowed piece, and turning stared."

And there is something, to say the least of it, grotesque in the Earl's address to Enid when she refuses to eat because her husband is wounded:—

> " 'Drink, then,' he answered. 'Here!'
> " (And filled a horn with wine and held it to her).
> " 'Lo! I myself, when flushed with fight, or hot,
> " 'God's curse, with anger—*often I myself*
> " '*Before I well have drunken, scarce can eat;*
> " '*Drink, therefore, and the wine will change your will.*'"

There is some little difference between this sort of writing and the lines in which Enid is first introduced, when Geraint hears, but does not see her.

> " And while he waited in the castle court,
> " The voice of Enid, Yniol's daughter, rang
> " Clear through the open casement of the hall,
> " Singing: and as the sweet voice of a bird,
> " Heard by the lander in a lonely isle,
> " Moves him to think what kind of bird it is
> " That sings so delicately clear, and make
> " Conjecture of the plumage and the form;
> " So the sweet voice of Enid moved Geraint;
> " And made him like a man abroad at morn
> " When first the liquid note beloved of men
> " Comes flying over many a windy wave
> " To Britain, and in April suddenly
> " Breaks from the coppice gemmed with green and red,
> " And he suspends his converse with a friend,
> " Or it may be the labour of his hands,
> " To think or say—'There is the nightingale;'
> " So fared it with Geraint, who thought and said,
> " 'Here by God's grace is the one voice for me.'"

In this idyll, indeed, will be found all the varieties of Mr. Tennyson's style. The finest thing in it, however, is the song to Fortune, which deserves to be ranked among the best of his lyrics:—

> " Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud;
> " Turn thy wild wheel through sunshine, storm, and cloud;
> " Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.
>
> " Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;
> " With that wild wheel we go not up or down;
> " Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.
>
> " Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands;
> " Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands;
> " For man is man and master of his fate.
>
> " Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd;
> " Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud;
> " Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate."

If the first of the idylls has most variety, the second displays most art and contains the most vivid descriptions. It relates the story of Vivien and Merlin. The boldness with which the poet describes how the lissome Vivien wiled the secret of his charm from the mighty magician is startling, and might be offensive were it not for perfect skill. This idyll, however, is very unequal. Nothing can be more bald and clumsy than the dialogue in which Vivien retails the Court scandal to Merlin. On the other hand, what can be better than that concluding burst which tells us how in the midst of raging tempest the lady succeeded in her purpose and Merlin yielded up his own great charm to hers? The passage, however, in which is described the first advances of the woman with her witcheries upon the wizard will, perhaps, by a majority of readers, be regarded as the most brilliant in the volume:—

> " There lay she all her length and kissed his feet
> " As if in deepest reverence and love.
> " A twist of gold was round her hair; a robe
> " Of samite without price, that more exprest
> " Than hid her, clung about her lissome limbs,
> " In colour like the satin shining palm
> " Or sallows in the windy gleam of March;
> " And while she kissed them, crying, 'Trample me;
> " 'Dear feet, that I have follow'd thro' the world,
> " 'And I will pay you worship; tread me down
> " 'And I will kiss you for it;' he was mute,
> " So dark a forethought roll'd about his brain,
> " *As on a dull day in an ocean cave*
> " *The blind wave feeling round his long sea hall*
> " *In silence:* wherefore, when she lifted up
> " A face of sad appeal, and spoke and said
> " 'O Merlin, do you love me?' and again
> " 'O Merlin, do you love me?' and once more
> " 'Great Master, do you love me?' he was mute.
> " And lissome Vivien, holding by his heel,
> " Writhed toward him, slided up his knee, and sat,
> " Behind his ankle twined her hollow feet
> " Together, curved an arm about his neck,
> " Clung like a snake; and letting her left hand
> " Droop from his mighty shoulder, as a leaf,
> " Made with her right a comb of pearl to part
> " *The lists of such a beard as youth gone out*
> " *Had left in ashes;* then he spoke and said,

"Not looking at her, 'Who are wise in love
"Love most, say least,' and Vivien answered quick,
"'I saw the little elf-god eyeless once
"In Arthur's arras hall at Camelot;
"But neither eyes nor tongue'—'O stupid child!
"Yet you are wise who say it; let me think
"Silence is wisdom; I am silent then,
"And ask no kiss;' then adding all at once
"'And, lo, I clothe myself with wisdom,' drew
"The vast and shaggy mantle of his beard
"Across her neck and bosom to her knee,
"And called herself a gilded summer fly
"Caught in a great old tyrant spider's web,
"Who meant to eat her up in that wild wood
"Without one word. So Vivien called horse,
"But rather seemed a lovely baleful star
"Veil'd in gray vapour."

The third idyll, which the laureate devotes to the sorrows of Elaine, will be to the critics by far the most interesting, for a reason which we have already hinted at. Elaine is the Lady of Shalott—the same, yet different; and no critical study can be more instructive than a comparison of how Mr. Tennyson treated this story in 1832 with his treatment of it now, after a lapse of seven-and-twenty years. Let those who would understand the growth of a poet's mind, and see how many beauties of detail he must sacrifice in order to reach the highest beauty of all, mark it well. We will mention here but a single point of comparison. One of the most remarkable things about the *Lady of Shalott* is the blaze of colour which is upon all the descriptions; the eye is filled with the most dazzling tints, red and yellow and blue in all their varieties; everything is described in terms of colour, till we are almost surfeited with such an array of bright hues. In *Elaine*, on the other hand, it is quite evident that the poet has not lost his sense of colour, but he is much more sparing in the use of it, and produces an infinitely greater effect with much more simple means. The gauds of youth are thrown away, and at last the man comes to learn that the half is greater than the whole. Here is the description of the lily maid of Astolat laid upon her bier, as she wished, and wending on her voyage to Sir Lancelot:—

"But when the next sun brake from underground,
"Then, those two brethren slowly with bent brows
"Accompanying the sad chariot bier
"Past like a shadow through the field, that shone
"Full summer, to that stream whereon the barge,
"Pall'd all its length in blackest samite, lay.
"There sat the lifelong creature of the house,
"Loyal, the dumb old servitor, on deck,
"Winking his eyes and twisted all her face.
"So those two brethren from the chariot took
"And on the black decks laid her in her bed,
"Set in her hand a lily, o'er her hung
"The silken case with braided blazonings,
"And kissed her quiet brows, and saying to her,
"'Sister, farewell for ever,' and again,
"'Farewell, sweet sister,' parted all in tears.
"Then rose the dumb old servitor, and the dead,
"Steered by the dumb, went upward with the flood—
"In her right hand the lily, in her left
"The letter—all her bright hair streaming down—
"And all the coverlid was cloth of gold
"Drawn to her waist, and she herself in white
"All but her face, and that clear-featured face
"Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead
"But fast asleep, and lay as tho' she smiled."

But the most powerful of all the idylls is the last, which relates how Guinevere's intrigue with Sir Lancelot was discovered, and what were the consequences. It is the grandest thing that Mr. Tennyson has yet done. Here the character of Arthur comes out in all its nobility, and his address to the Queen is the crown of the work:—

"He paused, and in the pause she crept an inch
"Nearer, and laid her hands about his feet.
"Far off a solitary trumpet blew.
"Then waiting by the doors the warhorse neigh'd
"As at a friend's voice, and he spake again.
"'Yet think not that I come to urge thy crimes,
"I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere,
"I, whose vast pity almost makes me die
"To see thee, laying there thy golden head,
"My pride in happier summers, at my feet.
"The wrath which forced my thoughts on that fierce law,
"The doom of treason and the flaming death,
"(When first I learnt thee hidden here) is past.
"The pang—which while I weigh'd thy heart with one
"Too wholly true to dream untruth in thee,
"Made my tears burn—is almost past, in part.
"And all is past, the sin is sinn'd, and I,
"Lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God
"Forgives: do thou for thine own soul the rest.
"But how to take last leave of all I loved?
"O golden hair with which I used to play.
"Not knowing! O imperial-moulded form,
"And beauty such as never woman wore,
"Until it came a kingdom's curse with thee—
"I cannot touch thy lips, they are not mine,
"But Lancelot's; nay, they never were the King's.
"I cannot take thy hand; that too is flesh,
"And in the flesh thou hast sinned; and mine own flesh
"Here looking down on thine polluted, cries
"'I loathe thee;' yet not less, O Guinevere,
"For I was ever virgin save for thee,
"My love thro' flesh hath wrought into my life
"So far, that my doom is, I love thee still.
"Let no man dream but that I love thee still.
"Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
"And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,
"Hereafter in that world where all are pure
"We two may meet before high God, and thou
"Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
"I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,
"Nor Lancelot, nor another. Leave me that,
"I charge thee, my last hope. Now must I hence.
"Thro' the thick night I hear the trumpet blow:
"They summon me their King to lead mine hosts
"Far down to that great battle in the west,
"Where I must strike against my sister's son,
"Leagued with the lords of the White Horse and knights,
"Once mine, and strike him dead, and meet myself
"Death, or I know not what mysterious doom.
"And thou remaining here wilt learn the event;
"But hither shall I never come again,
"Never lie by thy side, see thee no more,
"Farewell!'"

With all the admiration of these idylls which we have expressed in no stinted terms, we must not bring these remarks to a close without adding that if the present volume contains some of the finest poetry, it also contains some of the tamest commonplace, and is not free from those mannerisms for which Mr. Tennyson has more than once already been called to account. We need not trouble our readers with many examples of bald phraseology and prosaic ideas. In one song, on which has been heaped the most extraordinary laudations, we have a specimen of Mr. Tennyson's most besetting sins. Each of the four idylls has a song written in the same measure and formed upon the same model. The best of the four we have quoted—the Song of Fortune. The other three are infinitely below this one; but the following—the Song of Vivien—has been praised as the finest in the book:—

"In love, if love be love, if love be ours,
"Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers:
"Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.
"It is the little rift within the lute,
"That by and by will make the music mute,
"And ever widening slowly silence all.
"The little rift within the lover's lute,
"Or little pitted speck in garner'd fruit,
"That rotting inwards slowly moulders all.
"It is not worth the keeping: let it go:
"But shall it? answer, darling, answer, no.
"And trust me not at all, or all in all."

Now, with regard to this we have to point out that the idea is quite a common one, and that in the expression of it there is no peculiar felicity. The last verse is dull, and the music of it jerks. The first is a good specimen of that iteration in which Mr. Tennyson delights. All through his poems we have a reduplication of words—"Nestling in the nest," "maiden passion for a maid," "crying shame on her own garrulity garrulously," and so on, till the repetition becomes a mere trick. It may be said that all song is, like the warbling of birds, which the Laureate so well describes, the iteration of a few notes, "till the *ear wearies* to *hear* it." But there is such a thing as a "damnable iteration," and we have it here, where the words are iterated and reiterated till they become a perfect puzzle. Why must the "love be *ours*" in order that the conclusion with regard to faith may follow, unless for the sake of the rhyme? And, again, why, if not for the rhyme, does the poet deny in the second line the *equality* of power possessed by faith and unfaith, when in the third line he goes on to say that unfaith has no existence whatever? To any one who remembers the simple terms in which the Scripture declares that perfect love casteth out fear, and that charity believeth all things, the irrelevancy and tautology of the poet will go for the veriest mannerism. The whole song is alike in its poverty, and in the third stanza there is a good illustration of another of Mr. Tennyson's habits. We have stated that whatever be his stature by the side of Milton, he is of the same type as a poet; and so he is. But in this he is the very opposite of Milton—that whereas the latter is always comparing small things with great, and so contrives to make them greater, the former, when he indulges in a simile, has a way of comparing great things with small, and so contrives to make them less. Let us recall the picture of Geraint in bed on a summer morn, when—

"The new sun
"Beat thro' the blindless casement of the room,
"And heated the strong warrior in his dreams;
"Who, moving, cast the coverlet aside,
"And bared the knotted column of his throat,
"The massive square of his heroic breast,
"And arms on which the standing muscle sloped,
"As slopes a wild brook o'er a little stone,
"Running too vehemently to break upon it."

Here is a giant of a man, and we are afterwards told twice that when he watched Enid he

"Looked as keenly at her
"As careful robins eye the delver's toil."

Nothing can be more apt than the simile if we regard the mere act of looking, but it is one out of dozens that might be quoted by which Mr. Tennyson gives littleness to things that are not little, and makes that merely pretty which Milton would have rendered grand. He paints in miniature, and, however great his ideas may really be, he shows to disadvantage by the side of a poet who spread a larger canvass and used a bigger brush.

Passing from these deficiencies, it is more pleasant to shut the volume, feeling that if there are blemishes in it yet as a whole it is a noble work. We are brought into contact with manly characters, we are led to sympathize in a free and healthy life, we are taught wisdom that is not the less good because it is old and simple. In Mr. Tennyson's earlier works we were told that

"All experience is an arch where thro'
"Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin fades
"For ever and for ever when I move."

We were told, again, that

"Tho' the times when some new thought can bud
"Are but as poets' seasons when they flower,
"Yet seas, that daily gain upon the shore,
"Have ebb and flow conditioning their march."

All this may be very fine, though many, perhaps, will scarcely know what it means. But it is very delightful after it to light upon the simple old-world wisdom of the *Idylls of the King*; to hear Arthur saying to Sir Bedivere,—

"Thou hast betrayed thy nature and thy name.
"This is a shameful thing for men to lie!"—

to hear Enid's mother (spite of her iteration) say,—

"For, tho' you won the prize of fairest fair,
"And, tho' I heard him call you fairest fair,
"Let never maiden think, however fair,
"She is not fairer in new clothes than old;"—

to hear the son of Nudd say,—

"The world will not believe a man repents,
"And this wise world of ours is mainly right;"—

to hear the poet himself say,—

"How many among us at this very hour
"Do forge a lifelong trouble for ourselves,
"By taking true for false, or false for true;"—

to hear the Queen say,—

"He is all fault who hath no fault at all."

Nobody wants metaphysics in poetry, and we are quite content with the information that lying is shameful, and that flesh is as grass, that it is difficult to repent, and that it is nice to have new clothes. It is a great relief to be able to forget our modern wisdoms, and to find ourselves in a primitive world, where the hard facts of life have not become contemptible through familiarity, where the more palpable lessons have not lost their freshness, and where use has not lessened the marvels of existence. In company of Arthur and his noble brotherhood of knights we breathe pure air and we go back to nature.

APRIL 24, 1862.

THE OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

The following are the words (by the Poet Laureate) to be sung to Professor Bennett's music at the Opening of the International Exhibition:—

"Uplift a thousand voices full and sweet,
"In this wide hall with earth's inventions stored,
"And praise th' invisible universal Lord,
"Who lets once more in peace the nations meet,
"Where Science, Art, and Labour have outpour'd
"Their myriad horns of plenty at our feet.

"O, silent father of our Kings to be,
"Mourn'd in this golden hour of jubilee,
"For this, for all, we weep our thanks to thee!

"The world-compelling plan was thine,
"And, lo! the long laborious miles
"Of Palace; lo! the giant aisles,
"Rich in model and design;
"Harvest-tool and husbandry,
"Loom and wheel and engin'ry,
"Secrets of the sullen mine,
"Steel and gold, and corn and wine,
"Fabric rough, or Fairy fine,
"Sunny tokens of the Line,
"Polar marvels, and a feast
"Of wonder, out of West and East,
"And shapes and hues of Part divine!
"All of beauty, all of use,
"That one fair planet can produce,
"Brought from under every star,
"Blown from over every main,
"And mixt, as life is mixt with pain,
"The works of peace with works of war.

"O ye, the wise who think, the wise who reign,
"From growing commerce loose her latest chain!
"And let the fair white-winged peacemaker fly
"To happy havens under all the sky,
"And mix the seasons and the golden hours,
"Till each man find his own in all men's good,
"And all men work in noble brotherhood,
"Breaking their mailed fleets and armed towers,
"And ruling by obeying nature's powers,
"And gathering all the fruits of peace and crown'd with all her flowers."

Endowment of the Greek Professorship.

ALTERNATIVE Amendments proposed to the Statute promulgated Nov. 20.

I. That in the first sentence the words "qui nunc est" be inserted after the word "Professoris."

The aim of this Amendment is to have a distinct issue on which to vote.

If adopted it will satisfy those who object to surrendering the future patronage of the Chair.

Those who vote on Theological grounds no Statute can satisfy which recognises the present Professor.

II. That a Statute be framed creating an independent Professorship of Greek.

That the Professor shall be appointed by a Board similar in constitution to that which appoints the Professor of Latin: but that the Corpus element be omitted and the Professor of Latin be substituted for the Regius Professor of Greek.

That all the conditions imposed by the promulgated Statute be retained except No. 7, which shall either be omitted, or altered by inserting after the word "Professione" the words "nisi in eadem materia."

This alternative preserves to the University the Election of the Professor, while it leaves the present Regius Professor eligible.

It adopts a mode of Election already sanctioned in a parallel case.

No. I. meets the present peculiar circumstances. Suppose that carried, No. II. might be a permanent addition to the Statute-Book.

D. P. C.

Nov. 21, 1861.

BAXTER, PRINTER, OXFORD.

"*Endowment of the Greek Professorship.*"

In the ALTERNATIVE AMENDMENTS recently proposed in a paper issued under the above heading, the attention of Members of Convocation is respectfully invited to the following passage.

After proposing the institution of an independent Professorship of Greek, the following words occur: "That the Corpus element be omitted, and the Professor of Latin be substituted for the Regius Professor of Greek."

Here are two propositions, startling in their novelty, and demanding serious and separate consideration.

The first, "That the Corpus element be omitted," is a condition never before annexed to a Professorship, and which indicates but too clearly the wide influence which the so-called "spiritualist" views have attained both in America and in this country.

It may no doubt be desirable that a Professor should be free from the petty cares and distracting influences which are inseparable from our corporeal condition; still, as none but a member of All Souls can possibly fulfil the stringent requisition here proposed, Members of Convocation are respectfully reminded that to confine this piece of preferment within such narrow limits would be illiberal, if not unjust to other Colleges.

The second portion of the clause above quoted is as novel as the first, but so desirable an innovation, that it cannot be too widely known, or too heartily supported by Members of Convocation. There is no doubt that the substitution of Mr. Conington for Mr. Jowett would remove one of the most powerful elements of discord in this "*vexata quæstio*," and would probably tend to its speedy and peaceful settlement. The question whether Mr. Conington himself would consent to the change is one which has no doubt suggested itself to, and been fully considered by, the proposer of these amendments.

Nov. 22, 1861.

EXAMINATION STATUTE.

A list of those who might, could, would, or should have voted thereon in Congregation Feb. 2, 4681, arranged alphabetically:—

A is for . . . . . , who'd physic the Masses,
B is for . . . . . , who swears by the gases:
C is for . . . . . , constant to Horace,
D is for . . . . . , who integrates for us.
E is for . . . . . , with rifle well steadied,
F is for . . . . . , Examiner dreaded!
G's . . . . . , by the "Saturday" quoted,
H is for . . . . . , to "Margaret" devoted.
I am the Author, a rhymer erratic—
J is for . . . . . , who lectures in Attic:
K is for . . . . . , than attic much warmer,
L is for . . . . . , relentless reformer!
M is for . . . . . , our Logic-provider,
And . . . . . is **N**, once a famous rough-rider.
. . . . . 's **O**, Orthodoxy's Mendoza!
And . . . . . is **P**, the amendment-proposer.
Q is the Quad, where the Dons are collecting,
R is for . . . . . , who lives for dissecting:
S is for . . . . . , sworn foe to formality,
T's . . . . . , full of Civil Legality.
U's . . . . . , factiously splitting,
V's the . . . . . , ceaslessly sitting.
W's . . . . , by Museum made frantic,
X the **X**penditure, grown quite gigantic.
Y are the Young men, whom nobody thought about—
Z is the Zeal that this victory brought about.

No. 1761. July 27. 1861.

THE ATHENÆUM

The Formulæ of Plane Trigonometry, printed with Symbols (instead of Words) to express the "Goniometrical Ratios." By C. W. Dodgson. (Oxford, J. H. & J. Parker.)

THE Mathematical Lecturer of Christ Church, Oxford, has here published a little tract, which would have had a short notice in another part of our journal, but for a peculiarity which has a useful and praiseworthy character. Desiring to introduce certain changes in trigonometrical notation, he seeks the opinion of the mathematical world before he commits himself to a regular treatise. Now, first, the improvement of mathematical notation does not receive the discussion due to it; next, the plan adopted by Mr. Dodgson is one of the best which could be suggested. And it would be well worth the while of the proper Section of the British Association to make Notation in general the subject of conversation.

That nondescript animal the "general reader" is supposed to lump up *sines* and *cosines* with other things, in the manner of Swift:—

> Sines, tangents, secants, radius, cosines,
> Subtangents, segments, and all those signs;
> Enough to prove that he who read 'em
> Was just as mad as he who made 'em.

But even the general reader may have almost arrived at the knowledge that sine, cosine, &c., are names given to the proportions which exist between the sides of a right-angled triangle.

The following are the names of the symbols, the usual abbreviations, and Mr. Dodgson's proposed symbols:—

Sine of θ	sin θ	$\frown\ \theta$
Cosine of θ	cos θ	$\smile\ \theta$
Tangent of θ	tan θ	$\overline{\frown}\ \theta$
Cotangent of θ	cot θ	$\underline{\smile}\ \theta$
Secant of θ	sec θ	$\nearrow\ \theta$
Cosecant of θ	cosec θ	$\nwarrow\ \theta$
Versed sine of θ	vers θ	$\bowtie\ \theta$

On this suggestion, Mr. Dodgson asks three questions,—to two of which we shall subjoin our own answers:—1. Do you object *in limine* to the introduction of *any symbols whatever* as substitutes for the words sin, cos, &c.? We answer that we have no objection whatever to the *suggestion;* but that as to the *introduction,* we shall be guided by our opinion of the value of the proposed symbols. But by suggestion we mean such suggestion as Mr. Dodgson's. We very much disapprove of fundamental changes put forward in elementary works, especially when the proposer is a teacher who has the power of forcing his symbols into use in a particular college or school.

2. If not, can you suggest others better adapted than these for such a purpose? We think, and without any doubt, that we can. All the proposed symbols require the pen to be taken off in their formation: and we should utterly reject, as equally cumbrous with the ordinary abbreviations of current writing, any symbols which demand two acts of the pen. Now, in the current writing of *sin, cos, tan,* &c., the only nuisances are the dotting of *i*s and the crossing of *t*s. We are sure that the *cos* of ordinary writing is preferable to Mr. Dodgson's substitute. We consider this of more importance than close attention to analogy in the formation of the symbols. But we think this need not altogether be lost sight of. At once, we can suggest what we should very much prefer to the system before us. For the sine, a circle with a dash downwards, like the *p* of Mavor's shorthand. For the cosine, a dash beginning with a hook, or *pothook,* as the writing-masters used to call it. For the tangent, a junction of these symbols, made of a circle, a dash and a pothook. For the cosecant, secant and cotangent, the preceding symbols inverted. For the versed sine, a dash, a horizontal stroke and the symbol of the cosine: a likeness to $1 -$ cos for a symbol which is very rarely used. All the symbols to be rather in larger style than the letters, in imitation of the integral sign, which was originally the long Italic *f*.

The third question asked has reference only to the supposition of some approval of the particular signs suggested.

We do not say that we could, on further consideration, suggest nothing better: nor do we say that we would at once countenance any change at all. We should require much discussion to make up our minds on either point.

Albert.

DECEMBER FOURTEENTH, 1861.

How should the Princes die?
With red spur deep in maddening charger's flank,
Leading the rush that cleaves the foeman's rank,
And shouting some time-famous battle-cry?

Ending a pleasure day,
Joy's painted goblet fully drained, and out,
While wearied vassals coldly stand about,
And con new homage which they long to pay?

So have the Princes died.
Nobler and happier far the fate that falls
On Him who 'mid yon aged Castle walls,
Hears, as he goes, the plash of Thames's tide.

Gallant, high-natured, brave,
O, had his lot been cast in warrior days,
No nobler knight had won the minstrel's praise,
Than he, for whom the half-reared banners wave.

Or, graced with gentler powers,
The song, the pencil, and the lyre his own,
Deigned he to live fair pleasure's thrall alone,
None had more lightly sped the laughing hours.

Better and nobler fate
His, whom we claimed but yesterday,
His, ours no more, his, round whose sacred clay,
The death-mute pages and the heralds wait.

It was too soon to die.
Yet, might we count his years by triumphs won,
By wise, and bold, and Christian duties done,
It were no brief eventless history.

This was his princely thought:
With all his varied wisdom to repay
Our trust and love, which on that Bridal Day
The Daughter of the Isles for dowry brought.

For that he loved our QUEEN,
And, for her sake, the people of her love,
Few and far distant names shall rank above
His own, where England's cherished names are seen.

Could there be closer tie
Twixt us, who, sorrowing, own a nation's debt
And Her, our own dear Lady, who as yet
Must meet her sudden woe with tearless eye:

When with a kind relief
Those eyes rain tears, O might this thought employ!
Him whom she loved we loved. We shared her joy,
And will not be denied to share her grief.

Ap. 3 / 55

MISS P. HORTON'S "GATHERINGS."

Last night an entertainment was givin by Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Reed, in the lower room of St. Martin's-hall. It is scarcely necessary to explain that Mrs. T. G. Reed is the "Miss Priscilla Horton" who immortalized herself as Ariel, when Mr. Macready revived *The Tempest* at Covent-garden Theatre, and since that time has been the main support of countless burlesques in which vocal talent was required as a necessary adjunct of vivacious and intelligent acting.

The new entertainment, which is entitled "Illustrative Gatherings," is divided into two parts. In the first, which is called the "Animated Bouquet," Mr. and Mrs. Reed are supposed to be on a visit at the house of a lady in a country village, and while Mr. Reed performs the office of explanatory "chorus" (in the Shaksperian sense), Mrs. Reed successivley assumes the different characters whom they are supposed to meet. Mrs. Myrtle, the hostess, who is overflowing with energy and hospitality; Miss Snowberry, a faded beauty of somewhat sour temperament, who sings a capital song with a "moral;" Sir Johnquill, an empty-headed handsome gentleman, with a huge pair of whiskers and an interminable giggle, which most comically contrasts with the expression of a sentimental ballad of his own composition; and Miss Fuchsia Willow, a languishing beauty, with a profusion of curls and a taste for nothing,—are all excellent impersonations, complete in dress, voice, action, and appearance. More eccentric, but equally clever is a dialogue, in a broad dialect, between two old dames, each of whom is represented by one-half of Mrs. Reed, the fair artist having one costume on her right side, the other on her left.

The second part of the entertainment is entitled the "Enraged Musician," and is evidently based on the idea of Hogarth's picture. Mr. T. Reed is the musician, engaged in the composition of an opera, and Mrs. Reed becomes in turn a talkative landlady, an itinerant Italian boy, a rustic housemaid, with an abnormal development of the organ of order, and a French *cantatrice*. In this new set of characters Mrs. Reed's impersonating talent is again displayed to the utmost advantage, and her brilliant execution of "Robert, toi que j'aime," brings the whole entertainment to an effective conclusion.

This novel experiment of Miss P. Horton has proved thoroughly successful, though the enthusiastic audience of Mr. A. Mellon's concert, which was held in the room above, were sometimes so plainly heard below as almost to occasion an interruption. On the repetition of the entertainment, however, we would counsel abbreviation, especially in the first part, where two or three characters that we have not enumerated may be omitted with advantage.

Nov. 19 1861

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

An odd, rambling piece in three acts, called *Our American Cousin*, is so far valuable that it introduces to the London public a most original eccentric actor, who once played at Birmingham, but made his reputation on the other side of the Atlantic. Mr. Sothern (such is his name) represents an English exquisite, with peculiarities forced into the very extreme of caricature. His dialect is of the ultra "swell" kind, his whiskers are of the most outrageous dimensions, the vacancy of his countenance is astounding; his remarks seem to blend aristocratic inanity with Irish bullism. Fops have been done to death on the London stage, but none ever saw the exact fop presented by Mr. Sothern, under the name of Lord Dundreary. To test him by anything in the actual world would be to ignore his special merit, which consists in giving to a conventional notion the most novel and fantastic expression that can be imagined. You are perfectly aware that the noble lord is talking absurdity on which an equestrian clown would not venture, but you watch his alternations of puzzle and sagacity until you admire the impudence of his stupidity in fancying every man a lunatic except himself, and denote your admiration by a roar.

The piece itself is scarcely worth description; indeed, there is some difficulty in believing the statement that it was written by an eminent author in this country, and then sent to the United States, so completely does it resemble both in thought and in construction the farces that are commonly imported by American representatives of Yankee humour. The exquisite is brought into sharp contact with a type of Vermont 'cuteness and good feeling, who, of course, has the best of it. "Our American cousin" comically played by Mr. Buckstone, proudly puts forth his native rudeness, saves a respectable family from destruction by deeds that oscillate between the chivalric and the burglarious, and forces the empty aristocrat to obtain a ship for an aspiring young officer by withholding the dye that changes his hair from red to black until the favour is granted. This Yankee hero, as sustained by the ever popular Mr. Buckstone, is almost as amusing a spectacle to the audience as the ridiculous aristocrat, but surely all that they do might easily have been brought within the limits of two short acts, and we need not have had a "three-act comedy," in which a number of meritorious actors are made to perform most unthankful parts.

To the fantastic "fun" of Mr. Sothern, and to the hearty humour of Mr. Buckstone, is the loud applause which followed the descent of the curtain alone to be attributed.

POPULATION OF THE WORLD.—The population of the earth amounts to 1,000 millions. Then reckoning a generation at 33 years, in that space of time a thousand millions must die throughout the world. Each year, about 63,300,000; each week, 381,000; each day, 83,300; each hour, 3,450; each minute, 57. Some of our fellow-creatures are at this moment departing out of the world; and before an hour has elapsed, more than three thousand souls, who are yet the inhabitants of time, will be passed into eternity.

Dec. 9 1862

MR. YATES'S INVITATIONS.

Never, perhaps, did two "entertainers" come before the public with stronger *à priori* recommendations than Mr. Edmund Yates and Mr. Harold Power. The former is son of one of the most popular comedians of a day in which first-rate artists were by no means scarce; and Mr. Harold Power is son of the famous Irish actor, Tyrone Power, whose loss in the ill-fated President, some twenty years ago, was one of the severest the British stage ever sustained. If these two gentlemen inherited the talents of their renowned sires we should have preferred seeing them exhibiting on a larger and more capable arena than the Egyptian Hall—on the stage, in short, where freer and broader scope would be given them. But we must be satisfied at present with the kind of amusement presented us and the sphere of action which they have selected for their earliest efforts before the public. Mr. Edmund Yates is well known as a literary gentleman of considerable acquirements. Mr. Harold Power is unknown beyond private circles, although we believe his histrionic abilities have been tested somewhere out of his own country. Sufficient was known of both gentlemen, nevertheless, to invest the new entertainment with the liveliest interest and curiosity, and Albert Smith himself in the heyday of "Mont Blanc" or "Constantinople," never perhaps attracted a more crowded and eager audience than that assembled last night at the Egyptian Hall to welcome the two *debutants*, and cheer them on in their new field of labour. That entertainments monological, duological, and triological, are more than ever popular, it would be useless to deny. Albert Smith supplied them with a new stimulus, which has been kept alive ever since with unflagging spirit by Mr. Woodin, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Matthews, and Mr. and Mrs. German Reed. In fact, these entertainments have resolved themselves into a fashion and a necessity, and Messrs. Yates and Power have only added a new unit to the number.

The "card of invitation" issued by Mr. Yates in the form of advertisements, has been perused by universal London, and its whimsicality and novelty must have stimulated curiosity in no small degree. No doubt, unusual mirth was anticipated last night, and everybody was on the alert for all sorts of fun, puns, jokes, hits, strokes of satire, exaggerations, and absurdities. This is the very age of caricature, therefore the introduction of exaggerations and absurdities was but a concession to the prevailing taste.

The new entertainment is divided into two parts, as usual. The first is devoted to "The Evening Party." Mr. Yates is awaiting his guests in the drawing-room, when Mr. Harold Power arrives. Precise nature of the entertainment discussed. Several distinguished musical amateurs exhibited, orally and pictorially, among whom Dr. Dobell Dee, Baron Yodell, and Mr. De Tweedle. Their vocal efforts. Effects thereof. Arrives Dr. Goodrych. His success—and interruption. Jack Bagot, the buffo singer and funny man, sings his song of "London Society." A "Regular Evening Party" analysed, and a variety of characters introduced. Part I. concludes with a ferocious description of the fashionable social complaint "garrotting," illustrated by a musical account of the London Bandits.

Mr. Yates and Mr. Power divide the descriptions between them, the former having the largest share of the discourse, which is counterbalanced by the latter "doing" all the music. The entertainment is capitally written—almost too well, indeed, since the good things come tumbling so thick upon each other that many of them are necessarily lost in the laughter and applause of the audience. Mr. Yates—exceedingly nervous at first, but sufficiently self-possessed when the warmest encouragement met him from all sides—has an excellent delivery and clear articulation, while his humour is sententious and solemn, but not the less telling on that account, as it stands out in vivid contrast with Mr. Power's manner and style, which are light, airy, and effervescent. Mr. Yates, in short, is good old port and Mr. Power sparkling champagne. Mr. Yates carried off all the applause at first, but Mr. Power came up with a wet sail in his imitations, and fairly drew down the house. So have we read in accounts of many battles of the light infantry coming up in the heat of the fight and for awhile carrying away the honours from the dragoons. Mr. Yates, however, came again and wrested the laurels from his coadjutor, and so they continue in friendly rivalry, knocking each other on the head throughout the entire entertainment. We must state here that Mr. Power's imitations of certain actors—Buckstone, Paul Bedford, Webster, and Charles Kean—were among the best we ever heard, and that his singing was capital, showing that a tolerable voice and a very correct ear have not been thrown away upon him. His singing of the "London Society"—a merry and neatly turned round of verses—the "London Bandits," and, still better, a German *lied* in his falsetto voice, supposed to be warbled by a young lady by moonlight, were all received with shouts of applause.

In the second part we are taken to a fashionable watering-place, and a very amusing account is given in turns by the two gentlemen of the various phases and attractions of life by the sea side. We can say no more at present than that the second part was fully as comical and exciting as the first, and that the curtain descended upon one of the most genuine successes we ever witnessed. Not that we think all has been achieved which will be achieved; on the contrary, after a few nights' repetition the entertainment, we have no doubt, will go many times better; and we feel confident that a very long and prosperous run is in store for "Mr. Edmund Yates's Invitations."

WHO SHALL DELIVER ME?

GOD strengthen me to bear myself;
That heaviest weight of all to bear,
Inalienable weight of care.

All others are outside myself;
I lock my door and bar them out,
The turmoil, tedium, gad-about.

I lock my door upon myself,
And bar them out; but who shall wall
Self from myself, most loathed of all?

If I could once lay down myself,
And start self-purged upon the race
That all must run! Death runs apace.

If I could set aside myself,
And start with lightened heart upon
The road by all men overgone!

God harden me against myself,
This coward with pathetic voice
Who craves for ease, and rest, and joys:

Myself, arch-traitor to myself;
My hollowest friend, my deadliest foe,
My clog whatever road I go.

Yet One there is can curb myself,
Can roll the strangling load from me,
Break off the yoke and set me free.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

The Argosy. Feb: 1866.

SMALL-POX, AND SMALL-POX AFTER COW-POX.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE STANDARD.

SIR,—Will you spare an odd corner for a couple of questions to the professers of medicine such as they should be best able to answer, but, in default of an answer from them, open to a reply from any one?

According to the annual report of the Small-pox Hospital at Highgate, the total admission of patients during 1870 amounted to 1285; of these 962, or 74.8 per cent., had been vaccinated, and 322, or 25.0 per cent., were unvaccinated. Of the 962 vaccinated cases 76 patients died, giving a mortality of 7.9 per cent., whilst of the unvaccinated cases 124 patients, or 38.5 per cent. died; whence it appears that small-pox is to small-pox after cow-pox in the proportion of 1 to 3; that the mortality of small-pox is to the mortality of small-pox after cow-pox in the proportion of a little more than 5 to 1. In other words, three times as many are taken with the small-pox who have had the cow-pox as those who have not; more than five times as many die of the small-pox who have not had the cow-pox than those who have.

According to the detailed report of the Hampstead committee, it appears that out of the 5360 cases of small-pox dealt with in that hospital 4312 had been vaccinated, and 1048 had not, making the susceptibility of small-pox, after vaccination, four to one instead of three to one, as at Highgate.

The lesson apparently to be read from the foregoing figures is, that if vaccination mitigates, it also multiplies, small-pox—that possibly this multiplication of the disease more than counterbalances the difference in its mortality—that but for cow-pox the cases of small-pox would be reduced one-half, taking the Highgate, or three-fifths, taking the Hampstead measure of proportion—and that the excess of small-pox after cow-pox, being the effect of cow-pox, must be deducted from the whole number of vaccinated cases in any comparison of mortality between them and unvaccinated cases.

To redress any error in the construing of these figures I crave your admission into the columns of the *Standard* of the two subjoined questions. In what ratio does the vaccinated population, as far as has been ascertained, stand to the unvaccinated? And, to what extent, if at all, is small-pox in either instance—*i.e.*, in small-pox after cow-pox, or in small-pox without that safeguard—more or less contagious or infectious? I only ask for an approximate but an experienced answer. With men in quest of truth, in a subject of such common concern, all prejudice and passion, and hard speech are entirely out of place.—Your obedient servant,

W. R. ARROWSMITH, a St. Pancras Guardian.

Young Lady (*whose birthday it is*). "Oh, yes! I have had a great number of nice Presents: but I wonder who sent me this beautiful Bouquet?"

Handsome Party (*with moustaches, presence of mind, and great expression of eye*). "And can't you guess?" (*Sighs deeply.*)

[*N.B. Poor* Binks, *who was at all the trouble and expense of getting the said bouquet from Covent Garden, is supposed to be watching the effect of his gift with some anxiety.*

WONDERFUL INTELLIGENT CHILD.

—— "Rose, will you have some Dinner?"

Rose. "Have had my Dinner."

—— "What have you had for Dinner?"

Rose. "Something that begins with an S!"

—— "And what begins with an S?"

Rose. "Cold Beef!"

THE SHEPHERD OF SALISBURY PLAIN.

(*"I passed a small Cot."*)

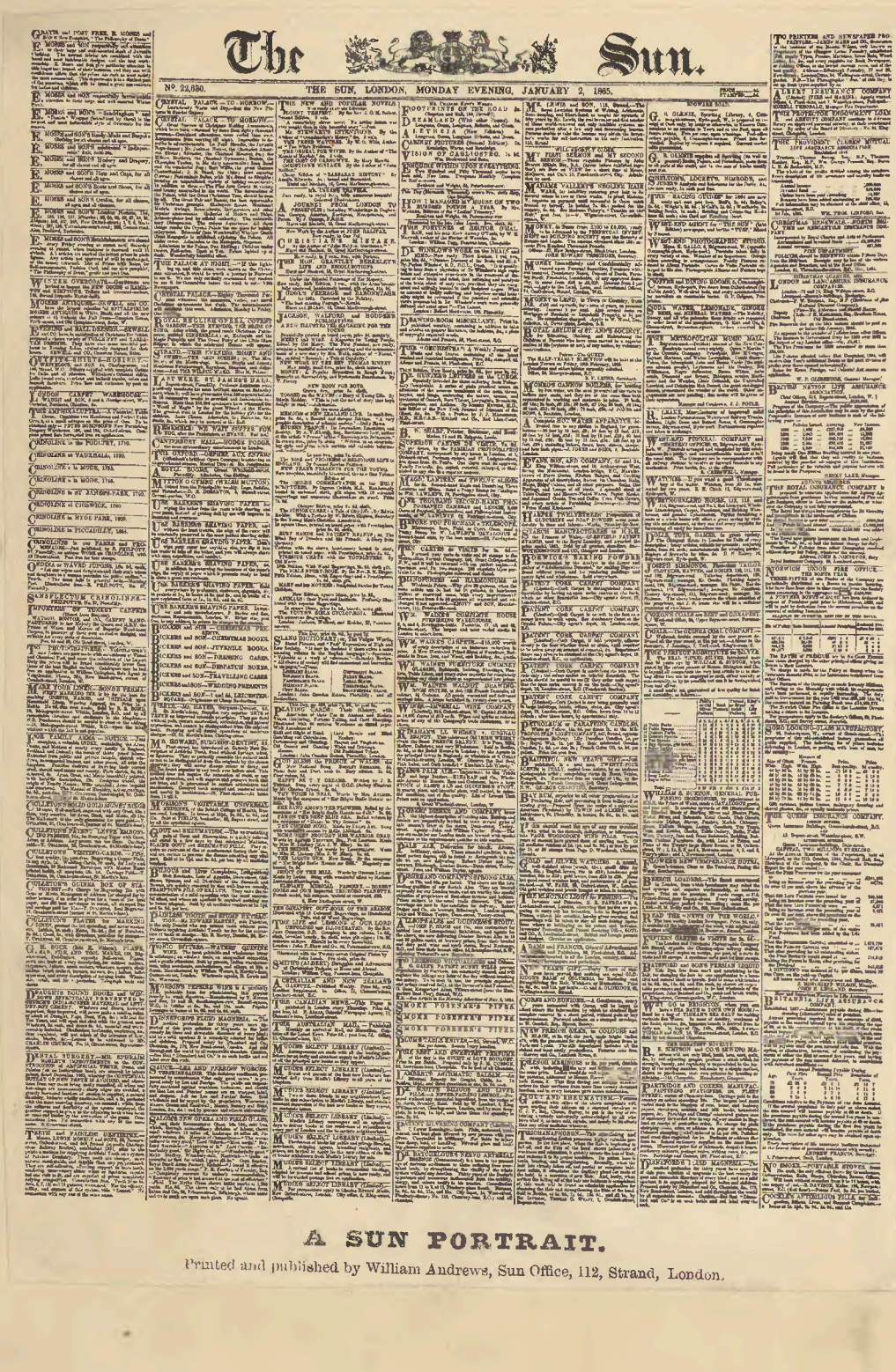
I Passed a small Court where the lawyers abound,
And a singular change met my view;
Uncommonly pious their faces I found,
And their studies remarkably new.
They seemed Catechumens who 'd come to repeat
Their task from the Testaments twain:
And who, I exclaimed, has accomplished this feat?
"The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain."

For one on the Thirty-nine Articles gazed,
A second the Pentateuch bore,
A third (who I own looked excessively dazed)
Was conning the Fathers of yore.
Another compared Doctors Hooker and Lowth,
While his friend worked at Watts and Romaine;
But the name that I found was in every one's mouth,
Was "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain."

And what is the work that the Shepherd has set,
That leads to the scene I behold?
Cried one, on whose forehead was written To Let,
"To hunt out a sheep from his fold.
The sheep has been bleating and breaking the peace
An orthodox sheep should maintain,
So we 'll soon have him out, and he 'll forfeit his fleece
To the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain."

My heart it waxed soft, I was ready to weep,
"That seems a severe thing to do,
Suppose the kind Shepherd had thrown the poor sheep
Controversialist carrots to chew.
If those didn't silence his noises, old man,
He 'd deserve castigation and pain:"—
"That 's not, Sir," he answered, "the pastoral plan
Of the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain.

"Our Shepherd 's a piper—his sheep, if they bleat,
Must bleat to the tune of his pipe;
Or the sheep-dog you see on that well-cushioned seat
Will give them a snap and a gripe."
Then a whistle was heard, and away they all bowled,
To hunt the schismatic again;
And I said, "I am glad that I 'm not of the fold
Of the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain."



The Sun.

No. 22,630. THE SUN, LONDON, MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 2, 1865. PRICE 4d. STAMPED 5d.

A SUN PORTRAIT.

Printed and published by William Andrews, Sun Office, 112, Strand, London.

THE TWO CHURCHES.

THE NEW.

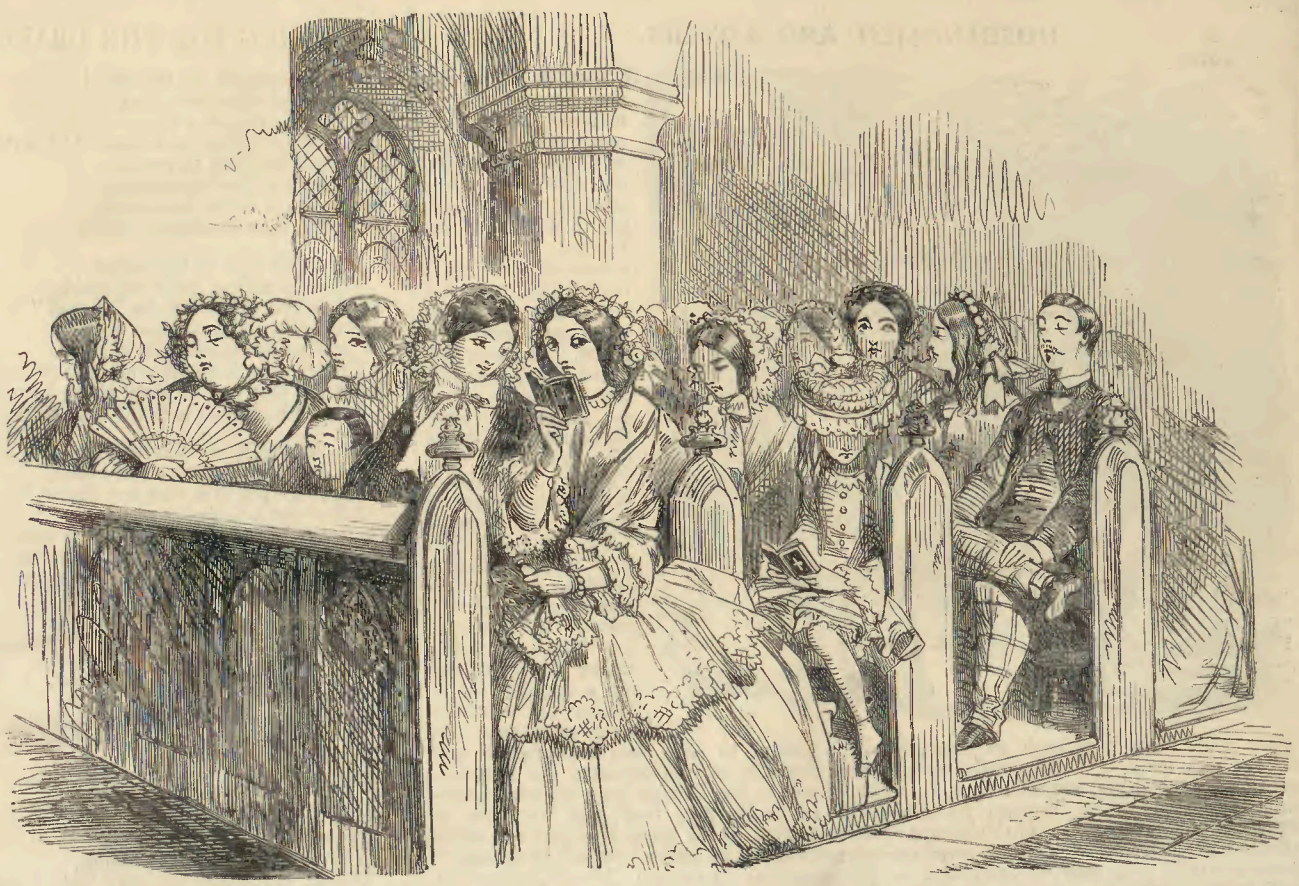
IT is Sunday at our watering-place by the broad blue German Ocean;
The streets are still, the sands are bare, the cliffs forlorn and bleak;
The fly-boys and fly-horses have a pause in their devotion,
For if to labour be to pray, they 've been praying all the week.
A Sabbath stillness reigneth over earth and sea and sky,
All Nature round has gone to Church, so wherefore should not I?

The crack Church at our watering-place is very fine and new;
Pure Gothic down to *reredos*, and *sedilia*, and *piscina*;
With poppy-heads on open seats—we scorn the cushioned pew—

And our curate he intoneth, so that nothing can be finer;
And we 've candles on the altar, and occasionally flowers—
In short, a small ST. BARNABAS is this new Church of ours.

"So primitive!" our Curate says—"so truly Apostolic!
No Protestant distinctions of private seats and free!
Each portion of the building has significance symbolic:"
Though, save the poppy-heads, nought 's significant to me.
Their soporific meaning is clearly to be seen,
Thanks to the comment furnished by the sleeping heads between.

But finer than our fine new Church—tiles, altar-cloth, and all,—
The gules, and or, and azure on nave and chancel-pane,—
And early-English lettering emblazoned on the wall,—
Are the "miserable sinners" whom these open seats contain:
Oh! the cloud of summer-muslins—oh! the flowered and beaded show
Of tiny summer bonnets, in gorgeous row on row!

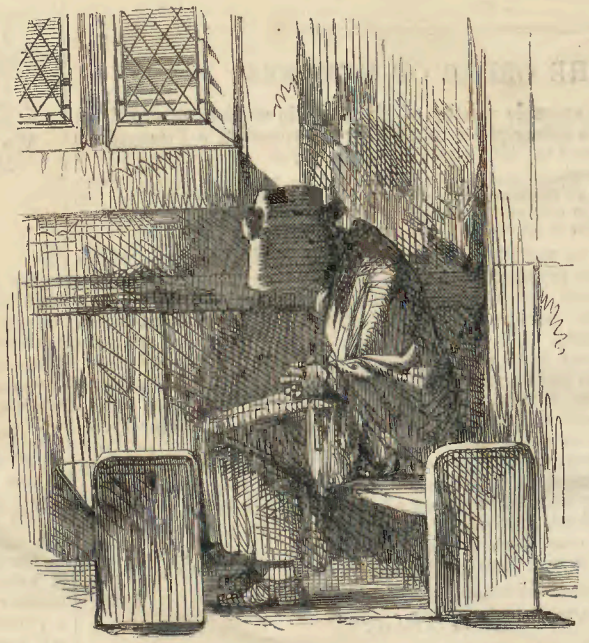


Oh! cherry lips, and rosy cheeks, and glossy braided hair,
Crowned with dancing, dancing bugles, and flowers of myriad dyes!
The Curate he intoneth, but what thought have I for prayer,
'Mid the rustle of the crinolines, the flashing of the eyes?
Are these miserable sinners, come for prayer, and praise, and psalm,
Or an animated series from *Le Courrier des Dames?*

And the Rector takes his text, and is eloquent upon it—
How that "all things here are vanity, and swiftly pass away;"
And each lady scans the pattern of her neighbour's gown or bonnet,
And each gentleman 's a critic of toilettes for the day.
And out I come, much edified, 'mid the organ's solemn swells,
With a lively sense how much I owe to these "church-going belles."

THE OLD.

'Tis Sunday at the village that lies three miles away;
A pleasant morning's walk from our watering-place 'twill be:
So I'll leave our bran-new Gothic Church, and service for the day,
Our hotels and lodging-houses, with their fine views of the sea;
And for watering-place gay toilettes, and watering-place church belles,
Content myself with field-flowers—coy beauties of the dells.



The Old Church at the village is very damp and small:
And the house-leek and the moss clothe its low-pitched roof with green;
And the inside has no primitive symbolicism at all—
Nor *reredos*, nor *sedilia*, nor *piscina*'s to be seen;
And 'tis blocked up with a gallery, and desecrate with pews,
And it shrinks back, grey and shabby, behind its churchyard yews.

No painted window casteth a dim religious light:
No encaustic Minton-tiling hides the damp and broken floor:
The Creed and Ten Commandments are in modern letters quite:
On hard and narrow free-seats, sit the humble village poor:
But the "miserable sinners" those narrow seats within,
Show more misery than our watering-place M.S., if not more sin.

But through the open porch comes the sweet, sweet summer air,
And the rustle of the churchyard trees blends sweetly with the psalm,
And their ever-moving shadow chequers each pavement-square,
And all about the humble place there broods a holy calm;
And crinolines and flounces, beads and bugles are unknown:
So I sit and stilly worship, as if I were alone.

Till I hear a sigh beside me and a smothered sound of prayer—
And turning, with bowed head and clasped fingers, at my side,
Of a miserable sinner I am suddenly aware—
An old dame in poke bonnet, and scanty cloak new-dyed:
And I thought how such a spectacle, in that New Church of ours,
Would jar with bran new symbols, and bugles, beads, and flowers!

And I felt how these two Churches, and their worshippers agree;
Tiles, glass, and chanting curate, flowery altar, painted stone,
With rustling crinolines, beads and bugles flashing free,
And this poor old village church with that still and stooping crone:
And in spite of pews and gallery, low roof, and windows bare,
I was somehow nearer Heaven in that lowly house of prayer.

SAM.

A MELANCHOLY BUT INSTRUCTIVE NARRATIVE, FOUNDED ON FACTS, AND ON HORACE SMITH'S "GEORGE BARNEWELL."

SAM SOAPEY stood at his Palace door,
Promotion hoping to find, Sir;
His Apron it hung down before,
And the tail of his wig behind, Sir.*
A Lady, so painted and smart,
Cried "Pardon my little transgression,
But I know what is next to your heart,
Now, what do you think of Confession?"
Rum-ti-iddi-ti-ti.

Her face was rouged up to the eyes,
And red was her ladyship's toggery,
And folks who are thought to be wise,
Recognised a professor of roguery.
A bundle of Keys at her waist—
Says she, "I can help you, Sir, that I can,
In the South I am very much graced,
And I live at a place called the Vatican."—Rum-ti, &c.

Her language his wits did bereave,
She proceeded to carney and gabble on,
And at last (which you'd hardly believe)
He smirked at the Lady of Babylon.
Says he, "I should get in a scrape,
Could my late and respectable Sire hark;
He'd frown should a WILBERFORCE ape
A sleek Ultramontanist hierarch."—Rum-ti, &c.

Says she, "Don't be frightened at names,
You've always to Rome had a tendency;
Stand up for Confession; your game's
To struggle for priestly ascendency.
Cut the priest a back-way to the house,
And you've cut through the isthmus of Darien:
Fathers, husbands, are not worth a souse
After that, my fine stout-legged Tractarian.—Rum-ti, &c.

"Let laymen surrender their rights
To the curate; he knows what his trade is;
He'll keep the wife's conscience from frights,
And he will 'direct' the young ladies.
Get the women but under your thumb,
No chance for the male interlopers,
They may talk and protest till they're dumb,
The priest has the sway—and the coppers."—Rum-ti, &c.

This counsel he took from his love,
And in Parliament's very next Session
He pleaded, with voice of a dove,
For "the excellent rite called Confession."
But Premiers are wary, and *they* can see
Whom 'tis expedient to fish up;
Lo! an archiepiscopal vacancy,
And SAM is *not* made an Archbishop.—Rum-ti, &c.

"If that Woman were here, dash my wigs,"
Cried he, "I'd come LUTHER and KNOX at her,
I'd slate the old mother of prigs,
And raise my episcopal *vox* at her.
I fancied I'd made such a rare book,
And now I'm in just the wrong box for 't;
Had I stuck to my Anglican Prayer-book,
I should not have stuck BISHOP OF OXFORD."—Rum-ti, &c.

MORAL.

(*Too obvious to need telling.*)

* Hierarchical wigs have no tails, and hierarchical Oxford has no wig, but trifles must not quench the sacred fire of poesy.

AMATEUR PERFORMANCE AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE: SCENE FROM "A SHEEP IN WOLF'S CLOTHING."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

DANGEROUS FLIRTATION, OR SAM AND THE SCARLET LADY.

SCENE FROM "A SHEEP IN WOLF'S CLOTHING,"

PERFORMED AT THE ADELPHI, MAY 11.

Our Engraving represents the crisis in the play of "A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing," which was performed at the Adelphi Theatre, in the afternoon of last Saturday, in aid of the fund for the benefit of the family of the late Mr. C. H. Bennett, the eminent artist. The "situation" is this. The date of the play is the time when, Monmouth's rebellion having been suppressed, Colonel Kirke was sent into the west to inflict savage retribution. A friend of Monmouth's, Jasper Carew, who escaped from Sedgemoor, has been secreted in his own house, with the knowledge of his faithful and loving wife alone, and Colonel Kirke, supposing her to be a rich widow, has been courting her. To save her husband, the wife, Anne Carew, has pretended not only to be an enemy of the rebels, but to hate the memory of her husband, and has sent away their child for fear of her detecting the presence of her father. But, for the purpose of the drama, a situation is contrived in which the three indulge their affection, and are suddenly surprised by the deceived and vengeful Kirke. "So, a very pretty family group!" is his exclamation, and he proceeds to threats of execution, when Lord Churchill enters to supersede him and make all happy. The figures are those of the odious Kirke (Mr. Mark Lemon), of Jasper Carew (Mr. Tom Taylor), his wife (Miss Kate Terry), and the child (Florence Terry), and the closet behind is the place where Carew had been concealed.

The play was part of the entertainment for the excellent purpose we have mentioned. It was necessary to raise the fund on account of Mr. Bennett's premature death and the fragility of his health having precluded life assurance. His colleagues in the production of *Punch* determined upon making a strong effort on the occasion, and they arranged a most attractive afternoon. Mr. Arthur Sullivan, the most talented of our younger composers, had, in conjunction with Mr. Burnand, converted the favourite piece of "Box and Cox" into an operetta of the most ludicrous description, and this was the opening performance, Mr. Sullivan conducting, and the piece being played by Mr. Du Maurier, Mr. Quinten, and Mr. Arthur Blunt. It went with enormous éclat, and the performers were called before the curtain. The celebrated amateurs known as the Moray Minstrels (from their chiefly performing at Moray Lodge, the residence of Mr. Arthur Lewis) then gave a number of delicious part-songs and madrigals, executed in a style seldom heard in a theatre.

No. 14.—IN MEMORIAM.

If someone said you were the rage,
And had returned to us to-day,
And I went off to see the play,
And saw you standing on the stage,

And if about you I could see
Your golden hair in masses twine,
The same rich hair that used to shine,
And you the same you used to be,

And I should tell you we were sad,
And say that you could ill be spared,
And very ill the public fared,
And you imagine we were mad,

In all sincerity I'd say,
Despite a clever sister's fame,
'Tis true that Ellen Terry's name
Suggests a flower for our bouquet.

"HENRY DUNBAR" AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Miss Braddon's striking but most improbable story has been very cleverly reduced to dramatic form by Mr. Tom Taylor. He has with great skill got rid of the difficulty of having to introduce the real Henry Dunbar, and yet managed to make the action of the piece intelligible to those who have never read the novel. And so far as it is possible to keep alive some shred of interest in the scamp and murderer on whom the action turns, Mr. Taylor has certainly managed to do so. But he has had most ungracious materials to work with. For, after all, Wilmot's crime is thoroughly odious, whatever face is put upon it, and the throes of a sordid villain become, as might be expected, very wearisome; and one cannot help wishing, long before the final act of the piece is reached, that the coils in which he is ultimately caught would close somewhat more rapidly around him. A great crime is no doubt always telling in a drama, but if harped upon incessantly through four acts the interest is apt to lapse into something very like weariness. Still, with all its faults, "Henry Dunbar" is an excellent piece of its kind, thoroughly well put upon the stage, and carefully acted throughout. The resources of the company have been called fully into play, none of the parts are slighted, and the result is that the performance leaves an impression of completeness, which is rare indeed on our English stage. For this inestimable merit the manager of the Olympic Theatre has always, where the piece was not too much for his actors, been rewarded by success, and "Henry Dunbar" bids fair to prove no exception.

Miss Terry has many of the qualities requisite for Margaret Wilmot, the heroine of the piece, and will probably add to her rising reputation by the performance. In our judgment, however, there is a want of directness and simplicity in the performance—too little, in a word, of continuous earnest emotion, too much of melodramatic effect. This often gives a jerkiness and spasmodic character to Miss Terry's style, against which she cannot be too much upon her guard. She has the knowledge and ease of the experienced actress, but we look in a lady of so much promise for something more than this. She should let nature have more way with her, and, having thoroughly identified herself in feeling with the the part, leave the emotions proper to it to find more spontaneous expression. Her smiles and her passion are alike too abrupt. The one is not heralded by the gradual relaxing of the muscles which speaks of the smile in the heart, nor the other by the gathering up of the whole frame which predicts the storm before it comes. The forms of joy or grief are there, but the things themselves are not there, and so our hearts are too often left untouched. If Miss Terry would live into her characters more, she would become indeed what unwise admirers call her now, a fine actress. This she can never be until it can be said of her, as Lessing said of Mdme. Henzel, "No word drops from her lips without its effect. What she says, she has not learned; it comes from her own head, from her own heart. Whether she is speaking or whether she is not, her impersonation goes unbrokenly on." This power of continuous development, so that every look, word, gesture is in harmony, and helps, touch by touch, to complete the picture of the person presented, is what distinguishes the true artist from the merely clever actor. Why should Miss Terry stop short of this, as at present she unquestionably does? A word, too, on a matter of detail. Margaret Wilmot is a poor girl, living by giving singing lessons, and walking to and fro in her vocation. Is it not out of all nature to dress her as Miss Terry does, with gowns which drag a full yard on the ground? In a drama so realistic, such a detail as this is surely a serious blunder. Mr. H. Neville has contrived at last to shake off some of his Tom Brierly manner, and performs Wilmot so well that one is vexed he should not perform it better; nothing more admirable than his "make up" could be desired. It is hard, perhaps, to give life and variety to the part; for the tortures of a man with the gallows always staring him in the face must perforce be somewhat monotonous; but Mr. Neville is at times a shade too lugubrious, a trifle too lachrymose. He scarcely throws enough of hardness and defiant recklessness into his manner for either truth to nature or for dramatic effect. But although there is a general want of light and shade about his performance, it is in many parts admirable—as, for example, in his first scene and in the scene with his old pal, Major Vallancey, in the banking-house. This Major Vallancey, by the way, is the best part in the piece. The author has done much for it; but the actor, Mr. Vincent, does more. The presence of the man proclaims the character before he utters one word, and speech and gesture accord with his exterior. The seedy, disreputable, unscrupulous blackguard, by birth and training a gentleman, could scarcely be better represented. In striking his first impression, Mr. Vincent runs slightly into caricature, but after the first scene the character is as real as life itself. The scene with Wilmot in the banking-house, already referred to, and that in Wilmot's study, are both masterly. Such quiet force, such intensity without exaggeration, such downright truth of delineation, would of themselves make this piece well worth seeing. A detective, played with great tact and easy humour by Mr. Soutar, helps materially to carry it pleasantly along. The other parts, though of less moment, are extremely well made out by the performers to whom they have been entrusted.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," AT THE NEW ADELPHI THEATRE.

All London playgoers who can appreciate a most intelligent, graceful, and refined performance of the most brilliant of Shakespeare's heroines should take the opportunity of seeing Miss Kate Terry's Beatrice. She played the part for the first time in London for her benefit on Wednesday, and, it is to be hoped, will repeat it during the brief period she remains before the London public. There has been no such performance of the part within recent memory. The character is one which, by dint of its very brilliancy, is apt, in any but very delicate hands, to become hard and unlovely. Miss Terry, without sacrificing a single flash of wit, or missing one point of arch gibing humour, is so feminine in look and bearing, and gives such force to the outbursts of womanly sympathy which Shakespeare has so skilfully interwoven with the character, that she makes Beatrice one of the most winning of Shakespeare's women as well as the most brilliant.

In these days, when a thorough assumption of an imaginative part is one of the rarest of English stage enjoyments, the mere completeness of Miss Terry's conception and execution of a character making such demands on the intelligence of the actress as that of Beatrice, would entitle it to critical notice; but when to finish are added consummate grace, unfailing vivacity, and the most winning charm of womanliness—criticism must take its pleasantest form—of deserved and hearty praise.

Miss Terry's Beatrice is not only bright, animated, and full of spirit, it is throughout delightful—whether in the saucy mock contempt of her first inquiry after Benedick (the nickname of Signor Montanto), in the defiant triumph with which he plays his part in the keen encounter of wits when the well-matched pair actually meet; in the varying expression with which, crouching like a lapwing in the pleached arbour, she listens to Hero's and Margaret's tale of Benedick's love for her; in the musical sweetness with which she delivers the exquisite lines in which Shakespeare has clothed her recantation of scorn and confession of love, beginning, "What fire is in mine eyes!" and in the passionate earnestness of the embrace with which she strains the wronged Hero to her heart, and the generous indignation with which she wishes she were a man, to kill her cousin's wronger. Strange to say, she did not seem unfeminine even when she uttered the savage wish, "Would I could eat his heart in the market-place!"

Purists may, perhaps, take exception to her recall of Benedick at the end of this scene, with a "kiss my hand again," and a repetition of the injunction to "kill Claudio." This is, at least, superfluous, though it brings the scene to a very effective close. But, bating this small point of excess, we observed no departure from the poet's text, and nowhere was the actress untrue to her conception of the part, or exaggerated in her impersonation. The charm of the woman asserted itself throughout, but without forcing, and the grace and ease of movement bore witness to the value of that long experience of the stage which, not having extinguished feeling for nature, or right reverence for art, in this case, has borne only the good fruit of perfect command over look and limb.

We can remember no such Beatrice, and we find it difficult to conceive a better.

This is strong language, but it is not more strong than just. When so much enthusiasm is lavished on the acting of the operatic drama it seems a duty to speak out as heartily as the critic's judgment warrants in praise of one of the most accomplished English actresses that have graced the stage in our time, and who is leaving it when she can least be spared. Miss Terry will, we believe, only perform in London till the end of August; but before she takes leave of the stage we hope she may have an opportunity of adding Rosalind and Juliet to her list of Shakespearian parts, which, besides Prince Arthur and other childish parts, Cordelia and Ariel, played under Mr. Kean's management of the Princess's, includes at present only Ophelia, Viola, and Beatrice.

Taken along with Dora and Pauline, this last and most elaborate impersonation of Miss Terry's gives an opportunity, rare in these days of long runs, of studying the actress in three most distinct and individual assumptions of character. In each Miss Terry presents us with a complete whole, determined by a conception which extends to every point of movement, bearing, and expression. Three more thoroughly finished or graceful pictures of womanhood under different conditions of situation and character have never been presented by any actress of our time.

Of the performance of *Much Ado About Nothing* as a whole at the New Adelphi it is unnecessary to say much. Elaborate care in the mounting of the piece was hardly to be looked for in the case of a performance not expected to run for many nights. Nor is the Adelphi Company particularly fitted for such work as the acting of Shakespeare's comedies; but Mr. H. Neville's Benedick, considered as an embodiment of a rough and soldierly conception of the character, had much spirit and vivacity, and as a first performance of the part was entitled to high praise.

Longer familiarity with the character will, no doubt, bring out a fuller expression of its subtler and more refined elements. Mr. Clark's Dogberry and Mr. C. J. Smith's Verges were both excellent, the former reminding us of Keeley, in the density of his obtuseness and the imperturbability of his self-conceit. A *débutante*, Miss Maxse, made a most favourable impression in the part of Hero, which is cruelly cut down in the acting play. She showed both intelligence, earnestness, and refinement, and has all the necessary advantages of face and figure for the part. In the *Little Treasure*, which on Wednesday followed *Much Ado About Nothing*, the part of Captain Walter Maydenblushe was admirably acted by Mr. H. Neville, and that of Gertrude, by Mrs. Watts (late Miss Ellen Terry), with a combination of girlish grace, gaiety, *abandon*, and easy naturalness as delightful as it is rare on our stage. Mrs. Billington showed feeling in the part of Lady Howard, and Mrs. Stofer was very effective in the meddling grandmamma. The house was crowded by a brilliant and distinguished audience.

NEW ADELPHI.

MISS KATE TERRY'S FAREWELL.

It is seldom that the theatrical chronicler has to describe a scene like that at the New Adelphi on Saturday, when Miss Kate Terry took her farewell of the stage as Juliet. Successes, demonstrations, and ovations of a kind may be made to order; but the scene of Saturday was one of those genuine, spontaneous, and irrepressible outbursts of public recognition which carry their credentials of sincerity along with them. The widespread feeling that the stage is losing one of its choicest ornaments had been manifested by the full houses, more and more crowded on each successive night, which, even at this deadest of the dead season, have been attracted to the New Adelphi by Miss Terry's farewell performances. Their attraction came to its climax and its close on Saturday, when the theatre was crammed, from the orchestra to the remotest nook in the gallery where a spectator could press or perch, with such an audience as we have never before seen gathered within its walls. At the conclusion of the tragedy, in the course of which Miss Terry was called for at the end of each act, except the fourth, when the good taste of the more intelligent part of the audience suppressed the demand, Miss Terry came on before the curtain in obedience to a thundering summons from every part of the house, and, almost overcome with the combined excitement of the part and the occasion, stood for some moments curtseying and smiling under the shower of bouquets and the storm of kindly greeting. Nor when she had retired with her armful of flowers—looking, in the white robe and dishevelled hair of Juliet's death scene, as she used to look in Ophelia—was the audience satisfied. Again Miss Terry was recalled, and again she appeared to receive the loud and long-continued plaudits of the crowd. Then the stalls began to clear. But the storm of voices and clapping of hands continued from pit, boxes, and gallery through the overture of the farce, swelling till it threatened to grow into a tempest. The curtain rose for the farce; still the thunder roared. One of the actors, quite inaudible in the clamour, began the performance, but the roar grew louder and louder, till at last Mr. Phillips came on in the dress of Friar Lawrence, and, with a stolidity so well assumed that it seemed perfectly natural, asked, in the stereotyped phrase of the theatre, the pleasure of the audience. "Kate Terry!" was the reply from a chorus of a thousand stentorian voices; and then the fair favourite of the night appeared once more, pale, and dressed to leave the theatre, and, when the renewed roar of recognition had subsided, in answer to her appealing dumb show, spoke, with pathetic effect a few hesitating words, evidently the inspiration of the moment, but more telling than any set speech, to this effect:—"How I wish, from my heart, I could tell you how I feel your kindness—not to-night only, but through the many years of my professional life! What can I say to you but thanks, thanks, and good by?" After this short and simple farewell, under a still louder salvo of acclamation, unmistakably proving itself popular by its hearty uproariousness, the young actress, almost overpowered by the feelings of the moment, retired with faltering steps, and the crowded audience poured out of the house, their sudden exit *en masse* being, in itself, one of the most flattering tributes to the actress whose last appearance had drawn them together. This remarkable manifestation of popular favour and regard is worth recording, not only as a striking theatrical incident, which those who were present can never forget, but because it proves that the frequenters of even the pit and gallery of a theatre where, till Miss Terry came, the finer springs of dramatic effect have very rarely been drawn on can rapidly be brought to recognize and value acting of a singularly refined and delicate kind—so refined and delicate, indeed, that some of those who profess to guide the public taste have been apt to insist on its wanting physical power. On Saturday night it was made evident to demonstration, if other evidence had been wanting, that Miss Terry had wrought her spells over the frequenters of pit and gallery, as well of boxes and stalls. In the interests of refined dramatic art this is a cheering set off to many indications that seem to make the other way. It shows that if the theatrical "masses"—those who are roughly lumped as the "British public"—are unable to discriminate nicely between diamonds and paste, and so take a good deal of coarse glassware for real stones, they are, nevertheless, susceptible to the influence of refined, earnest, intelligent, and conscientious acting when they have the rare opportunity of seeing it. How well Miss Terry's acting merits all these epithets has been abundantly proved, not only through her recent course of farewell perfomances, in which she has filled a range of parts so widely different as to show a variety of power in itself as rare as the grace, refinement, intelligence, and feeling she has put into her acting, but through the whole of a career extending from four years old to four and twenty. If it is worth saying anything precise of her performances now, we may note here that she never gave a more triumphant answer to the critics who have charged her with want of power than in her acting of Juliet on Saturday. It was striking to observe the marked improvement on her first performance of the part last Tuesday. On Saturday her finest scenes were, unquestionably, those of fiercest (not of tenderest) passion, beautiful as were the latter in themselves. Perhaps the excitement of the occasion wrought most in unison with the feeling of Juliet's more violent passages of emotion. Perhaps the actress wished in this closing performance to assert her power in the point in which alone it had been questioned by fair and competent critics. But, whatever the cause, in the scene where Juliet learns Romeo's banishment, in her agonized pleading with her parents, in her subsequent interview with Friar Lawrence, and—crown of the series—in the scene where she drinks the sleeping-draught, Miss Terry rose on Saturday to a height she never touched before, and left us more than ever under the impression that the stage is losing in her more than even her warmest admirers have hitherto been content to believe.

Let us close this our last notice of Miss Terry with the hope that in her case the sacrifice of public triumphs may be rewarded by a full measure of that private happiness which is but the just recompense of as exemplary, as laborious, conscientious, and devoted a life, on and off the stage, as the annals of the English theatre—not unfruitful in examples of good wives—can show.

Mr. Anson, the treasurer of the New Adelphi, takes his annual benefit on Tuesday, when will be performed the play of *As You Like It*, with those excellent artists Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Vezin as Orlando and Rosalind, and Mr. W. Harrison as Amiens.

THE LATE DEAN MANSEL.

At both morning and evening services on Sunday at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, references were made to the recent sudden death of Dean Mansel.

In the morning the Bishop of London founding upon it a sermon on the necessity of dilligent preparation for the future state, dwelt rather upon the suddenness of the decease than on the life and work of the late Dean.

In the afternoon Canon Liddon preached under the dome to a congregation numbering several thousands, and spoke at length on his late friend's character and writings. Taking for his text John ix., verse 4, "*I must work the works of Him that sent Me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work,*" he said, after some preliminary observations—

Dean Mansel was gifted with an intellect of exceptional power—an intellect of that particular type and quality which is more commonly found among gifted men of Scotch or German blood than amongst Englishmen. Dean Mansel was born a metaphysician; when a young man he became conspicuous for his ability; he had a marvellous capacity for abstract thought; he was decorated with the highest academical honours, and his acquaintance was always eagerly sought after by men of letters. In later years he became the ablest exponent of the continuity of mind of Sir William Hamilton. He completed, in some respects, what that distinguished man began; and he held until his death a unique position in the world of mental science, acquired, it is needless to say, by immense labour of the brain. His great powers were always consecrated to the service of God. He had, as a young man, no idea—and he (Canon Liddon) had reason for saying so—of any high position in the Church—he had no future before his mind's eye, but that of an academic student and teacher. When he first brought his clear and powerful intellect to the task of determining the real relation which subsists between the natural powers of human thought and the contents of the Christian revelation, the fruit of his study was seen in the most celebrated work of his life—a work which had always held a remarkable place in English philosophy and English divinity—his "Bampton Lectures on the Limit of Religious Thought." In that book he did not profess to furnish any direct proof of the truth of Christian revelation—he merely insisted that reason, when cross-examined, was bound in her own terms, and in her own interest, to make room for revelation. The constant effort of reason, especially when engaged in making war on revelation, was to claim to occupy the whole field of possible religious thought and faith—to have a word, whether of approval or disapproval, to utter upon every proposition which, upon whatever authority, could come before it. It was this claim which Dean Mansel disputed. Basing himself upon a celebrated paper of Sir William Hamilton, on the philosophy of the Unconditioned, he showed by a subtle and vigorous analysis that the human mind could not of itself attain to any positive conception of the nature of an absolute and infinite Being; that the very fundamental laws of our mental consciousness, when closely examined, prevented it; and that, therefore, beyond the region in which religion could reign without exaggerating her powers, there was a sphere of thought open to the human mind, and legitimately occupied by a revelation which could be shown to rest upon sufficient evidence of Divine authority. Of the worth of that evidence reason was the proper judge; but reason could not, considering the limits within which she worked, criticise what was the subject matter of revelation itself, without being false to a really philosophical estimate of her own powers, as well as without risk of serious religious disaster. It was inevitable that an argument which insisted upon the demonstrable impotence of thought should arouse the jealousy of professional thinkers. They had passionately exclaimed that the lecturer was defending orthodoxy by atheistic arguments; they insisted too hastily that if God could not be known as He is, He could not be known at all; they refused to examine with sufficient patience and sympathy the lecturer's characteristic doctrine of regulative truth—that although we cannot know perfectly what God is in Himself, we can know from analogies and approximately what He is. They turn a deaf ear to the long line of authorities, ancient and modern, who had virtually accepted the doctrine which they assailed as a novel and inward heresy. They raised the cry that the lecturer taught two moralities—a divine and a human—and that he had virtually extended the existence of an absolute and incontestable right and wrong. Certainly, he did teach that, for instance, although justice was in itself ever the same, yet that the Creator as such must have rights which made it impossible for us to apply to His dealings with His creatures that particular and restricted notion of justice which belonged to dealings between man and man; but that was merely to show that the Creator was not the creature, that the source of all existence could not so divest Himself of His necessary relation to His creatures as to cease to be Himself; that as we did not know God as He was, we could not lay down any rules for His conduct, and practically assume that we knew all about Him. The Bampton Lectures, although the most considerable of the late Dean's works, was only one of the many efforts of his pen. He worked hard to the very last, and died in harness. His time, latterly, was chiefly devoted to the interpretation of Scripture; he was actively engaged on the "Speaker's Commentary," and only a few days before he left London he told him (the preacher) that he believed he was able to answer thoroughly certain objections which had been raised against the Gospel of St. John. He lived in hopes of seeing the cathedral completed and restored, but death snatched him away in the most sudden manner. It came to him one short week ago, in the fulness, as it seemed, of his mental strength. Only last Sunday he took his part in the morning and afternoon services of the Church. At that very hour he was to all appearance in his usual health, and there was no strain which, humanly speaking, was likely to distract him. He retired to rest after making arrangements for coming to town by an early train on Monday morning. One short minute, however, and all was over. There was no time for anything that could be called a death-struggle—death must have been instantaneous. A blood-vessel had given way at the base of the brain—there was a single sigh, and he had passed away! Sudden death reminded men of the true terms of tenure by which they held their earthly existence; they were but mere tenants-at-will, their master being able to disposses them at any moment. The death of Dr. Mansel could not have taken him by surprise, for he was continually dwelling on the thought of separation from earth, and only last month, after reading the burial service in that Cathedral over the body of Mrs. Milman, he wondered whose turn it would be next, adding that they were all in God's care. On another occasion he expressed an opinion that sudden death was a merciful and blessed manner of passing away, and he invariably regarded death calmly, earnestly, and contently. Whereas as an intellectual giant he was always ready to combat the strongest forms of a modern infidelity, yet he was content to kneel before his Master in the most perfect and child-like trust and faith. The lesson of his life was that he made the most of his work in the time that God allowed to him, and that when the night came—although suddenly—he was found prepared to meet his Saviour.

After the sermon, during the delivery of which the Canon was at times visibly affected, the hymn commencing "A few more years shall roll" was sung by the congregation. The "Dead March" in *Saul* was played by Mr. Goss upon the organ afterwards.

BREAD and BUTTER at CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

The following appeal has been forwarded to us for publication :—

"To the Dean of Christ Church.

"At a meeting of the undergraduate members of the House, held on Saturday, March 4, 1865, it was unanimously resolved to present the following statement to the Dean and Canons :—

"The prices charged for certain articles by the butler are such as to cause universal dissatisfaction among the undergraduates. Among the complaints the following may be mentioned as the principal :—

"1. With regard to the battels of bread and butter. The price charged by the butler for two commons of bread and butter per diem, consisting of 1lb. 3oz. of bread and 2⅔oz. of butter, is 8d., the retail market price of which is 5d. The profit on these articles would be at least 60 per cent. The butler, buying these wholesale, makes a profit of 160 per cent.

"2. This term, in consequence of complaints of excessive profits, we are supplied at our option, with aërated bread (which is more expensive) at the same price. The aërated bread is sold to the butler at 9½d. per dozen loaves. The same loaves are sold to us at 2s. per dozen. The profit made by the butler in this case is 152 per cent. If these were sold to us at the ordinary retail price of 1s. per dozen, the profit would be only 25 per cent.

"3. Great dissatisfaction also prevails with regard to the dinners and the quality of the beer as supplied in hall. Repeated minor complaints have produced no change in this respect. At most other Colleges the dinners are supplied at a cheaper rate than at Christ Church, and are, on the whole, more satisfactory.

"The undergraduate members of the House venture then respectfully to suggest :—

"1. That the butler and all other college servants be put on wages, and be no longer allowed to realize a profit on any article they sell.

"2. That the entire management of dinners and attendance in hall be intrusted to one college servant, on fixed wages.

"The undergraduates beg to call the immediate attention of the Dean to this petition, which refers only to the expense of those articles which the undergraduates are compelled by the rules of the House to buy.

"Osbert Mordaunt. "Robert Boughey.
"S. P. Cockerell. "H. P. Senhouse.
"A. H. Smith-Barry. "C. T. D. Acland.
"S. K. Mainwaring.

"It was signed by 108 undergraduates."

A little movement has reached us, which in the interest of education, economy, reform, all the virtues, and all the utilities, it is impossible to pass without lending a hand. The Undergraduates of Christ Church, Oxford, have been looking into their Battels Bills, and comparing with the figures therein the little sections of bread and butter laid on their breakfast tables, as well as the dinners they must eat and the beer they must drink, if any, in Hall. In order to find whether these bore the proper relation to one another they have gone to work in a very businesslike manner, ascertaining retail prices, deducting the profits of retail trade, arriving thereby at the wholesale figures, and so calculating the profits of a functionary called the Butler, who must have a very good place of it. If the dinners were quite satisfactory, which it appears they are not, and if the beer were uniformly drinkable, we could fancy that the young gentlemen would say nothing about the other articles. But it is easier to bring an official to book upon bread and butter than upon the quality of beer or meat, which appeals more to the higher powers of the palate and the still more recondite machinery of digestion. It may be fairly assumed that if justice is not done in the buttery, the cellar and the kitchen will take a wider licence, with more profit and less chance of detection. The commons are the weak point of the system, and we really should have thought that a judicious College purveyor would have kept up appearances in the matter of bread and butter in order to create a presumption in favour of his dinners and beer ; just as grocers are said to sell sugar actually below the wholesale price that they may cheat and poison their customers in tea and coffee. At Christ Church, however, they have no need of such paltry artifices. They are backed by the system.

In a College governed by a Dean and Chapter, with noblemen and gentlemen commoners, it could hardly be expected that anybody would be found so shabby as to complain of being charged only twice as much for his bread and butter as he ought to be.

The document, which is an address to the Dean of Christ Church, signed by 108 Undergraduates of the College, we give in another column, and leave its figures to speak for themselves. We may say, however, that 8d. a day, or 4s. 8d. a week, for bread and butter alone will startle most householders, especially those who have large families to find in simple fare. The address makes out that the Butler gets a profit of 160 per cent. on the above articles, and seems to reduce it to a certainty that in the case of "aërated" bread he gets 152 per cent. It is quite evident that the system itself is vicious. It is like that of the "Clothing Colonels" and a good many other obsolete usages. The Butler, it would appear, is a contractor on a schedule of prices fixed unaccountably high. There is nobody to check him, except the consumer, who is a raw Undergraduate, not much accustomed to prices and small arithmetic, and disliking above all things the imputation of shabbiness. The right system is for the articles to be supplied by contract, upon open tender, and for the College functionary himself to be in a position to check the performance of the contract. It should be his business to see that the articles are all of the proper quality, and, for that purpose, to attend readily to the complaints of the Undergraduates. There ought not to be a soul within the College gates whose interest it is to feed the College ill, or make it pay more than it ought. Nay, more, the College ought to be itself an example of that method, that soundness of system, that carefulness, and that prudence which are indispensable in education ; nowhere so much as at our Universities.

That is the point upon which this little interference with College routine is likely to be tried by some respectable, but, as we think, mistaken, persons. We must give it as our opinion that it is by no means inexpedient or unbecoming, but very much the contrary, that our young country gentlemen, our young candidates for orders, our intended officials and expectant statesmen should give their attention to pecuniary matters, and try their hands at administration. There is nothing like actual practice. It is worth all the books, all the imaginary problems, all the platitudes of professors, and it is just the one thing wanting in a young Englishman's education. Nobody knows what an advantage the humbler classes have over their betters in this respect. These are accustomed from their earliest years to face the pecuniary question as a matter of necessity, to perform economical achievements, and actually to struggle for existence, at a time when the student is so much engrossed in learning words and grasping ideas that he has not time to check a tradesman's bill, or confront any other of life's realities. It is often said of this or that remarkable man that he was entirely self-taught, and had no advantages, all the time that he was bred in the best of all schools—that of necessity ; and had years of varied practice, while young gentlemen were still attending lectures, and scribbling over files of foolscap. Well, here is an actual question. Have the Undergraduates of Christ Church hit a blot, and can they make a real economical reform ? If they can, we do not hesitate to say it will be worth more than a good many of those recommended by the Royal Commission—not that we have the least wish to underrate the latter. We may say that what a man does himself is worth more than all that the best-intentioned friends can do for him. In the former case it is an active progress ; in the latter it is a merely passive condition. Perhaps there never was a time when the training of realities was more necessary than now, when the attention is more than ever distracted, and when everybody is expected to have something to say about everything, whether he has had the chance of seeing, handling, or doing things or not.

Let it be considered, too, that this is an age of millionaires ; when, in many quarters, there is really so much money that it is difficult for little people —and even great people for that matter—to value moderate sums. When there are half-a-dozen people in one neighbourhood who can spend thousands on one entertainment, employ any number of labourers, pay them half as much again as they can get from the farmers, keep any number of horses and carriages, purchase the votes of a county, subscribe to everything, and die worth millions, the position of younger sons, small country gentlemen, and of those who have absolutely nothing but their wits, such as they may be, becomes more and more difficult. Their problem is how to deal with small and vanishing incomes—that is, incomes far below the wants they were educated to feel, and continually falling in the comparison with their actual exigencies. There must be a good many such at College, and it is very desirable they should learn how to maintain a respectable position and keep character intact on very small incomes. With this view, they ought to be encouraged to examine tradesmen's bills, to scrutinize charges, to learn how far those charges are affected by the relations between the tradesman and his customer, and, above all, to get into the right way of dealing with servants. Many, indeed, are the households that are ruined by servants, and tradesmen in league with them. Nor is it just one particular class of servants. It is a common saying that a servant if he remains twenty years in one place is servant the first ten, master the next. College servants, of course, are always in the position of old servants, and are often the oldest inmates of the College. No one thinks of disturbing them, and their best friends are just those who are not at all affected by their encroachments—viz., the oldest members of the College. There are stories without end of College cooks and butlers who have made fortunes out of Colleges. Nay, Colleges sometimes seem to think it a respectable thing to have an incubus or two of this sort. In private life the difference between the households where the servants have it all their own way and others where they are kept in their place and made to do their duty is well appreciated, for it is seen in too many instances. Nothing, indeed, has so much enabled the old gentry to hold their ground—often with small incomes, and with the continual drain of mortgages, settlements, portions, jointures, and outfittings—as their way of dealing with their servants, which is a special tradition in their case. They give low wages, they repay with hopes rather than ready money, they jealously guard against confidential relations between the servant and the tradesmen. To be a good master and to manage servants and tradesmen ought to be considered a part of an English gentleman's education. The Undergraduates of Christ Church appear to have taken this on themselves without the assistance of a professor, or the stimulus of prizes and scholarships. As far as we can see, they have a very good case to begin with. We hope that it will teach them to look after their shillings, when, as the proverb says, the pounds will take care of themselves. We hope, too, that the movement will end with sending a few sensible economists into our public departments, in some of which there is great need of better servants, an effectual check system, a safer footing with contractors and others, and any plan which will secure our money's worth. We are not informed of the result of the application to the College authorities, but can hardly suppose that it has not been favourably and kindly received.

Le thé.—Un savant a découvert, au moyen du microscope, qu'au moment où l'on verse du lait dans une tasse de thé, l'albumine du lait et l'acide tanique du thé se combinent et forment du cuir, ou du moins de petits filaments de la même composition que le cuir tanné. En conséquence, le savant estime que dans le cours d'une année, un buveur de thé, consommant journellement trois tasses de ce breuvage, avale assez de cuir pour faire une paire de bottes.

FEEDING THE MIND.

Breakfast, dinner, tea; in extreme cases, breakfast, luncheon, dinner, tea, supper, and a glass of something hot at bed-time. What care we take about feeding the lucky body! Which of us does as much for his mind? And what causes the difference? Is the body so much the more important of the two?

By no means: but *life* depends on the body being fed, whereas we can continue to exist as animals, (scarcely as men,) though the mind be utterly starved and neglected. Therefore nature provides that, in case of serious neglect of the body, such terrible consequences of discomfort and pain shall ensue, as will soon bring us back to a sense of our duty: and some of the functions necessary to life she does for us altogether, leaving us no choice in the matter. It would fare but ill with many of us, if we were left to superintend our own digestion and circulation. "Bless me!" one would cry, "I forgot to wind up my heart this morning! To think that it has been standing still for the last three hours!" "I can't walk with you this afternoon," a friend would say, "as I have no less than eleven dinners to digest. I had to let them stand over from last week, being so busy—and my doctor says he will not answer for the consequences if I wait any longer!"

Well is it, I say, for us, that the consequences of neglecting the body can be clearly seen and felt: and it might be well for some, if the mind were equally visible and tangible—if we could take it, say, to the doctor, and have its pulse felt. "Why, what have you been doing with this mind lately? How have you fed it? It looks pale, and the pulse is *very* slow." "Well, doctor, it has not had much regular food lately: I gave it a lot of sugar-plums yesterday." "Sugar-plums? What kind?" "Well, they were a parcel of conundrums, Sir." "Ah, I thought so. Now, just mind this: if you go on playing tricks like that, you'll spoil all its teeth, and get laid up with mental indigestion. You must have nothing but the plainest reading for the next few days. Take care, now! No novels on any account?"

Considering the amount of painful experience many of us have had in feeding and dosing the body, it would, I think, be quite worth our while to try and translate some of the rules into corresponding ones for the mind.

First, then, we should set ourselves to provide for our mind its *proper kind* of food: we very soon learn what will, and what will not, agree with the body, and find little difficulty in refusing a piece of the tempting pudding or pie which is associated in our memory with that terrible attack of indigestion, and whose very name irresistibly recalls rhubarb and magnesia; but it takes a great many lessons to convince us how indigestible some of our favourite lines of reading are, and again and again we make a meal of tho unwhole-

REFORM AT CHRIST CHURCH.

To the Editor of the Oxford Undergraduate's Journal.

SIR,—The authorities of this place have altered the hour's service at 9 o'clock on Sunday Morning to a service of an hour and three quarters on Sunday at 10. The reasons for this change have naturally not been vouchsafed to the Undergraduates of the house; and as they do not lie on the surface I have set myself to discover them. They are these:—

1. To prevent Undergraduates from attending the University Sermon. (N.B. The University Sermon of last Sunday week was preached by the Dean of Ch. Ch. I infer, therefore, that he is the *Socrates* of the present day.)

2. The abolition of the immoral and profligate Sunday Breakfast, where half a dozen Undergraduates used to assemble in the most riotous manner, and which led to every kind of intemperance, tumult, and Sabbath breaking.

3. The substitution and encouragement of the Sunday Lunch; where every liquor is consumed except the poisonous draughts of tea and coffee which used to undermine the Undergraduate constitution at 10.30 a.m.

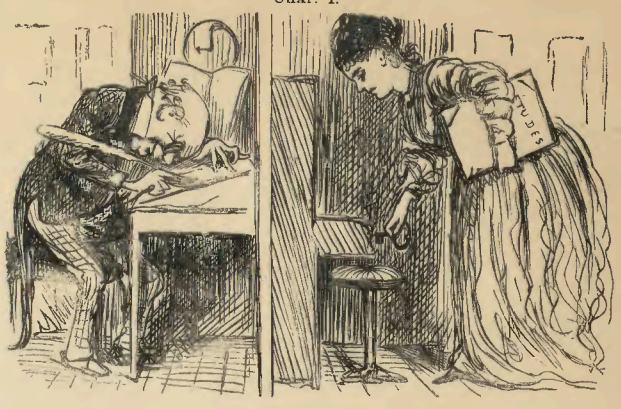
4. The substitution of a service of 105 minutes, instead of the former one of 55, which was too long for the attention of an audience of young men. The change, it is hoped, may effect a more desirable result.

I consider, in giving these reasons, that I have penetrated the inscrutable mystery which surrounded the origin of this service. All I have to ask in return is that the authorities should warm the Church to a certain extent, so that I may not in future, numb-fingered, as now, have to sign myself

Ροδοδάκτυλος.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S REVENGE.

CHAP. I.



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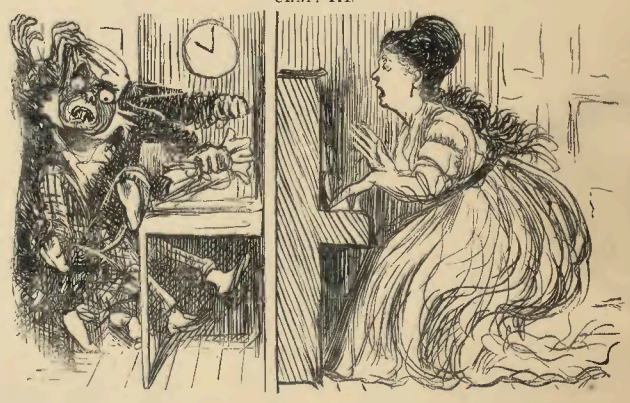
CHAP. III.



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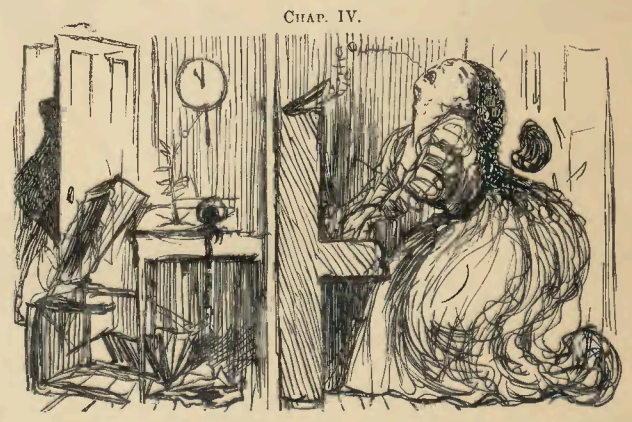

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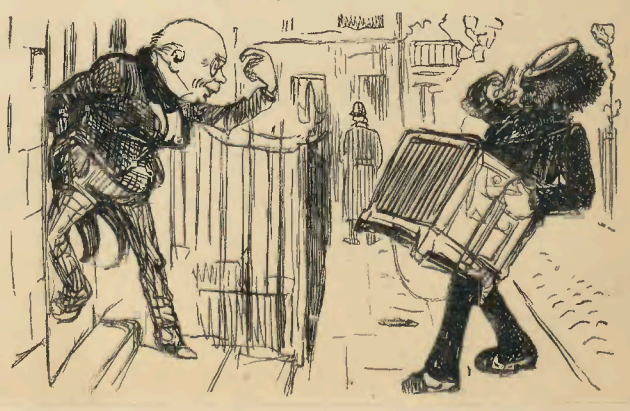

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some novel, sure to be followed by its usual train of low spirits, unwillingness to work, weariness of existence,—in fact, by mental night-mare.

Then we should be careful to provide this wholesome food in *proper amount.* Mental gluttony, or *over-reading,* is a dangerous propensity, tending to weakness of digestive power, and in some cases to loss of appetite; we know that bread is a good and wholesome food, but who would like to try the experiment of eating two or three loaves at a sitting? I have heard of a physician telling his patient—whose complaint was merely gluttony and want of exercise—that "the earliest symptom of hyper-nutrition is a deposition of adipose tissue," and no doubt the fine long words greatly consoled the poor man under his increasing load of fat. I wonder if there is such a thing in nature as a *fat mind?* I really think I have met with one or two: minds which could not keep up with the slowest trot in conversation, could not jump over a logical fence to save their lives, always got stuck fast in a narrow argument, and, in short, were fit for nothing but to waddle helplessly through the world.

Then, again, though the food be wholesome, and in proper amount, we know that we must not consume *too many kinds at once.* Take the thirsty haymaker a quart of beer, or a quart of cider, or even a quart of cold tea, and he will probably thank you (though not so heartily in the last case): but what think you his feelings would be if you offered him a tray, containing a little mug of beer, a little mug of cider, another of cold tea, one of hot tea, one of coffee, one of cocoa, and corresponding vessels of milk, water, brandy-and-water, and buttermilk? The sum total might be a quart, but would it be the same thing to the haymaker?

Having settled the proper kind, amount, and variety of our mental food, it remains that we should be careful to allow *proper intervals* between meal and meal, and not swallow the food hastily without mastication; so that it may be thoroughly digested; both which rules, bodily, are also applicable at once to the mind. First as to the intervals—these are as really necessary as they are for the body, with this difference only, that, while the body requires three or four hours' rest before it is ready for another meal, the mind will in many cases do with three or four minutes: I believe that the interval required is *much shorter* than is generally supposed, and from personal experience I would recommend the reader, who has to devote several hours together to one subject of thought, to try the effect of such a break, say once an hour—leaving off for five minutes only each time, but taking care to throw the mind absolutely "out of gear" for those five minutes, and to turn it entirely to other subjects. It is astonishing what an amount of impetus and elasticity the mind recovers during those short periods of rest. And then as to the mastication of the food; the mental process answering to this is simply *thinking over* what we read: this is a very much greater exer-

tion of mind than the mere passive taking in the contents of our author —so much greater an exertion is it, that, as Coleridge says, the mind often "angrily refuses" to put itself to such trouble—so much greater, that we are far too apt to neglect it altogether, and go on pouring in fresh food on the top of the undigested masses already lying there, till the unfortunate mind is fairly swamped under the flood. But the greater the exertion, the more valuable, we may be sure, is the effect: one hour of steady thinking over a subject, (a solitary walk is as good an opportunity for the process as any other,) is worth two or three of reading only.

And just consider another effect of this thorough digestion of the books we read; I mean the arranging and "ticketing," so to speak, of the subjects in our minds, so that we can readily refer to them when we want them. Sam Slick tells us that he has learnt several languages in his life, "but somehow couldn't keep the parcels sorted in his mind;" and many a mind, that hurries through book after book, without waiting to digest or arrange anything, gets into that sort of condition, and the unfortunate owner finds himself far from fit really to support the character all his friends give him—"A thoroughly well-read man: just you try him in any subject, now. You can't puzzle him!" You turn to the thoroughly well-read man, you ask him a question, say in English History; (he is understood to have just finished reading Macaulay): he smiles good-naturedly, tries to look as if he knew all about it, and proceeds to dive into his mind for the answer. Up comes a handful of very promising facts, but, on examination, they turn out to belong to the wrong century, and are pitched in again; a second haul brings up a fact much more like the real thing, but unfortunately along with it comes a tangle of other things, a fact in political economy, a rule in arithmetic, the ages of his brother's children, the market-days in Oxfordshire, and a stanza of Gray's Elegy, and among all these the fact he wants has got hopelessly twisted up and entangled: meanwhile, every one is waiting for his reply, and, as the silence is getting more and more awkward, our well-read friend has to stammer out some half-answer at last, not nearly so clear or so satisfactory as an ordinary schoolboy would have given. And all this for want of making up his knowledge into proper bundles, and ticketing them!

Do you know the unfortunate victim of ill-judged mental feeding when you see him? Can you doubt him? Look at him, drearily wandering round a reading-room, tasting dish after dish—we beg his pardon, book after book—and keeping to none: first a mouthful of novel, but no, faugh! he has had nothing but that to eat for the last week, and is quite tired of the taste: then a slice of science, but you know at once what the result of *that* will be—ah, of course, much too tough for *his* teeth! And so on through the old weary round, which he trod (and failed in) yesterday, and will probably try (and fail in) to-morrow.

Mr. Holmes, in his very amusing book, "The Professor at the

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p. 51

Breakfast-table," gives the following rule, (I quote from memory,) for finding a person's age: "to ascertain the age of a given human animal, place within its reach, about an hour before dinner time, a large bun; if accepted, and greedily devoured, the individual is certainly young; if politely declined, the individual has, as certainly, reached maturity."

To ascertain the healthiness of the mental appetite of a human animal, place in its hands a short, well-written, but not exciting treatise on some popular subject: if read with eager interest and perfect abstraction, *and if the reader can answer questions on the subject afterwards,* the mind is in first-rate working order; if it be politely laid down again, or perhaps lounged over for a few minutes, and then, "I can't read this stupid book! Would you hand me the second volume of the "Mysterious Murder?" you may be equally sure that there is something wrong in the digestive organs.

I wonder into what class of mental food, my reader, you will put this paper? It is rather difficult to find anything exactly analogous to it in the case of the body—something like dining on a cookery-book, I am afraid you will say. It matters little, however, what you think of the paper itself. If it has given any useful hints on the important subject of reading, and made you see that it is one's duty, no less than one's interest, to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest," the good books that fall in your way, its purpose will have been fully answered.

FRENCH FISHERMEN.

I was this autumn walking on the jetty belonging to a French seaport, and watching a little fishing boat as it moved out of the harbour. The herring season was beginning, and from the number of the crew the boat was evidently departing on a fishing expedition of some importance.

It was one of those bright October mornings, when, if we could keep our physical eye open, and memory's eye shut, we might fancy August full upon us again, and winter three months off. The sea and the sky seemed strangely to blend colours, whilst one could be pleased with the fancy, that the little fringe of brilliant white breakers along the beach had one time or other been caught up to the sky, and left their traces in the delicate frothy clouds that now sailed over their heads.

There was not much wind to fill the sail of the smack, and it moved slowly out of harbour in the sight of a group of fisher-women, who were standing near us, and leaning over the side of the pier to catch the last glimpse of husbands, sons, and brothers. The vessel had just crossed the bar, when I noticed a rush amongst the women. "Voyez, ils font leure prierè," said one. There was the boat's crew with faces turned towards the shore, looking up at a Crucifix, which

ADDRESS OF THE PREMIER.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE COUNTY OF BUCKINGHAM.

GENTLEMEN,—Since I last addressed you her Majesty has been graciously pleased, upon the retirement of an illustrious statesman, to entrust to me the chief conduct of public affairs.

Having enjoyed the entire and unbroken confidence of the Earl of Derby for twenty years, during which we worked together in a harmony never interrupted, I was thoroughly acquainted with his policy, and I have pursued that policy without deviation. I may, therefore, in asking a renewal of your political support, take a general view of the conduct of affairs since the accession of the Conservative Government to office in 1866.

The question of Parliamentary Reform had then for a long series of years disquieted the country and embarrassed and enfeebled successive Administrations, which had failed to lead it to any happy conclusion. We were of opinion that this state of affairs should terminate, and by a series of measures, in the course of two years, we brought about a settlement of the question, broad in its principles, large and various in its provisions, but, as we believe, in unison with the character of the country, and calculated to animate the spirit of the community and add strength and stability to the State.

The conduct of Foreign Affairs has obtained the sympathy and confidence of the various courts and powers; the just influence of England has been established; and it has been used for the maintenance of peace and the interests of civilisation.

The legacy of insult and difficulty which had been left us in Abyssinia could only be successfully encountered by a responsibility from which we did not shrink. The result of the expedition to that country vindicated the honour of the Crown and the cause of humanity and justice, and it obtained for her Majesty's forces the admiring respect of Europe.

When we acceded to office, the state of the Navy was one which occasioned serious anxiety; the fortresses on which the late ministry had expended millions were without artillery; the British soldier was armed with inferior weapons; and the military service of the country so unpopular, that if no change had been devised, we might have been driven to the principle of a conscription. At present, it cannot be denied that the strength of the navy is materially increased, the defences of the country much advanced, the soldier admirably armed, and enlistment become so popular that not only is the voted number of our forces no longer in arrear, but many thousand veterans, who were about to claim their discharge, have remained in the army. Such great results have, of course, not been obtained without an increase of our expenditure, but the expenditure has been on objects of the first necessity; and while it has been defrayed without adding to our taxation, it has entailed no burden on posterity.

Economy does not consist in the reckless reduction of estimates. On the contrary, such a course almost necessarily tends to increased expenditure. There can be no economy where there is no efficiency. And to secure efficiency you must be vigilant in administrative improvement. Influenced by these views, her Majesty's Government, by placing in the hands of a single individual a control over the expenditure of the War Office, commenced a considerable reform during the late session in the administration of the army, which will conduce to greater economy and efficiency both in peace and war.

Great public advantage may be anticipated from this measure, and the different departments of the State will be revised in the same spirit. This revision will assist that retrenchment which the pressing exigencies of the public service have alone prevented.

In the government of Ireland we had to encounter a dark conspiracy of foreign military adventurers, acting on the morbid imagination of a limited portion of our Irish fellow-subjects; and whose active combinations, had they been successful, would have led to general disorganisation and plunder: that conspiracy has been baffled in every instance, and in every quarter, by vigilance and firmness, which, being the consequence of conscious power and not of panic, have led to no unnecessary severity; so that even the discomfited have admitted that their treatment has not been marked by vengeance or cruelty.

Notwithstanding this untoward state of affairs, we have pursued towards Ireland that wise policy of sympathy and conciliation which has been followed by all parties in the State for the last thirty years. Justice has never in that country been administered with more impartiality; and whether with respect to the tenure of land, or the facilities for education, we will continue to give our earnest consideration to every suggestion, which is consistent with the rights of property, and with the maintenance of our Protestant institutions.

In this state of affairs we had reason to hope, and it was generally contemplated by the country, that we might have tranquilly wound up the business of the late session, and then asked, according to the provisions of the great statute which we had just passed, the public verdict on our conduct. Had it been propitious, we might, by the favour of the Sovereign, have continued to serve her Majesty, and enjoyed an opportunity of effecting those legal and social improvements which are so much required, and to the necessity of which we had proved we were not insensible. Had the verdict been adverse, we should have retired from office without a murmur' conscious that, when we had the opportunity, we had endeavoured to do our duty, and still prepared, as representing one of the great parties of the State, to co-operate with our rivals in public life for the public good.

This, the natural current of events, was to be interrupted. The Leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons seized the occasion of an expiring Parliament, which had proclaimed its inadequate representation of the country, to recommend a change of the fundamental laws of the realm, and to propose a dissolution of the union between Church and State.

Her Majesty's Government offered, and will offer, to this policy an uncompromising resistance. The connection of religion with the exercise of political authority is one of the main safeguards of the civilisation of man. It instils some sense of responsibility even into the depositories of absolute power. But under any circumstances, the absence or severance of such a tie will lower the character and duties of Government, and tend to the degradation of society.

But it is urged that, in the present instance, the application of the new policy is only to be partial, and that only one portion of her Majesty's dominions —Ireland—is for the present to be submitted to the revolution; and on this plea, that in Ireland the members of the Established Church form only a minority of the population.

If this numerical test is to be accepted, its application cannot be limited to Ireland; and if, in a country of entire toleration, a local instead of an Imperial gauge be adopted, the religious integrity of the community will be soon frittered away.

Instead of Ireland being made an exception to the fundamental condition of our constitution, there are many secondary reasons why the Established Church should be maintained in that country.

Its subversion would aggravate religious hostility and party rancour; would suppress a resident class of men whose social virtues are conducive, as all agree, to the welfare of the country; and would further diminish the security of property in a land where its tenure and enjoyment are not as unquestioned as they hitherto have been in other parts of her Majesty's dominions.

But even in Great Britain the spoliation of the Church in Ireland would not be without its effect. Confiscation is contagious; and when once a community has been seduced into plunder its predatory acts have seldom been single.

There are, however, even weighter reasons why this new policy should be resisted.

The religious liberty which all her Majesty's subjects now happily enjoy is owing to the Christian Church in this country having accepted the principles of the Reformation, and recognised the supremacy of the Sovereign as the representative of the State, not only in matters temporal, but in matters ecclesiastical. This is the stronghold of our spiritual freedom. So long as there is in this country the connection, through the medium of a Protestant Sovereign, between the State and the National Church, religious liberty is secure.

That security is now assailed by various means and on different pleas; but amidst the discordant activity of many factions there moves the supreme purpose of one power. The philosopher may flatter himself he is advancing the cause of enlightened progress; the sectarian may be roused to exertion by anticipations of the downfall of ecclesiastical systems. These are transient efforts; vain and passing aspirations. The ultimate triumph, were our Church to fall, would be to that Power which would substitute for the authority of our Sovereign the supremacy of a foreign prince; to that power with whose tradition, learning, discipline, and organisation our Church alone has hitherto been able to cope, and that, too, only when supported by a determined and devoted people.

I have the honour to remain, Gentlemen,
Your obliged and faithful servant.
B. DISRAELI.

Downing-street, Oct. 1, 1868.

THE CORONATION OATH AND THE IRISH CHURCH.

Lord REDESDALE said—In rising to move that an humble address be presented to her Majesty for a copy of the oath taken by her Majesty at the coronation, your lordships will be aware that I do so with reference to the Irish Church Bill sent up to us by the other House of Parliament. Hitherto, almost altogether, the political part of the question has been referred to; but the country will have to be appealed to before this part of the question can be settled. Though I have already taken the opportunity of stating, when I addressed your lordships, that I looked upon the proposed alienation of the revenues of the Church as practically an act of sacrilege, and consequently that I considered it sinful. The only answer I had came from the noble duke opposite, and in the debate on the bill, in which he assumed and laid it down—which I admit to a certain extent—that money given to the service of the Church is not necessarily given to God. In that, to a limited extent, I concur, because I believe that that which may be given to the Church may be prejudicial to the cause of religion and cannot be devoted properly to the service of God. I judge of these things by their results.—"By their fruits ye shall know them"—and if these funds produce good fruits then they should be devoted in perpetuity to those good purposes. But if I come to the conclusion that the money is producing evil fruits, then I come to the belief that it is not given to the service of God. But the case is otherwise where the money is given for the propagation of true religion, and I do not expect that the teaching of the truth will be found agreeable to all men. Our Lord himself said, "I came not to send peace, but a sword." I know that that sort of doctrine is not pleasant to the minds of certain people in the present day; they like to look at the bright side of the question, to that which is pleasing to them, and it is impossible that the truth should be preached without giving offence. But it is not because men are offended with the truth that you are to cease to preach to them. That is the case in the present day with respect to the Church in Ireland. But we who believe Protestant truth say that it is our bounden duty to see that our doctrines are preached in Ireland—whether that give offence or not—as they have been up to the present time. I lay it down as a broad principle, which no one can deny, that, in dealing with the temporalities of the Church, you are to consider solely and exclusively what is pleasing to God, without considering what is pleasant to this or to that body. The resolutions which were presented to us came up hastily, and were framed for a particular purpose. It was found that the government, having, to the disappointment of many, succeeded in passing an English Reform Bill, were getting on favourably with the Reform Bills for Ireland and Scotland. With reference to the statement that these measures were proceeded with by a government which remained in power without possessing the confidence of the House of Commons, I would say that if the decisions on all important questions were analysed it would be found that the leader of the Opposition was in more minorities than the leader of the government, and that, so far from the house not giving confidence to the government, they possessed to a more considerable extent, perhaps, than any other party the confidence of the House of Commons. The Opposition, then, thinking it expedient to get up some subject for the purpose of making a hostile movement, and which should at the same time serve to unite the whole of the Liberal party, unfortunately turned to the Irish Church. It was found necessary that what they proposed should be agreeable to Cardinal Cullen, and also that it should be found gratifying to the Liberation Society, in order that the extremes of all parties might be brought to vote together. Cardinal Cullen was pleased with the resolutions because they were opposed to Protestantism; the Liberation Society approved them because they were calculated to effect the abolition of all establishments. I believe we have the highest authority for defending the Church. I think that these resolutions were not proposed in a manner that will be acceptable in the sight of God, nor do I think that they will prove acceptable in the sight of man.

THE PALACE OF HUMBUG.

"I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls,"
And each damp thing that creeps and crawls
Went wobble-wobble on the walls.

Faint odours of departed cheese,
Born on the dank unwholesome breeze,
Awoke the never-ending sneeze.

Strange pictures decked the arras drear,
Strange characters of woe and fear,
The Humbugs of the social sphere.

One showed a vain and noisy prig,
That thundered empty words and big
At him that nodded in a wig.

And one, a dotard grim and gray,
Who wasteth childhood's happy day
In work more profitless than play.

Whose icy breast no pity warms,
Whose little victims cower in swarms,
And slowly sob on lower forms.

And one, a green thyme-honoured Bank,
Where flowers are growing wild and rank,
Like weeds that fringe a poisoned tank.

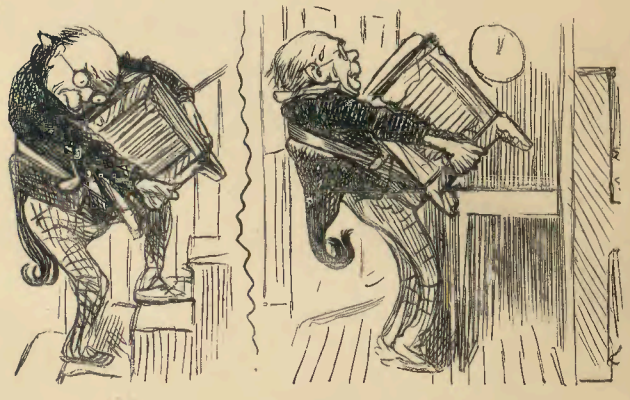
All birds of evil omen there
Flood with rich song the tainted air,
The witless wanderer to snare.

The fatal notes neglected fall;
No creature heeds the treacherous call,
For all those goodly *strawn baits pall.*

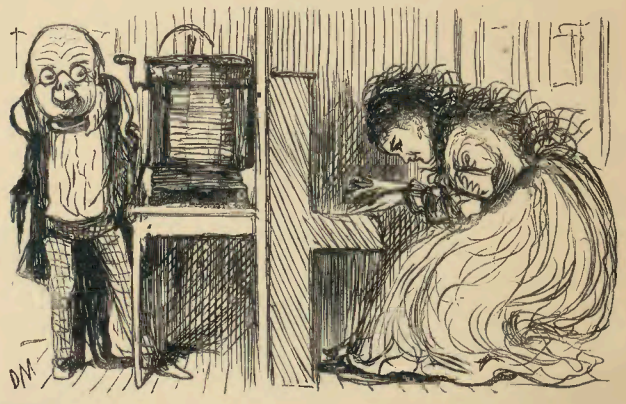
The wandering phantom broke and fled;
Straightway, I saw within my head
A vision of a ghostly bed.

CHAP. VI.

CHAP. VII.



CHAP. VIII.



ontinued.)

CHAP. IX.

CHAP. X.

Unfortunately the agitation on this question has arisen within very few years, and I think it affords us a lesson as to what our position ought to be. We all know that, since the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act, we have not until lately had any such action as this; in fact, until lately we had a promise that no such action should be started. I believe that at the time the Catholic Emancipation Bill was passed it was considered impossible that an attack upon the Irish Established Church could be successful. Since that period we have applied all the relaxations we could. In the oath provided at the time of Roman Catholic emancipation the person taking it solemnly disclaimed, disavowed, and solemnly abjured any intention to subvert the present Church Establishment as settled by law in these realms, and avowed that he would not exercise any privilege to disturb the Protestant religion or government of the United Kingdom. That oath among others has been removed. It was said that the removal of such oaths would lead to the promotion of goodwill between Protestants and Roman Catholics, instead of which it has given license to the Roman Catholics to attack the Protestant Establishment, and whatever you give will only be a stepping-stone to demands for something more. I regard this, therefore, as a very important matter, and we should take care, learning from the past, not to permit any measure to be proceeded with which would be destructive to the Irish Church. I hope noble lords will come to consider this matter in the true religious view. Our aim should be to please God, and God alone. Since the Reformation the position of this country has marvellously altered. Before the Reformation we constituted one of the powers of Europe, but did not seem likely to exercise an influence transcending that of any other European state. But from that period, especially from the reign of Elizabeth, when our great colonial empire was first founded, we have extended our name, our language, and our religion over a very large portion of the globe, our borders have been everywhere enlarged, and in the case of our Indian Empire we have fulfilled the prophecy that "Japheth shall dwell in the tents of Shem." When James II. departed from the Protestant faith he was cast down from his throne and his family exiled. At the present time the danger appears to be the other way, for it is the people, and not the Sovereign, who are beginning to relax in their support of the Protestant cause. And I warn them that if they cast aside the spiritual blessings which they have so long enjoyed, the proud position which the nation has so long maintained may be taken from them. It is under these circumstances that I move for a copy of the Coronation Oath. It is impossible that her Majesty can view this oath in any other light than that it is imposed by parliament. She cannot say, "I have taken an imprudent oath, and I trust that I may be pardoned for not acting on that which I repent of." If parliament repealed the act of parliament it might be a question how far her Majesty might be relieved from the obligation; but at present I hold that the oath is as binding as any oath can be. I entirely repudiate the doctrine laid down by "Historicus" that the Coronation Oath is no oath at all; but merely an obligation to the nation, for I maintain that all the circumstances of its administration show that it is an obligation to God. When we consider that the place in which the oath is taken is the Temple of God, and that the book on which she places his hands is the Holy Gospel, I think it is impossible for any person to deny that the oath is an obligation to God. It is a very old doctrine that the Sovereign of this country holds allegiance to none but God, and that the Sovereign is bound by her duty to God. My lords, for the reasons I have stated, I move for a copy of the oath (hear, hear).

The motion was put from the woolsack, and agreed to.

"ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND."—A correspondent writes:—"Allow me to correct a mistake with reference to the authorship of 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.' The author of that delightful little volume is a senior student of Christ Church, Oxford, and not Mr. Lewis Carroll."

THE PALACE OF HUMBUG.

"I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls,"
And each damp thing that creeps and crawls
Went wobble-wobble on the walls.

Faint odours of departed cheese,
Born on the dank unwholesome breeze,
Awoke the never-ending sneeze.

Strange pictures decked the arras drear,
Strange characters of woe and fear,
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Who wasteth childhood's happy day
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Where flowers are growing wild and rank,
Like weeds that fringe a poisoned tank.

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Flood with rich song the tainted air,
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The fatal notes neglected fall;
No creature heeds the treacherous call,
For all those goodly *strawn baits pall.*

The wandering phantom broke and fled;
Straightway, I saw within my head
A vision of a ghostly bed.

ation on this question | When James II. departed from the Protestant faith he was

Where lay two worn decrepit men,
The fictions of a lawyers pen,
Who nevermore might breathe again.

The serving man of Richard Roe
Wept, inarticulate with woe,
She wept, that waited on John Doe.

"Oh, rouse," I urged, "the waning sense
With tales of tangled evidence."
Of suit, demurer, and defence."

"Vain," she replied, "such mockeries;
For morbid fancies, such as these,
No suits can suit, no plea can please."

And bending o'er that man of straw,
She cried in grief and sudden awe,
(Not inappropriately) "Law!"

The old familiar voice he knew;
He smiled; he faintly muttered "Sue!"
(Her very name was legal too.)

The night was fled; the dawn was nigh,
A hurricane went raving by,
And swept the vision from mine eye.

Vanished that drear and ghostly bed;
(The hangings, tape, the tape was red,)
'Tis past, and Doe and Roe are dead!

Oh yet my spirit inly crawls,
What time it shudderingly recalls
That horrid dream of marble halls!

B. B.,

Ch. Ch.

Unfortunately the agitation on t

GREAT MEETING

OF

AMALGAMATED MINISTERS OF ALL PERSUASIONS.

(From a Special Edition of the *Nonconformist.*)

On Thursday last a Monster Conference was held in St. James's Hall, of Clergymen of the Church of England, and Ministers of other denominations, embracing delegates from 172 different sects of Nonconformists, exclusive of representatives of Deism, Atheism, Positivism, and "The Fallibility of the Bible Association." Dr. Temple attended as a Deputation from "The Society for the Repeal and Nullification of all Oaths." The object of the Meeting, as set forth in the advertisements, was "to express hatred of the Irish Church, and sympathy with unbelievers and heretics of all climes and classes." Dr. Stanley, Dean of Westminster, was called to the Chair.

Mr. Spurgeon then rose to propose a preliminary motion, which he said was essential to the harmony of the meeting. The Resolution he wished to propose was "That it is antagonistic to the principles of Religious Equality that Ministers of any creed or sect should assume the title of 'Reverend.'" He said there was no pride or nonsense about him: he was *plain* Mr. Spurgeon. The title of Reverend was a misnomer and a misdescription. Was there anything *reverend* about him? His beloved friend in the Chair was a "Liberal of the Liberals," and he was quite sure he did not wish to retain the invidious appellation of "The Very Reverend the Dean of Westminster," which was a standing reproach and symbol of ascendancy to the Dissenting body. Why should he be constantly reminded that he was not a Dignitary of the Church? The idea was odious, and the inference intolerable.

Dr. Stanley interposed at this point, and said the broad and comprehensive views of Mr. Spurgeon met with his entire approbation, and for his part he was quite willing to change his title—(loud ironical cheers),—and as an earnest of his sincerity in the cause of Religious Equality, he offered, amid enthusiastic cheers, to allow Mr. Spurgeon the use of Westminster Abbey whenever he chose to occupy his pulpit; and he, in his turn, would reciprocate the compliment by holding forth in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle. (The liberality of these sentiments evoked the warmest acclamations.)

Dr. Temple was called upon to state his views upon the Irish Church. In inviting him to speak, Dr. Stanley said that from his long residence in Ireland, and thorough acquaintance with the country, Dr. Temple was eminently qualified to give them information, whilst his well-known freedom from every kind of religious prejudice or doctrinal prepossession rendered him remarkably worthy of their attention.

Dr. Temple rose amid tremendous cheers, and said—I think it right to say my friend Dr. Stanley has made a mistake. I was never in Ireland but once in my life, and then only for a short time. This shows conclusively how idle it is to sustain a cause by arguments founded on facts. The facts, as in this case, are disproved; what then becomes of the arguments? The man who *believed* anything was always liable to be deceived, and the truth was sure to prevail. This showed that the less we interfered with its progress the better. (Loud and prolonged cheering.)

The Irish Church was a gross injustice to the Roman Catholics, who had to pay for what they thought was irreligion. (A voice, "They don't pay at all.") Then that only showed that the question of justice was apart from all pecuniary considerations. (Loud cheers.) Was it not perfectly plain that it was the interest of Protestants to support any scheme which the Romish Priests thought would tend to their disadvantage? Was it not the highest form of virtue to *sacrifice for others* anything, be it Church or Creed, which we most prize. (Loud Cheers.) It was a serious question in his mind if any one had a right to be a Protestant in Ireland at all. (Loud and prolonged cheers.) His declaring himself such was an insult to the Roman Catholic population; and was Protestantism so weak and frail and helpless a thing that it would suffer by being proscribed in Ireland? He felt sure it would be all the better for it. He felt convinced that the way to make the Church of Ireland respected by its opponents was to destroy it. (Tremendous cheers.) He ventured to say that when it was completely robbed, those who wished it harm would feel that any further assaults upon it were unnecessary, and that their work was accomplished. (Vehement cheers.) In this way peace would be restored, and the hateful spirit of bigotry would be crushed for ever. (Loud cheers.) Then, as to the Coronation Oath, what man of comprehensive views or enlightened understanding attached any importance to it? It was clear to him that when the Queen swore she would maintain "the laws of God and the true profession of the Gospel," she had no right to do so, and that an oath to make such an *invidious* distinction between what was good and what was bad could not be binding upon her. Take a case—suppose T. was to swear to G. that he would not accept a Deanery or a Bishopric, would he be bound by such an oath as that? Clearly not; for T. was doing an *injustice* to himself as well as to the Church, by depriving it of his services. (Loud cheers.) Again, suppose a statesman were to say he would sooner promote a moderate Dean than a superior Schoolmaster, would anyone think him bound by such an oath as that? Didn't they all know very well, didn't they see every day, that *subscription* to the Thirty-nine Articles was one thing, and *belief* in them another and a totally distinct and different thing? There was nothing so grievous to those who really loved justice as to see any attempt on the part of a nation to discourage heresy or unbelief. The Church which required its Ministers or members to do this was doomed. (Cheers.) Let them show that they estimated truth at its right value by countenancing error in every form. If Protestantism in Ireland should suffer from disestablishment and disendowment, it would prove it had no right there, and if it prospered under the operation, then some other steps would have to be taken to reconcile the Roman Catholics to its success.

The Rev. Mr. Blakiston said he only knew one duty as a clergyman, and that was, to preach the Gospel according to Gladstone. Were not the Liberal cause and Christianity synonymous terms? Was it not a matter of notoriety that every follower of Mr. Disraeli was an enemy to Religion?

He hoped to see the day when the Church would dispense with all dogmas and all doctrines, as unworthy of an age of progress. He thought Inspectors of National Schools performed a great work in the country, and he would like to see the income of the Bishops reduced, and the proceeds applied to an adequate remuneration of that deserving body. (Hear, hear, hear.)

Dr. Alford, Dean of Canterbury, then rose to ask a question of the Chairman. He wished to know whether, in voting for Mr. Mill and Captain Grosvenor for Westminster, Dr. Stanley intended it to be understood that he had changed those opinions with regard to the Irish Church, which he had expressed in that very Hall a few months ago?

Dr. Stanley, in reply, said he thought all personalities should be avoided. There was nothing he valued more than elasticity of conscience and freedom of action, by which a man was at liberty to think one way and to vote another. If he supported Mr. Smith, he should be blindly voting in accordance with his avowed sentiments on the Irish Church. If, on the other hand, he supported the Liberal candidates, he was taking an independent course, and proving his toleration of opinions with which he had no sympathy. That was his idea of Liberalism. (Loud cheers, and cries of "Oh, oh!") If Dr. Alford was the only Dean who declared himself a follower of Mr. Gladstone's, the result would be that that statesman's choice of men for promotion would be unwisely limited. (Loud cries of "No, no," from Archdeacon Sandford.) He would be no party to placing Mr. Gladstone in such a dilemma. (Loud cries of "Oh, oh!" again from Archdeacon Sandford.)

The Rev. John Congreve said the sale of livings in the Church of England was a scandal and an abuse. Men of eminent talent and long meritorious service in the Church were compelled to purchase livings for themselves,—to be their own patrons in fact. (Laughter and cheers.) Was not that a crying abuse? He thought congregations should pay their Ministers well. ("Hear, hear" from Mr. Spurgeon.) Nothing pleased him more than that; it showed a true Liberal spirit in a practical form.

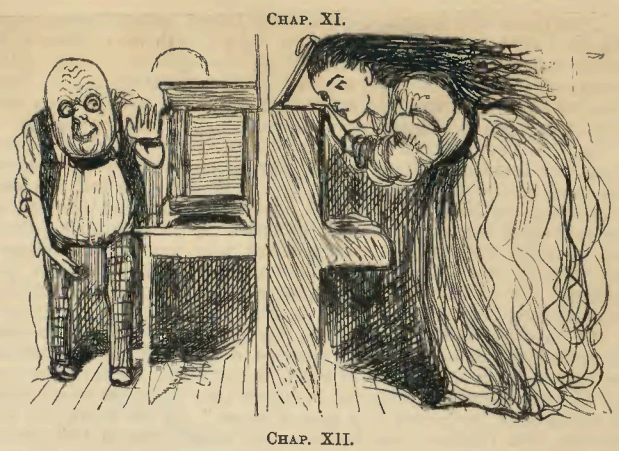
At this conjuncture the Chairman was informed that Mr. Bradlaugh, Mr. Finlen, and several Masters from Rugby School wished to be admitted. Upon this being done, Mr. Bradlaugh said he did not come there to talk about anything so antiquated as *subscription* to the Thirty-nine Articles. What he wanted was subscription to the expenses of the Northampton election. (Loud laughter and cheers.)

Mr. Finlen said the number of children who were neglected by their parents even to starvation was a gross abuse.

The Masters from Rugby School said with one voice "all they wished to say was ditto to Dr. Temple."

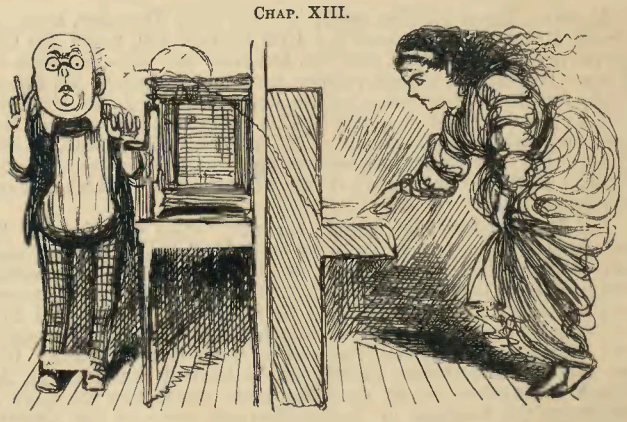
The Conference then broke up.

Chap. XI.



Chap. XII.

Chap. XIII.



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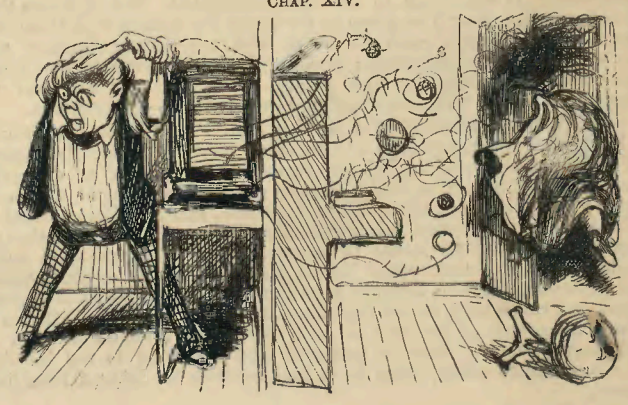

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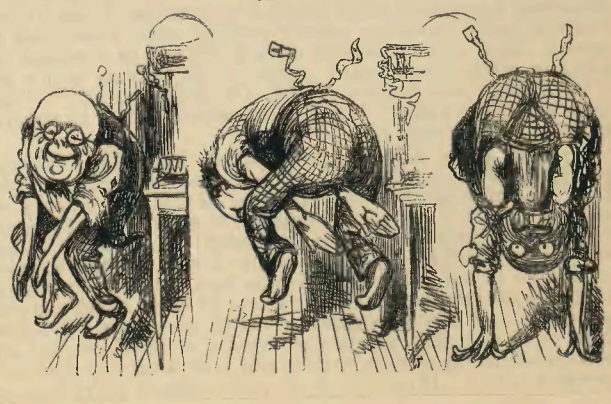

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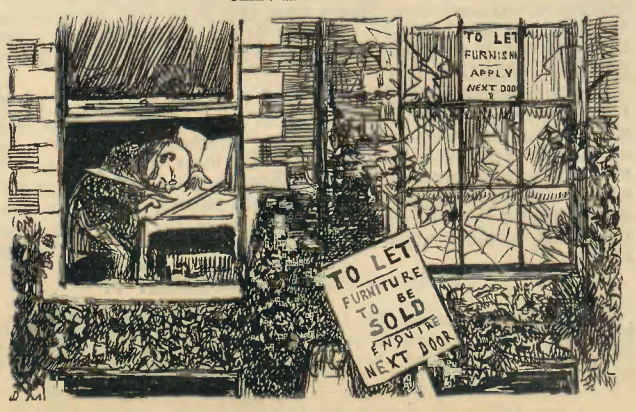


A PHOTOGRAPHER'S DAY OUT.

BY LEWIS CARROLL.

I am shaken, and sore, and stiff, and bruised. As I have told you many times already, I haven't the least idea how it happened, and there is really no use in plaguing me with any more questions about it. Of course, if you wish it, I can read you an extract from my diary, giving a full account of the events of yesterday, but if you expect to find any clue to the mystery in *that*, I fear you are doomed to be disappointed.

August 23, Tuesday.—They say that we Photographers are a blind race at best; that we learn to look at even the prettiest faces as merely so much light and shade; that we seldom admire, and never love. This is a delusion I long to break through—if I could only find a young lady to photograph, realising *my* ideal of beauty—above all, if her name should be—(why is it, I wonder, that I dote on the name Amelia more than any other word in the English language?)—I feel sure that I could shake off this cold, philosophic lethargy.

The time has come at last. Only this evening I fell in with young Harry Glover in the Haymarket—"Tubbs!" he shouted, slapping me familiarly on the back, "my Uncle wants you down to-morrow at his Villa, camera and all!"

"But I don't know your uncle," I replied, with my characteristic caution. (N.B. If I have a virtue, it is quiet, gentlemanly caution.)

"Never mind, old boy, he knows all about *you*. You be off by the early train, and take your whole kit of bottles, for you'll find lots of faces to uglify, and—"

"Can't go," I said rather gruffly, for the extent of the job alarmed me, and I wished to cut him short, having a decided objection to talking slang in the public streets.

"Well, they'll be precious cut up about it, that's all," said Harry, with rather a blank face, "and my cousin Amelia—"

"Don't say another word!" I cried enthusiastically, "I'll go!" And as my omnibus came by at the moment, I jumped in and rattled off before he had recovered his astonishment at my change of manner. So it is settled, and to-morrow I am to see an Amelia, and—oh Destiny, what hast thou in store for me?

August 24, Wednesday.—A glorious morning. Packed in a great hurry, luckily breaking only two bottles and three glasses in doing so. Arrived at Rosemary Villa as the party were sitting down to breakfast. Father, mother, two sons from school, a host of children from the nursery, and the inevitable baby.

But how shall I describe the daughter? words are powerless; nothing but a Talbotype could do it. Her nose was in beautiful perspective—her mouth wanting perhaps the least possible foreshortening—but the exquisite half-tints on the cheek would have blinded one to any defects, and as to the high light on her chin, it was (photographically speaking) perfection. Oh! what a picture she would have made if fate had not—but I am anticipating.

There was a Captain Flanaghan present—

I am aware that the preceding paragraph is slightly abrupt, but when I reached that point, I remembered that the idiot actually believed himself engaged to Amelia, (*my* Amelia!) I choked, and could get no further. His figure, I am willing to admit, was good: some might have admired his face; but what is face or figure without brains?

My own figure is perhaps a *little* inclined to the robust; in stature I am none of your military giraffes—but why should I describe myself? my photograph (done by myself) will be sufficient evidence to the world.

The breakfast, no doubt, was good, but I knew not what I ate or drank; I lived for Amelia only, and as I gazed on that peerless brow, those chiselled features, I clenched my fist in an involuntary transport (upsetting my coffee-cup in doing so), and mentally exclamed, "I will photograph that woman, or perish in the attempt!"

After breakfast the work of the day commenced, which I will here briefly record.

Picture 1.—Paterfamilias. This I wanted to try again, but they all declared it would do very well, and had "just his usual expression;" though unless his usual expression was that of a man with a bone in his throat, endeavouring to alleviate the agony of choking by watching the end of his nose with both eyes, I must admit that this was too favourable a statement of the case.

Picture 2.—Materfamilias. She told us with a simper, as she sat down, that she "had been very fond of private theatricals in her youth," and that she "wished to be taken in a favourite Shakesperian character." What that character was, after long and anxious thought on the subject, I have given up as a hopeless mystery, not knowing any one of his heroines in whom an attitude of such spasmodic energy could have been combined with a face of such blank indifference, or who could have been thought appropriately costumed in a blue silk gown, with a Highland scarf over one shoulder, a ruffle of Queen Elizabeth's time round the throat, a helmet, and a hunting-whip.

* * * * * * * * * *

Picture 3.—17th sitting. Placed the baby in profile. After waiting till the usual kicking had subsided, uncovered the lens. The little wretch instantly threw its head back, luckily only an inch, as it was stopped by the nurse's nose, establishing the infant's claim to "first blood" (to use a sporting phrase). This, of course; gave *two* eyes in the result, something that might be called a nose, and an unnaturally wide mouth. Called it a full-face accordingly and went on to

Picture 4.—The three younger girls, as they would have appeared, if by any possibility a black dose could have been administered to each of them at the same moment, and the three tied together by the hair before the expression produced by the medicine had subsided from any of their faces. Of course, I kept this view of the subject to myself, and merely said that "it reminded me of a picture of the Graces," but the sentence ended in an involuntary groan, which I had the greatest difficulty in converting into a cough.

Picture 5.—This was to have been the great artistic triumph of the day; a family group, designed by the two parents, and combining the domestic with the allegorical. It was intended to represent the baby being crowned with flowers, by the united efforts of the children, regulated by the advice of the father, under the personal superintendence of the mother; and to combine with this the secondary meaning of "Victory transferring her laurel crown to Innocence, with Resolution, Independence, Faith, Hope, and Charity, assisting in the graceful task, while Wisdom looks benignly on, and smiles approval!" Such, I say, was the *intention*; the result, to any unprejudiced observer, was capable of but one interpretation—that the baby was in a fit—that the mother, (doubtless under some erroneous notions of the principles of Human Anatomy,) was endeavouring to recover it by bringing the crown of its head into contact with its chest—that the two boys, seeing no prospect for the infant but immediate destruction, were tearing out some locks of its hair as mementoes of the fatal event—that two of the girls were waiting for a chance at the baby's hair, and employing the time in strangling the third—and that the father, in despair at the extraordinary conduct of his family, had stabbed himself, and was feeling for his pencil case, to make a memorandum of having done so.

All this time I had had no opportunity of asking my Amelia for a sitting, but during luncheon I succeeded in finding one, and, after introducing the subject of photographs in general, I turned to her and said, "before the day is out, Miss Amelia, I hope to do myself the honour of coming to *you* for a negative."

With how sweet a smile she replied "certainly, Mr. Tubbs. There is a cottage near here, that I wish you would try after luncheon, and when you've done that, I shall be at you service."

Faix! an' I hope she'll give you a decoisive one!" broke in that awkward Captain Flanaghan, "won't you, Mely Darlint?" "I trust so, Captain Flanaghan," I interposed with quiet dignity: but all politeness is wasted on that animal; he broke into a great "haw! haw!" and Amelia and I could hardly refrain from laughing at his folly. She, however, with ready tact turned it off, saying to the bear, come, come, Captain, we mustn't be *too* hard on him! (Hard on *me!* on *me!* bless thee, Amelia!)

The sudden happiness of that moment nearly overcame me; tears rose to my eyes as I thought, "the wish of a Life is accomplished! I shall photograph an Amelia!" Indeed, I almost think I should have gone down on my knees to thank her, had not the table-cloth interfered with my so doing, and had I not known what a difficult position it is to recover from.

However, I seized an opportunity towards the conclusion of the meal to give utterance to my overwrought feelings: turning to Amelia, who was sitting next me, I had just murmured the words, "there beats in this bosom a heart," when a general silence warned me to leave the sentence unfinished. With the most admirable presence of mind she said, "some tart, did you say, Mr Tubbs? Captain Flanagan, may I trouble you to cut Mr Tubbs some of that tart?"

"It's nigh done," said the captain, poking his great head almost into it, "will I send him the dish, Mely?"

"No, sir!" I interrupted, with a look that ought to have crushed him, but he only grinned and said, "Don't be modest now, Tubbs, me bhoy, sure there's plenty more in the larder."

Amelia was looking anxiously at me, so I swallowed my rage—and the tart.

Luncheon over, after receiving directions by which to find the cottage, I attached to my camera the hood used for developing pictures in the open air, placed it over my shoulder, and set out for the hill which had been pointed out to me.

My Amelia was sitting in the window working, as I passed with the machine; the Irish idiot was with her. In reply to my look of undying affection, she said anxiously, "I'm sure that's too heavy for you, Mr Tubbs. Won't you have a boy to carry it?"

"Or a donkey?" giggled the captain.

I pulled up short, and faced round, feeling that now, if ever, the dignity of Man, and the liberty of the subject, must be asserted. To *her* I merely said, "thanks, thanks!" kissing my hand as I spoke; then, fixing my eyes on the idiot at her side, I hissed through my clenched teeth, "*we shall meet again, Captain!*"

"Sure, I hope so, Tubbs," said the unconscious blockhead, "sharpe six is the dinner hour, mind!" A cold shiver passed over me; I had made my great effort, and had *failed;* I shouldered my camera again, and strode moodily on.

Two steps, and I was myself again; *her* eyes, I knew, were upon me, and once more I trod the gravel with an elastic tread. What mattered to me, in that moment, the whole tribe of captains? should *they* disturb my equanimity?

The hill was nearly a mile from the house, and I reached it tired and breathless. Thoughts of Amelia, however, bore me up. I selected the best point of view for the cottage, so as to include a farmer and a cow in the picture, cast one fond look towards the distant villa, and, muttering, "Amelia, 'tis for thee!" removed the lid of the lens; in 1 minute and 40 seconds I replaced it: "it is over!" I cried in uncontrollable excitement, "Amelia, thou art mine!"

Eagerly, tremblingly, I covered my head with the hood, and commenced the development. Trees rather misty—well! the wind had blown them about a little; *that* wouldn't show much—the farmer? well, *he* had walked on a yard or two, and I should be sorry to state how many legs and arms he appeared with—never mind! call him a spider, a centipede, anything—the cow? I must, however, reluctantly, confess that the cow had three heads, and though such an animal may be curious, it is *not* picturesque. However, there could be no mistake about the cottage; its chimnies were all that could be desired, and, "all things considered," I thought, "Amelia will ——"

At this point my soliloquy was interrupted by a tap on the shoulder, more, peremptory than suggestive. I withdrew myself from the hood, need I say with what quiet dignity? and turned upon the stranger. He was a thick-built man, vulgar in dress, repulsive in expression, and carried a straw in his mouth: his companion outdid him in all these peculiarities. "Young man," began the first "y'are trespassing here, and ya mun take yourself off, and no bones about it." I need hardly say that I took no notice of this remark, but took up the bottle of hypo-sulphate of soda, and proceeded to fix the picture; he tried to stop me; I resisted: the negative fell, and was broken. I remember nothing further, except that I have an indistinct notion that I hit somebody.

If you can find anything in what I have just read to you to account for my present condition, you are welcome to do so; but, as I before remarked, all I can tell you is that I am shaken, and sore, and stiff, and bruised, and that how I came so I haven't the faintest idea.

WOODSTOCK ELECTION.

To the Editor of the "Oxford University Herald."

SIR,—With your well-known impartiality, you will not, I trust, object to admit a Liberal communication to your columns. The proceedings at the recent election at Woodstock were so remarkable, and reflect so deep a discredit on the Conservative cause, that a sense of honour should compel even a Conservative paper to give publicity to them, if only as a warning to others of that misguided faction.

The following account appeared in the 'Oxford Chronicle' of Saturday last, and I am sure the eloquent writer will not object to my quoting it 'in extenso':—

"Having been present as a spectator at the Woodstock election during the whole of Tuesday, I should be glad if you would allow me the use of your columns to state one or two significant facts which may be interesting to the public. At the declaration of the result of the poll, the successful candidate, Mr. Barnett, endeavoured in vain to address the crowd. Not a word was audible amidst the hootings and execrations which greeted him. The defeated candidate, Mr. Brodrick, was received with enthusiastic cheering, and listened to in perfect silence. The successful candidate had to be escorted at every appearance in public by twenty or thirty policemen, and even then seemed hardly secure from personal violence. His unsuccessful rival walked without a single person attending him through the middle of the cheering crowd. Throughout the whole time I did not hear one shout for Barnett or one groan for Brodrick. In what sense, Sir, may I ask, is Mr. Barnett to be considered to 'represent Woodstock?'"

Facts like these, Sir, speak for themselves: but, with your permission, I will offer a few remarks 'to point the moral and adorn the tale.' The real origin of the scandal, the true cause of the cowardly conduct of the Conservative majority is not far to seek. What but ducal influence could have so far degraded the spirit of true-born Britons, and banished the cabbage-stalks and dead kittens, the natural weapons of freemen? But enough on this painful theme: let us turn to the account of the actual proceedings.

We are told, Sir, that the successful candidate, Mr. Barnett, "*attempted in vain to address the crowd. Not a word was audible amidst the hootings and execrations which greeted him.*" I cannot, Sir, tell you in words how refreshing to my ears were those manly voices! Though Tory tricks, aristocratic art, and the brute force of numerical superiority, had turned the day against that noble and enlightened minority, I seemed to hear in those voices the knell of a dying monster, the crashing downfall of the rotten fabric of Conservatism!

Mark, however, the contrast when the defeated candidate, Mr. Brodrick, comes forward. He "*was received with enthusiastic cheering, and listened to in perfect silence.*" I do not, of course, suppose that the Conservative electors were hypocrites enough to join in the enthusiastic cheering; such depths of baseness have not yet, let us hope, been reached, even in degenerate Woodstock. But that he should be "*listened to in perfect silence*"! Sir, my blood boils within me at the thought. What! That a set of electors, with lungs in their bodies and breath in their lungs, should listen to a political opponent "*in perfect silence*"! It is too mean, too pitiful for belief: "execrations," possibly, their vocabulary may have been deficient in, (though even these they might have picked up, with attention, from their Liberal brethren), but surely they might have hooted!

But we have not yet nearly reached the depths of this abyss of infamy. The successful candidate, we are told, "*had to be escorted at every appearance in public by twenty or thirty policemen, and even then seemed hardly secure from personal violence.*" This is as it should be: else what are fists meant for in 'Merrie Englande'? Arguments may fail to convince the Conservative blockheads; even hootings and execrations may be unheeded by such crass intellects as theirs: but the 'one, two,' delivered from the shoulder, is a mode of reasoning that the dullest cannot ignore—it is a thick skull indeed that is insensible to a brickbat!

And now, Sir, for the contrast—Look on this picture, and on this. "*His unsuccessful rival walked without a single person attending him through the middle of the cheering crowd.*" Sir, the feats of Van Amburgh pale before this unprecedented display of heroism. His experience of the tender mercies of the gallant Liberal electors towards the Conservative candidate had doubtless prepared him for very different conduct: he felt that he was courting danger—that from that hostile crowd he could scarcely expect to emerge without a torn coat, a black eye or two, and possibly a broken head. And for the first few yards of his perilous march no doubt he moved on with beating heart, with fists clenched, and elbows squared ready for the combat. But he little knew the cowards among whom he went! Not a man dared to lay a finger on him: with bowed heads and bated breath the poltroons sneaked away wherever his manly form was seen. If the indignation of his soul could have found vent in words, might he not in some such sort as this have apostrophised those lily-livered minions?—

"Conservative cravens, where are ye? Brodrick, the son of Brodrick, dares you to the fray. Have ye voices, only to vote with—and are political fights to be waged only in the polling-booth? What is demonstration to a dig in the ribs? Is there any reasoning like rotten eggs? What, not one shout for Barnett? Not one groan for Brodrick! And you call yourselves Englishmen? O tempora, O mores!"

The writer asks, in conclusion, "*in what sense is Mr. Barnett to be considered to represent Woodstock?*" Let Oxford, Liberal Oxford, make reply. So long as Woodstock is degraded by a voiceless, heartless, Conservative majority, who can neither hoot, pelt, nor even execrate their foes, we must with shame confess that Mr. Barnett only too truly represents them. *But* if the noble band of Liberals, whose prowess I have here recorded, should ever become the majority—then indeed, to represent so fine a phase of political enthusiasm, no Barnett, no Brodrick, may we not add no English gentleman whatever, can be found fully and really competent!

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Nov. 24, 1868. "A LIBERAL OF THE LIBERALS."

THE HIPPOCAMPUS AND ITS YOUNG.

SOME VERY INTERESTING OBSERVATIONS respecting the young of the hippocampus, and their development in the pouch of the male parent have lately been given in the *American Naturalist* by the Rev. S. Lockwood. The species on which these observations were made was the *Hippocampus Hudsonius*, the common seahorse of the Atlantic coast of the United States, a species closely resembling the *Hippocampus ramulosus* of Europe, figured and described in THE FIELD of Oct. 19, 1867.

In the seahorses the male only is furnished with an abdominal pouch, in which the eggs or spawn of the female are deposited, and in which they are hatched and the young retained some time after their exit from the egg. When captured the male fish is found to be exceedingly apt to expel the young from the pouch, even when in an immature condition. By very careful management, however, Mr Lockwood succeeded in so far satisfying the requirements of a "gravid" fish as to induce him to retain the young until they were fully developed. What follows we must allow Mr Lockwood to describe in his own words:

To-day near noon I observed three young sea-horses swimming about They had just made their *début*. Very minute creatures they were; but to my great joy, nearly perfect. From that hour the *Pater-mater* kept busy setting his progeny adrift. At the bottom of the vessel was a broken shell, put there for the attachment of the animal's tail, when fatigued by swimming—as the seahorse is very easily tired—and this, monkey-like, is its favourite mode of taking rest. The shell afforded real help in the labour of extruding the young, which is in no sense a parturient process, but, on the contrary, is entirely mechanical, and in the present case was effected in the following manner: With its abdomen turned towards the shell, its tail attached to the under part of it, the body erected to its full height, the animal, by a contractile exertion of the proper muscles, would draw itself downwards, and against the shell, thus rubbing the pouch upward, and in this simple yet effective way expelled the fry at the opening on top of the sack (see Fig. 1). It was said above that the seahorse is soon wearied, with even moderate exertion; hence, probably, it was that these repeated acts were each followed by a few minutes of rest. Indeed, the extrusion of its young lasted for nearly six hours, from three to six individuals being set free at a time.

FIG. 1.

The scene that followed was one of singular and lively interest. I was nervous with delight, and wished that every naturalist could see it for himself.

Using my best judgment—for, owing to the mazy motion of this tiny throng, counting was out of the question—I set the number down as not far from a thousand. Each measured from five to six lines in length. Very minute creatures, truly, when one considers how large a portion is taken up by the tail, which organ was of but little more than thread-like dimensions. We might suppose it would require a few days for the young hippo to find out the remarkable monkey-like endowment of its tail. Not so. Only look at what my own eyes beheld many a time, when a "stampede" of these little colts was going on, although they were but one day old. There come two little hippos, each swimming in a direction at right angles to that of the other. Just at the point of passing, one, lasso-like, whips his caudal extremity round that of his fellow, who, of course, in like manner, returns the caudal compliment, which, to speak technically, acts as a "double lock." Of course both pull, and, by a natural law, the force is exerted in exactly opposite directions, and the right angle is resolved into a straight line. It is but poor head-way they make, nor does it mend the matter much that a third little fellow comes giddily on, and, switching his tail, takes a hitch at that precise point in space where the other two met. Now a triple force is exerted, and the effect is, with two straight lines to project three obtuse angles. And so the three toil on, obtusely labouring *in statu quo*. But a droller sight is that of yonder juvenile Lophobranch, who seems to be of somewhat belligerent proclivities, as he is leading by the nose a weaker member of his own species, having with his caudal extremity noosed him on the snout.

Unfortunately these little fish perished in a few days, none living beyond a fortnight.

Mr Lockwood maintains that the function of the pouch of the male hippocampus is not merely the reception of the young, but that they are also nourished whilst they are retained within it. He states that at the time of receiving the ova the walls of the pouch are thick and firm with fat, but that on the expulsion of the developed young they have become thin, flaccid, and destitute of adipose matter, which has been used for the support of the young during their existence in the pouch. In the first instance the newly hatched fish are in a very rudimentary condition, and bear but a remote resemblance to the mature animals. Figure 2 represents the young that were prematurely expelled at a period which Mr

FIG. 2.

FIG. 3.

Lockwood regarded as twelve days after the commencement of the incubation. Figure 3 shows one of these young fish magnified. It may be observed that the yolk sac is not yet absorbed, that the muzzle is short and wide, differing greatly from the prolonged jaw of the mature animal. The tail is round, instead of being quadrangular, and is so small that the dorsal fin appears to be much further back than in the adult.

À FORTIORI.

Lizzie. "I WANT SOME TOFFEE."

Mamma. "*COFFEE*—NOT *TOFFEE!* TOFFY'S MADE OF SUGAR—AND BUTTER—AND TREACLE—AND ——."

Lizzie. "THEN, I'LL HAVE SOME!"

LEO.—Not in the least offended; fear you are with me. Long to see you. Vendredi, le vingt-trois 10-6, or any morng.

LE Vicomte DU MANOIR, Avenue des Champs Elysées 120, est prié de donner de ses nouvelles par le prochain ballon, au Baron d'Hooghvorst, Rue du Trône 60, à Bruxelles.

LOUISA, Brussels.—Are all still in excellent health. Paule is in Frankfort, with husband and brother-in-law. Rozier, Amanda, Rose, America, Hotel Windsor. Eugenie, Fanny are very well. At Pau Bordeaux, and Jersey the same. Tell G. de R., rue Lafitte, that wife and children are well.

LEVY, 113, Boulevard Sébastopol, Paris.—Tes parents nous tous bonne santé. Reçois tes lettres. Parents Léon, Londres. Appris malheur de Celine. Inquiète, mais ne sait rien. Dis Aline Ernest d'écrire. Adresser leur lettre 84, Church-road, Islington. Adieu, ami.—ROSINE.

LA VERDURE.—All quite well. Children growing and improving. Nothing wanted. Comfortably settled. Climate agreeable. Cheque arrived and cashed. M. Eugene received certificate. Old pays as usual. Coupons of November not in the box. Where are they? All inhabitants of Cour exceedingly well, and have always been safe. Horses safe in Ch. with John and Alphonse.

MADAME DE SERIONNE, 4, Rue Gluck, Paris.—Avons reçu quelques lettres. Sommes très inquietes. Nous allons bien, et sommes à Dudley-house. Nous t'embrassons.—LOUISE DE SERIONNE.

MADEMOISELLE BARBIER.—Si elle lit ces lignes, on la prie de COMMUNIQUER avec FANNIE E., chez Rice's library, 16, Mount-street, Berkeley-square, Londres, qui désire avoir de ses nouvelles. Elle a vue V. B. la dernière fois à Sceaux, Voie des Sablons, Dimanche, le 6 Septembre, 1868. Famille Anglaise, Champs Elysées, dix ans auparavant.

MR. VAN DEN BERGHE, 162, Rue de Rivoli.—Nous allons bien, les enfants aussi. Six dépêches envoyées déjà. Reçu tes lettres. Ecris nous, 53, Upper Glocester-place, Dorset-square.

MONSIEUR DOLLINGEN, Passage des Princes. Paris; ou à ses amis ou connaissances pour lui communiquer cet avis:—Ta femme et tes enfants sont à Londres, avec moi, et se portent tous très-bien. Tes lettres reçues.—GUSTAVE.

MONSIEUR DELARBRE, du Ministère de la Marine, est prié de faire savoir à Monsieur VUHRER, 28, Rue Abbatucci, Paris, que sa femme et ses enfants sont à Londres, en parfaite santé.—15 Décembre, 1870.

MONSIEUR BERTEVILLE, 31, Boulevart Bonne Nouvelle, Paris.—Votre famille est en bonne santé; elle a reçu toutes vos lettres. Prière à qui lira ces lignes de communiquer l'avis.

MONSIEUR EDOUARD ALEXANDRE, 39, Rue Mestay, Paris.—Toute votre famille est encore à Calais, et se porte très-bien. Prière à ses amis ou connaissances qui liront ceci d'en faire part à Mr. Alexandre.—GUSTAVE.

MONSIEUR DEBAIN, Place Lafayette, Paris.—Votre famille se porte très bien. Reçois vos lettres; écrivez souvent. Prière aux amis ou connaissances qui liront ceci d'en faire part à Monsieur Debain.—Decembre 19.

MONSIEUR COUROT, 5, Rue de Cléry, Paris.—Madame Courot et ses enfants sont à Londres, en parfaite santé. No. 32, Markham-square, Chelsea. Ceux qui lisent ceci sont priés d'en avertir Monsieur Courot.

MONSIEUR MOYS, 103, Rue d'Aboukir, Paris.—Nous allons tous bien. Jules est à Genève. Le 16 Novembre Rosine est heureusement accouchée d'un garçon. Vont bien, ainsi que toute ta famille.—PAULINE.

MONSIEUR MOCH, 11, Rue d'Enghein, Paris.—Edmond et moi prisonniers de guerre à Carlsruhe. Nous famille en excellente santé. Reçu neuf lettres par ballon. Ecrivez-moi plus souvent.—Capitaine MOCH.

MONSIEUR ETTLINGER, 103, Rue du Temple, Paris.—Nous sommes tous sans exception en excellente santé. Rosine et Edouard continuent d'aller parfaitement. Reçu ta derniere lettre le 10 Decembre.—CAROLINE.

MONSIEUR CHARLES CUVILLIER, 16, Rue de la Paix, Paris.—Madame et les enfants sont en bonne santé. Beaucoup des lettres reçues. Ceux qui lisent ceci à Paris sont priés d'en avertir Monsieur Cuvillier.

MONSIEUR DURANT RADIGUET, 7, Rue St. Fiacre, Paris.—Veuillez donner à Ivon, domestique de ma mère, l'argent necessaire pour lui. Toute la maison et Madame de Prisye nous tous bien. Bonne. de Graffenried Villars Beaumont, Hainaut, Belgique. Priere à qui lira cette annouce de la faire parvenir. Please to communicate.

MONOD—AURELLY.—Prière de communiquer à Madame GUSTAVE MONOD, 66, Faubourg St. Honoré, et à Madame AURELLY, 1, Faubourg St. Honoré, que leurs enfants sont en parfaite santé. Je ne saurai plus me servir du moyen que j'ai employé dernièrement pour vos écrire.—STURGIS.

MARGUERITE D. fait dire à Lucien qu'elle va bien, ainsi que tous les siens. Elle est à Poitiers, avec sa belle-mère. Elles pensent aller retrouver. Madame Rey à Bordeaux. Père, mère, Roger sont à Seravezza, et ont altissimo. Léonce est à Tours, attaché aux Finances. Marguerite a envoyé à Lucien beaucoup de lettres et dépêches; désolée si pas une n'est arrivée. Bonnes nouvelles de toute la famille. Marguerite a reçu les lettres de Novembre et du 4 et 6 Decembre. Edgar va toujours de même.

PARIS.—Prière de faire savoir au Duc de MONTEBELLO, 31, Rue de la Baume, que Jeanne et famille sont à Londres, tous bien.

PARIS.—Prière de faire parvenir ces lignes à Mme. HERNSHEIM, 16, Rue Bleue:—Vos parents sont bien; leur maison est intacte. Les familles G. et B. se portent bien.—J. G.

PARIS.—Capitaine BAUDE, 8, Boulevard Malesherbes.—Prière à quiconque lira ces lignes de lui faire savoir que sa femme et sa famille vont bien, à Boulogne.

PARIS.—Monsieur BESSAND, Maison de la Belle Jardinière.—Votre femme et vos enfants sont en bonne santé, No. 3, Montague-place, à Worthing, près de Brighton. Prière à qui lira ces lignes de les communiquer.

PARIS.—Priere à qui lira ces lignes de faire savoir à Monsieur HENROTTE, 12, Rue de Clichy, que tous ses enfants et petits enfants sont en parfaite santé à Liege depuis deux mois.—D. O.

PARIS.—BERTIN, 1, Rue Laffitte, ou PINGUET, 8, Rue des Pyramides.—Marcel, santé parfaite. Sommes Brighton, Ventnor-villas. Henri, Lise, bonne santé, pas tourmentés. Tous parfaitement. Prière de donner cette nouvelle.—F. S.

PARIS.—Prévenir A. DURAND, 20, Rue de l'Entrepôt.—Jeanne six dents, en parfaite santé, ainsi que Moreau à Ostende, Berthe, Esther, Victorine, Mmes. Bardon, Baillière, Lucie, Legouay, Héricé, et les enfants. Envoyé 26 dépêches.

PARIS.—Prévenir de nouveau Monsieur CREPON, 24, Place Vendôme. Famille, santés excellentes. Adresse, près Londres 29, St. Aubyn's-road, Upper Norwood, Surrey. (L'adresse donné inexacte le 14 et le 15).

PARIS.—Au Baron F. de K., chef d'escadron et officier d'ordonnance de General Ducrot, ou à ses amis. On est prié d'envoyer des nouvelles de cet officier à G. S., 91, Sloane-street, London, au plutôt.

PARIS.—FANTA, 4, Rue Halévy.—Tous bien portant à Londres. Avons reçu votre lettre du 22 Novembre. Brisker se portent bien. Charles a une bonne place. Salomon chez Solomon.—WIENER, 41, Southampton-row, W.C.

PARIS.—Prière à quiconque lira ces lignes de faire savoir à M. F. W. RUMMENS, 17, Rue du Boulol, Paris, que toute sa famille se porte bien. Pas de nouvelles depuis 28 Octobre. Lizzie est chez le père. Le père a été très malade, mais il se porte mieux maintenant. On attend de vos nouvelles impatiemment.—C. R.

PARIS.—Prière à quiconque lira ces lignes de les faire parvenir à Monsieur H. DE LA ROCQUE, 176, Boulevard Haussmann, Paris:—Toute votre famille se porte bien. Nous sommes tous à Liverpool depuis longtemps. Nos affaires marchent parfaitement bien. Recevons vos lettres, et avons expedié plusieurs dépêches.—16 Decembre.—A. DA COSTA.

PARIS.—HECHT, FRERES, 34, Rue du Château d'Eau.—Demandez au magasin Willcox et Gibbs, 82, Boulevard Sebastopol, s'ils ont les fonds nécessaires pour les dépenses courantes, et versez pour Compte Cornely ce qu'on vous demande pour le cas, ou Monsieur May, 46, Rue des Petites Ecuries. N'aurait pas reçu notre communication à cet effet.

PARIS.—Monsieur LOREAU, 77, Rue St. Lazare.—Reçu dernière lettre du 8 le 14. Blanche un fils le huit Octobre. Relevée en quinze jours. Réné, a une nourrice. Voyez journeaux du 10 et du 15 au 20. Dépêche partie de Marseille, 26 Novembre. Carte partie de Toulouse 2 Decembre. Tous en bonne santé.—20 Decembre.—J. L.

POUR OUWENHUYSEN, Paris.—Versements effectués premières soignées. Correspondants bien portants.

POUR PARIS.—HECHT, FRERES, 34, Rue Château d'Eau.—Priere faire savoir WILLIAM SCHLOSS, No. 38, Rue de l'Entrepôt, nous sommes sans nouvelles depuis 20 Octobre. Ecrire par ballon; mettre lettres Grande Poste. Donner congé par huissier, maison Neuilly. Emma, Hugo, chez parents.—MAX.

P SCIAMA, 61, Faubourg Poissonnière, Paris.—André, Marthe, Jeanne, Pauline, Berthe, et fille, parfaite santé. Famille Eschwege à Bruxelles, et se portent bien.—ARON.

PRIERE de faire savoir à M. BIANCHI, agent de change, 102, Rue Richelieu, Paris, que sa famille est en bonne santé à Alençon.

PRIERE COMMUNIQUER au Docteur FOVILLE, Maison des Alienes, Charenton.—Cher Docteur, trois mois sans nouvelles de vous et de notre chère malade. Prière instante si vous pouvez m'écrire à Londres, ou me faire écrire par Mr. Cuvillier, Rue de la Paix 16. Warmest thanks for your devotion.

PRIERE COMMUNIQUER CUVILLIER, 16, Rue de la Paix, Paris.—Vû votre famille bien portante à Londres. Vous ai télégraphié deux fois par pigeon pour vous prier vous entendre avec Docteur A. Foville à Maison de Charenton, pour faire provision pour Madame Adelaide. Je rembourserai les fonds à Watkins. Sans nouvelles; envoyez m'en chez Watkins. Amitié pour vous et Tripier.—Votre ami, ADOLPHE.

THELIER et HENROTTE, de Paris, sont crédités chez Kraeutler et Miéville de soixante mille francs pour compte F. and A. Les amis de ces Messieurs qui verront cette annonce sont priés de la leur communiquer. Reçu lettre du 24 Novembre.

HALFMOON.—We have heard, and we write Halfmoon two in order that he assists.

H ..... to G ..... K.—Heartfelt thanks. Don't quite understand (full initials). Shall I soon see you? Please WRITE again as last.

E. S. D., Paris, 29, Boulevard de Capucines.—Annie with uncle A. All well. Receive your letters. Think much of you. If any inside Paris should see this kindly communicate to the above address.

WILL Mr. CHARLES DELABRE be kind enough to make known to Mr. Fred. Jourdain, 7, Rue de Penthièvre, Paris, that the Granville Colony is still going on well? The Denières and Mr. Callon are at Louviers, Arthur at Rouen, Maurice at St. Petersburg. The Mullers are very well. Louis succeeds at college.

THE REPRESENTATIVE in ENGLAND of FORTIN, HERMANN, et Cie., Entrepreneurs des Travaux de la Distribution des Eaux de la Ville de Paris, is requested to FORWARD his ADDRESS to Messrs. A. Orihuela and Gonzalez, 101, Jermyn-street, St. James's, in order that an important communication may be made to him.

A REMARKABLE TELEGRAM. — Students of psychology have always attached extreme importance to any manifestation of the working of the human mind under circumstances of great excitement. As a valuable contribution to this branch of science we would call attention to a remarkable telegram forwarded by the Boston correspondent of the *Daily News* on the day of the great fire—a telegram which was published in London on Monday morning. The city was in flames; the light of the fire could, as we have since learned, be seen a hundred miles away; and the natural instinct of a correspondent's mind, uninfluenced by exceptional agitation, would have been to send some information as to the *locale* of the fire, the period of its outbreak, the state of the conflagration at the time he sent off his message, and the names of the streets, houses, and business premises destroyed by the flames. Under ordinary circumstances we have no doubt our contemporary's representative would have telegraphed this kind of information. But the fire was obviously fatal to the normal working of the reporter's intelligence. Labouring under what we may call conflagration on the brain, the correspondent of the *Daily News* sent a long telegram—without date—to London, in which he gives a guide-book description of the city quarter of Boston, some valuable reflections on the influence of politics on local affairs, and a pleasing historical notice of the Old South Church. But with the exception of a statement that this church has been burnt—a statement which has not been corroborated by later advices—the correspondent in question vouchsafed no original information whatever. In fact—and this is the curious phenomenon to which we allude—a newspaper correspondent telegraphing from Boston, under the agitation of intense excitement, transmits exactly the same sort of vague commonplaces that he would naturally have concocted if he had been employed in an office at London, and had had to write something about the fire. Just as men in momentary terror of death recall a long-forgotten tongue, so this purveyor of news, under the influence of intense cerebral action, telegraphed from Boston the same copy he would naturally have produced in Bouverie-street, London, thus furnishing an odd illustration of the old adage that truth is stranger than fiction.—*Observer*.

MARRIAGE REJOICINGS AT SLEIGHTS.

The village of Sleights was on Wednesday last the scene of great rejoicings, on the occasion of the marriage of Miss Alice Jane Donkin, daughter of Edward Donkin, Esq., of Sleights Old Hall, to Wilfred Longley Dodgson, Esq., agent to Lord Boyne, Burwarton, Shropshire, and son of the late Venerable Archdeacon Dodgson, Canon of Ripon.

The weather was brilliantly fine, and early in the morning many villagers were astir hoisting flags and preparing other indications of rejoicing.

The wedding took place at the church, at 11 o'clock, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. T. Walker, the vicar, assisted by the Rev. C. L. Dodgson, of Christ's Church, Oxford, brother of the bridegroom.

The party left the hall in the following order: first, the gentlemen, including the bridegroom, proceeded through the field to the church; next, the five bridesmaids who proceeded by the road; the bride and her father following in a carriage.

On the party entering the church, the organ and choir gave a selection, the bridesmaids and gentlemen formed a line on each side of the aisle, through which the bride and her father having passed, they again joined and walked to the altar. On the conclusion of the ceremony, the organ and choir again gave their services.

The bride wore a dress of white silk trimmed with white satin rouleaux, a wreath of orange blossom, and a white lace veil. The bridesmaids, Miss Margaret Dodgson, Miss Mary Eleanor Donkin, Miss Alice Emily Donkin, Miss Henrietta Dodgson, and Miss Wilcox, were uniformly dressed in white book muslin looped with blue ribbon, and white tulle bonnets trimmed with forget-me-nots. Mr. Edwin Dodgson, brother of the bridegroom acted as best man.

The decorations in the village were more extensive than any in the recollection of the oldest inhabitants, many of them displaying good taste and judgement on the part of those who had undertaken the task, the principal of whom was Chas. Bartholomew, Esq. Flags were suspended across the high-road from the trees which form an avenue and give the village of Sleights a more pleasant and picturesque appearance than any village round about. The British Ensign and the Union Jack were the most prominent, streamers of many colours being tastefully interspersed.

Over the gateway at the entrance of the Old Hall, the residence of E. Donkin, Esq., father of the bride, was a tastefully and cleverly executed design, bearing the words "Love," "Joy," with "W. L." and "A. J.," the initial letters of the bridal pair between. In the centre a hand grasped the letter "D." repeated. At each side of the gateway was a pretty streamer. Underneath the above motto and between the streamers was the word "Happiness," the whole being very nicely cut out and interwoven had a pretty appearance.

Approaching the Church gates was a beautiful triumphal arch, composed of evergeens and flowers, surmounted with a large monogram "D" on a red ground. The arch bore on the front the words, "Health, Wealth, Long Life," and on the reverse, "Joy, Love, and Happiness." This was a chaste construction and had cost Mr. Bartholemew and his helpers some labour and thought. Over the gateway was a flag bearing another monogram, and round the top of each pillar was entwined respectively a profusion of white and red roses.

The church was most elaborately and exquisitely decorated with beautiful mosses, heather, and flowers of various kinds, and the golden heads of corn and barley intermixed, gave it an appearance such as is seldom witnessed in a village church. The labours of Miss Crigan, the Misses Bartholomew, and Miss Jennings, were here shown to great advantage. Across the aisle at the chancel end was an arch of evergreens and choice garden flowers; the caps of the pillars supporting the gallery were covered, and the pillars entwined with flowers of different kinds. The gallery was festooned with evergreens, bouquets of flowers, and everlasting; and on the front was the motto, "Love is of God." The windows were like as many beds of choice flowers among rich heather and moss, giving out the most delicious perfume. The altar was a perfect arbour of rare flowers, the rails being interwoven with ivy, and the window most chastely and elaborately hung.

In the afternoon a variety of races and sports for ribbons, &c., came off on the lawn in front of the hall, and tea was provided in the Schoolroom, which was tastefully decorated, when about 40 partook of an excellent tea, after which a selection of glees, part songs, &c., were given by the choir and by the instrumentalists, Messrs. W. F., A. E., and E. H. Donkin.

The bridal pair left by the noon train for Chester, and the day was generally observed as one of great festivity in the village.

Mr. George Smith, of the British Museum, gives the following account of the record of the Deluge which he has lately deciphered from the Assyrian monuments:—"The cuneiform inscription which I have recently found and translated gives a long and full account of the Deluge. It contains the version or tradition of this event which existed in the early Chaldean period at the city of Erech (one of the cities of Nimrod), now represented by the ruins of Warka. In this newly-discovered inscription the account of the Deluge is put as a narrative into the mouth of Xisuthrus or Noah. He relates the wickedness of the world, the command to build the ark, its building, the filling of it, the Deluge, the resting of the ark on a mountain, the sending out of the birds, and other matters. The narrative has a closer resemblance to the account transmitted by the Greeks from Berosus, the Chaldean historian, than to the Biblical history, but it does not differ materially from either; the principal differences are as to the duration of the Deluge, the name of the mountain on which the ark rested, the sending out of the birds, &c. The cuneiform account is much longer and fuller than that of Berosus, and has several details omitted both by the Bible and the Chaldean historian. This inscription opens up many questions of which we knew nothing previously, and it is connected with a number of other details of Chaldean history, which will be both interesting and important. This is the first time any inscription has been found with an account of an event mentioned in Genesis."

"HOW WE GOT OUR SPEEDLE."

We were dawdling over the relics of breakfast, and making plans for the amusements of the day, when my Uncle, who had gone into his study to open the post-bag, came into the room with an open letter in his hand, and said, with evident glee, "Guess, girls, what this tells me?"

My Cousins began all kinds of possible and impossible guesses; but their father stood silent and amused. At last, turning to me, he said,—

"Well, you little mouse, what do *you* guess?"

"I guess," said I, "that you have heard of a Speedle?"

"Right," said he; "Thompson of Pontefract knows of one; but there is one drawback. It is blue, and there are no straps."

"It won't matter much, Papa," said Emily; "particularly at this time of year."

"True," said my Uncle, "I shall certainly send for it."

"But how about Aunt Do-do?" said Fred.

"Ah! I forgot," said my Uncle, looking very grave. "Yes, yes; her infirmity prevents anything of the kind from being very acceptable; but still, if we got some wide red tape, and bound it in squares, I don't fancy she would mind so much. At any rate, we will have it, and see what can be done."

This news caused great excitement among us, which may, perhaps, to those accustomed to Speedles appear odd; but it must be remembered that the fact of so many of my Aunts being in Nova Zembla, of course, had prevented us from having a Speedle before. However, a month or so before the time of which I am writing, the Board of Directors of Toronto had issued amended rules; and we were now no longer obliged to be so particular.

"It would be awkward, and a little unseemly," said our elderly Cousin, Sampson Lightfoot, "if it should come on a Tuesday."

We all agreed that this must be prevented; and I ran into my Uncle's study to remind him.

"Yes," said he; "nor would it be advisable that it should arrive at the house between three and five; but I will give full directions, and I dare say there will be no danger."

My Uncle wrote very fully by the night's post, and enclosed sufficient stamps to pay for the Speedle, directing that it was to be carefully packed in damp bran.

During the afternoon our good old Rector called. He looked rather grave and uneasy, and after a few remarks about the weather, he said,—

"I hear that you expect a Speedle."

"Yes," we said.

"Well, my dears," said he, "I am getting old, and perhaps a little old-fashioned, but after the Dean's sermon last Sunday week, I can only view such matters in a serious light. I am the more vexed," he continued, "because of course the whole parish looks up so much to your father."

"But, Mr. Doxford," said I, "it has only five holes."

"My dear," he exclaimed, "you have taken a great weight off my mind. If I had known that, I should, of course, have made no objection. It is soft, I presume?"

"Partly so," said I.

"That's well, that's well!" said he, as he wished us all good day.

The next morning brought a telegram:

"Boston. *Pontefract to Jones.*—Clackton will send Speedle. Do you want knobs and sliding-gear?"

Of course we must have the proper number of knobs, but the sliding-gear, unless attached by ebony joints, and dove-tailed into the back, would only increase the pressure, and induce leakage. So my Uncle replied:

"Jones. Clackton. *Boston—Pontefract.* Send knobs, but not sliding-gear, unless perforated obliquely."

We waited in great expectation until the second day after, when a Railway-porter came up to say that there was a Speedle waiting at the station for us, and the Station-master begged that it might be fetched away directly, as the Company's orders regarding Speedles were very strict. We immediately directed Johnson, the gardener, to take the largest cart, and fetch the Speedle with great care.

Most unfortunately, our elderly Cousin, Sampson Lightfoot, had dropped a hint to Aunt Do-do, and it was as much as we could do to prevent her leaving the house. We most earnestly assured her that it was a very small soft Speedle.

"Was it moist?" she asked.

"Of course it must be a little moist," we said.

"Then I will not have it in the house," said she.

So we had to get the coach-house ready for it.

At last, after waiting a long time, it arrived just before dinner, and we all went into the coach-house to see it unpacked.

It was an ordinary, medium Speedle, with fewer red spots than usual, but with larger screws and more yellow pulp than are generally found in blue Speedles. But it seemed in very fair order; and those who know the value of true Speedles, working eight to the half-inch, and split up the centre, will appreciate our delight and enthusiasm.

Not long afterwards, our elderly Cousin, Sampson Lightfoot, was recalled to Timbuctoo, and Aunt Do-do, having died at the advanced age of ninety-four, we had the Speedle brought into the spare room, where it now remains.

We often pay it a visit, especially on Thursday evenings: and few can listen to it, or touch its elongated, octagonal gauge without feeling glad that we were able, at last, to procure a Speedle.

CROMWELL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE STANDARD.

Sir,—As author of the play entitled *Charles I.*, at present being performed at the Lyceum, I beg to support my view of Cromwell's character—from a literary and historical standpoint alone—by a few statements and quotations, which last I shall select from Liberal authorities. "Good wine needs no bush," and the character of Oliver Cromwell may bear a little good-humoured discussion without alarming his most jealous admirers. I may be allowed to premise by saying that in the obnoxious interview between the King and Cromwell I have only endeavoured to portray the humble yet influential burgess of Cambridge, not the Protector, whose sagacity was in effect almost equivalent to principle, and whose despotism grew to a sort of grandeur. The play is of Charles, and not of Cromwell. The degrading terms which Cromwell is supposed to advance to the King—namely, an offer of his support in consideration of an earldom (almost his hereditary right)—awakens a chorus of indignation against me, and I am accredited with a slanderous invention. I really supposed the matter to be familiar to all readers of history. Numerous contemporary pamphlets attest the statement, which I have only antedated, and certainly warrant the dramatist, if not the historian, in accepting it as fact. All histories, favourable or unfavourable to Cromwell, admit that at Hampton Court he had frequent conferences with Charles, and it was generally believed that the gist of his proposals amounted to this, that he should govern and the King might live. Furthermore, considering the unblushing rapacity which he displayed at this very period, in accepting from the Government the confiscated estates of a loyal nobleman—the Marquis of Worcester—it seems to me that in exclaiming against the petty charge above we swallow the camel and strain at a gnat. In the character which figures in my play I have endeavoured, with one exception, to bring forward the popular qualities of a demagogue—a fearless front, bluff independence, pithy expression, and a certain command of the situation. His affection for his daughter displays itself, and, instead of the hideous levity of the great regicide, a measure of remorse for his contemplated crime. In the Cromwell of history I find everywhere, behind those vast public qualities which we all admit, duplicity, greed, cruelty, and tyranny. In support of this view, which I confess, with many old truths, is somewhat out of fashion to-day, I shall begin by quoting from an ultra-Republican author, Godwin, a staunch admirer of Cromwell. Where shall we seek for a stronger instance of meanness and duplicity in all history?—a duplicity which was to that of Charles as night to twilight. "Cromwell considered this as the occasion (when suspected of being at the bottom of the army's discontent) to bring forward his masterpiece of dissimulation. He stood up in his place in Parliament and protested that to his knowledge the army was greatly misunderstood and calumniated. They willingly put themselves into the hands of the national representatives, and would conform to anything Parliament would please to ordain. If the House of Commons commanded them to disband they would obey without a murmur, and pile up their arms at the door of that assembly. For himself, he entreated them to accept his assurance of his entire submission and obedience," &c. This from the man who presently outrages all privilege, all fealty, all this saintly outcry, by turning Parliament out of doors and packing the benches with his regicides! Parliament voted, by a majority of one hundred and twenty-nine to eighty-three, to come to terms with the King. The next day every man of the majority was imprisoned or flown; of the remaining minority only fifty-three voted for the death of Charles. Was this, then, the verdict of the nation, or murder upon the responsibility of one man? For the rapacity of Cromwell I need only refer to the numerous confiscated estates he appropriated, so that he was enabled to settle upon one of his daughters, at an early period in his career, nearly ten thousand a year of our money. For his cruelty, I am embarrassed by the multitude of examples. and have only room for an ordinary passage. "We refused them quarter," writes Cromwell, referring to the siege of Drogheda. "I believe we put them all to the sword, the whole number of defendants. I do not think a hundred escaped with their lives. Those that did are in safe custody for the Barbadoes—*i.e.*, slavery. The war was a struggle for religious liberty."

Again, "The Governor, Sir Arthur Ashton, and divers considerable officers, being there, our men getting up to them were ordered by me to put them all to the sword, and, indeed, being in the heat of action, I forbade them to spare any under arms in the town." Why do we Englishmen revile Tilly and Wallenstein, Alva and Palmer, if this man be the idol of Englishmen? "It hath been a marvellous great mercy," he continues; "I wish that all honest hearts may give the glory of this to God alone, to whom, indeed, the praise of this mercy belongs." This is the man who stabled his horses in St. Paul's, and turned our most venerable cathedrals into barracks. For the last five years of his life he governed England without a Parliament, and by martial law. "To govern according to law," writes Hallam, a Liberal, "may sometimes be the usurper's wish, but can seldom be in his power. The Protector abandoned all thought of it. Dividing the kingdom into districts, he placed at the head of each a major general as a sort of military magistrate responsible for the subjection of his prefecture. These were eleven in number—men bitterly hostile to the Royalist party and insolent towards all civil authority. All illusion was now gone as to the pretended benefit of the civil war. This unparalleled tyranny had ended in a despotism, compared to which all the illegal practices of former reigns, all that had cost Charles his life and crown, appeared but as dust in the balance." These quotations are familiar; but we forget their import in our worship of this ("new-born" historical) "god," gard

"And give to dust that is a little gilt
More praise than gilt o'er-dusted."

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

W. G. WILLS.

ARCHITECTURAL RESTORATIONS IN OXFORD.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL.

The spirit of restoration, and especially of church restoration, has been rife in Oxford for some time past, but never has it been carried on with greater vigour than within the last year.

The first work of restoration, which is by far the largest and most important in progress at the present time, is that of Christ Church Cathedral, which I shall attempt to describe briefly, and endeavour to give to those who are unable to visit Oxford and see for themselves, a slight sketch of what has been accomplished up to the present time. This work was commenced about eighteen months ago, and so great an alteration has been made, especially in the internal appearance of the cathedral, that I think many old Christ Church men and others who remember it in all its former ugliness would find it hard to recognise in the now beautiful and handsome cathedral the once poor and insignificant building called by courtesy the cathedral, but being in reality little more than a college chapel; but, in order to avoid being misunderstood, I must explain that I refer to the poorness and insignificance not of the whole building, but of the former internal arrangements of the church, which were so cleverly managed that it was almost impossible to detect what the plan of the Cathedral formerly was intended to be. But all this is now altered, and under the able direction of Sir Gilbert Scott we have now a building more worthy to be called a cathedral.

Before referring to what has been done more recently I will briefly attempt to sketch the whole restoration and alteration in the interior and exterior of the fabric commenced last year. Formerly the whole of the interior of the walls was covered with plaster, which has now been scraped off and the stone in many places re-dressed; the roof of the nave, which is a substantial one of wood, remains intact, but that of the choir has been entirely restored, and is now a very handsome one of stone, elaborately carved; and, whilst mentioning the roofs, I should add that the lantern has been opened to view, in consequence of the removal of the bells, and of the chamber in which they were hung, which adds very greatly to the architectural beauty of the building.

The next portion of the restoration which I wish to notice is that of the windows, and especially that of the east window, which has been restored to its original plan of two separate upright windows, with a rose window above. The rest of the windows, which were probably of a Norman character originally, have been restored in their later style of the 14th and 15th centuries, with the exception of two windows in the south aisle of the choir, which have been restored in their primitive or Norman style.

The organ, which formerly stood in the south transept, has now been moved to the extreme west end, the choir being placed under the lantern; and in consequence of the removal of the organ, a curious old chapel, which had been used as the verger's house, was brought to light, and has since its restoration added considerably to the general effect of the building. The old screen, which is of 17th century work, and accords with the style of the organ, is placed immediately under it, but considerably farther back than it originally stood, thus giving more room in the nave than formerly; and behind the organ a fresh bay will be added to the building, thus giving it greater length, from which the organ-loft will be approached. The north-east side of the building has been greatly improved by the removal of the screens between the pillars which formerly cut off St. Frideswade's Chapel, and of several of the monuments which greatly disfigured the walls and pillars, although one still remains—namely, a large sculptured figure in a sitting position of Dean Cyril Jackson, which, being placed in an unfortunate position, with its back to the east, does not by any means enhance the architectural features of this side of the building; but doubtless the good dean will be so placed that his form in marble may look upon the good work of the restoration now accomplished, and not be permitted to turn his back upon what he must, if living, have rejoiced to see.

One of the most important interior works which have been carried out during the long vacation has been the entire reseating of the nave and choir, which has been done in a very handsome style, and although the canopies of the dean's and canons' stalls are not yet finished, the general effect is very good. The position of the stalls is entirely altered, for since the removal of the organ to the west end the stalls have been carried up from that place and placed in the choir, the only fault being the extreme light colour of the wood, which, combined with the glare of white walls and the absence of painted glass in the east and other windows, gives an unpleasant look of brightness to the eye, which will doubtless be toned down to a great extent when the painted windows to be put up in memory of two late undergraduates of the house—F. Vyner and Manuel Dasent, whose sad deaths must still be fresh in the memory of many—and those promised by Mrs. Corfe are fixed in their places.

With regard to the exterior of the building I must confine my remarks to a few lines, though I fear that my account is already too rambling. The tower and the spire have been thoroughly restored, and not before they wanted it, but the chief external restoration is that of the cloisters, the roof of which, formerly of hideous plaster, has now been built of handsome stone, and of the entrance door to the cathedral, which in consequence of the lowering of the quadrangle between the cathedral and the old library buildings, is now approached by a flight of steps, which terminate in a porch, if one may call it so, though in reality part of the cloisters. The cloisters have been carried on a considerable distance west of the doorway, but as this end of the building is not yet complete, the eventual appearance of it is not at present quite evident.

The fine peal of bells, which have been for some time removed from the tower of the cathedral, in consequence of the unsafe state of that tower, have been hung in what some people call a wooden campanile, but others, with a greater respect for accuracy of description, a meat-safe or bathing machine, which we are told is only put up until a stone tower is built over it; but that stone tower is to cost some 10,000*l.*, and where is that to come from? But, alas! the subject is too painful, and the utter ugliness of the offending box baffles all description; and to those who walk through Tom Quad I would say, "Shut your eyes," or having previously read a very amusing pamphlet upon this wretched box by D. C. L. (which initials read backwards will recall the well-known name of a witty don of the house), criticise this horrible object as he does.

"ON THE TIPTOE OF EXPECTATION," BY MRS. ANDERSON, IN THE WINTER EXHIBITION, 120, PALL-MALL. SEE PAGE 454.

LATEST FROM LONDON.

(From our Private Correspondence.)

LONDON, Tuesday Night.

I UNDERSTAND that the gentleman who calls himself "Lewis Carroll," and as such is so widely known as the author of the fairy stories, "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," and "Through the Looking-glass," is the Rev. Mr Dodgson, of Christchurch, Oxford.

The stories were first told, I understand, to Miss Alice Liddle, the daughter of the Dean of Christchurch. Mr Dodgson took his degree in 1853 as a first class in mathematics, and he is now mathematical lecturer at Christchurch. He is about forty years of age. The article which appeared some time ago in "Macmillan's Magazine," and which professed to trace the famous poem of the "Jabberwock" (which appeared in "Through the Looking-glass") to a German origin, was of course a "squib," and proceeded, I am given to understand, from the pen of the master of a certain College in Oxford.

LIVING MEN OF LETTERS.

MR. TENNYSON.

Nature rejoices in contrasts, and criticism imitates her example; and a better foil to the Man of Letters whose genius and disposition were last the subject of our consideration could scarcely be found than in the living poet whose name heads this paper. Mr. Disraeli has been only in part a man of letters. Mr. Tennyson has been nothing else; and his case, if in consequence of less personal and dramatic interest, is withal more rare, and therefore at least equally worthy of our contemplation. It would scarcely be possible adequately and rightly to describe Mr. Tennyson's disposition and practice than by saying that he has positively shrunk from active life and from the public ken. "The many-headed beast must know," he observes scornfully in "In Memoriam," but the many-headed beast knows very little about *him*, and he has taken good care that very little shall be known. The world generally knows him by his poems and his portrait, and that is about all. His lofty lament for the male friend of his youth, though much bought and somewhat read, must necessarily be *caviare* even to his own multitude, and is not associated with that kind of romantic sentiment which is best understood by the crowd. We are not aware that many—if indeed any—have cared to inquire, "Who was Amy?" though truly there are in poetical literature fewer pieces of seemingly personal confession more exquisite or better calculated to excite vulgar curiosity than "Locksley Hall." But Mr. Tennyson has dwelt sedulously remote from the general eye, and, "out of sight out of mind," is always true in respect of the gaping many. Mr. Tennyson has been singularly fortunate in succeeding in this desire to escape observation, and his success has lent to his career, in our opinion, a dignity and an honourable privacy which, in an age of people plotting for notoriety and "making a racket," have much distinguished him. Mr. Tennyson has never "fetched and carried sing-song up and down," or made clubs, coteries, or drawing-rooms subservient to a low itch for popularity. There exists in this metropolis a number of singing gentlemen who pass their lives in praising each other in order to push themselves; and one ambitious bard who, whilst he lived abroad, could obtain little or no recognition in England, has, by coming to London and industriously working the social and critical wires which jerk a man during life into prominence, reached, we must suppose, the summit of his desires. To all such unworthy work Mr. Tennyson has been a stranger. He says very beautifully and very justly that Wordsworth uttered nothing base. He himself has done nothing base. Whether or no the fame he at present enjoys be greater than time will ultimately allot him, such as it is he has honestly won it. He waited for it with noble patience; and if, when it came, it came in an exaggerated form—as is so often the case in this country—he has had nothing to do with the exaggeration. Though necessarily it cannot be said of him, as Laureate, that he has always been "singing songr unbidden," he has certainly remained "like a poet hidden." The world, however, does not like what it regards as its very proper privilege to be denied it, preferring, where a famous man is concerned, as Dickens has amusingly described of himself, to "come upstairs, and see, and bring its brothers;" and gossip, accordingly, has circulated some ill-natured stories at the expense of what is called Mr. Tennyson's excessive reserve. They will find no currency here. The only anecdote which we may repeat, since it is not ill-natured, is the following. A well-known Prince of the House of Brunswick, naturally familiar with Mr. Tennyson's shrinking habits, yet anxious to pay his respects to the poet, in the neighbourhood of whose home in the Isle of Wight he found himself, made a call unaccompanied and strictly incognito. A page came to the door. "Whom shall I say?" "The Prince of Wales," was the reply. Whereupon the page, performing a gesture somewhat similar to one lately described by Mr. Tennyson as performed by Lynette, in other words, putting his dexter thumb to a nose "tip-tilted like the petal of a flower," playfully observed, "Ha, yes; Prince of Wales! We know a trick worth two of that," and slammed the poet's door in his Royal Highness's face. We believe he is the only living Englishman of notoriety whose talent for privacy no American has ever baffled.

We may possibly have seemed to dwell somewhat over long upon this one particular trait of the poet's character; but if we have done so, it is because we believe that it is closely allied with his genius, and affords a key to one of the leading idiosyncracies in his writings. It is perfectly intelligible that a true poet should entertain—we must be pardoned for saying it—something very like loathing for the profane crowd, when even such a Court worldling as Horace experienced it in his better moments. But Mr. Tennyson's feeling on the subject is something deeper than and different from the natural poetic aversion to constant society and to assemblages of people. It includes an actual shrinking from active life and public affairs of all sorts; and if we consider a moment, we shall see that in poets of the higher sort this is rarely if ever found. Not to cite instances from antiquity, though they would all fortify our argument, even the silent and hell-communing Dante went on many embassies, and mixed himself with the affairs of Florence with sufficient earnestness to get himself banished. Petrarch was even more busy, and Tasso's hard fate could never have overtaken one who dwelt apart. To speak of English poets, both Spencer and Chaucer occupied public posts; Shakespeare kept a theatre; Milton was one of the political pillars of an ephemeral Republic; Shelley tried to revolutionise Ireland; and Byron did revolutionise Greece. In France poor Lamartine performed a feat worthy of Apollo himself when he propitiated an infuriated Parisian mob; whilst M. Victor Hugo has been a member of parliament more than once, and would fain be a member of parliament again. All these men loved solitude and hated society with the true poet's instinct; but they did not shrink from action and become mere nightingales, ululating amid secluded woodlands. That is precisely what Mr. Tennyson has done in obedience to an exceptional disposition, and the consequence is to be seen in every page of his writings. He is a student both by bent and by habit, and has at once the excellence, but still more the defects, of his leading quality.

Without at once saying what that grave defect is, we would ask to be allowed to start from a point which will lead us up to a frank and complete statement. "Lord Byron," said Goethe, "has made poetry henceforward cosmopolitan"—meaning thereby, if indeed it be necessary to explain his meaning, that what had before been local or at most national, must henceforward, in consequence of the larger horizon Byron had opened out, be universal, and draw its inspiration from the whole world. Byron died in 1824. Mr. Tennyson's first volumes bear the dates of 1830 and 1832; and, from that time to this, a space of 40 years, he has not published a single line of cosmopolitan poetry. Steadily and unwaveringly his muse has been "compassed by the inviolate sea;" and, though we believe he has seen "the palms and temples of the South," and can answer for it that he has visited Switzerland, it still remains true of him, in his own language, that "within this region he subsists," and that his "spirits falter in the mist." He is uncompromisingly insular—thus flatly contradicting Goethe's dictum. Yet the answer is ready at hand. When Byron reached the age of manhood, England was cosmopolitan; and Byron, having naturally a cosmopolitan mind, became the highest poetic expression of his country. Englishmen were then busy annexing Asia, liberating Europe, and defying America; and "Childe Harold," "Cain," "Don Juan," and "Heaven and Earth," were the consequence. What are we doing now, and what have we been doing since 1830 and 1832? Leaving Europe to its fate, deprecating the anger of America, and wondering if we can permanently hold India; passing Reform Bills, Municipal Council Bills, counting our money, and spending just as much of it in powder as we hope will enable us to prevent people from taking from us the rest; in a word, ceasing to be not only cosmopolitan but even Imperial, and dwindling not so much to the national as to the parochial condition.

It may seem harsh if we say that Mr. Tennyson's is parochial poetry; but in the sense in which the epithet is here used, the assertion may stand as correct. We will not, however, reiterate the phrase, for it sounds uncomplimentary, and almost offensive, and we have no wish to be either when speaking of Mr. Tennyson. We will, therefore, employ the word "local," which sufficiently expresses our meaning. And just as Byron, thanks to disposition, aided by events, wrote what Goethe calls cosmopolitan poetry, when his country was imbued with the spirit of cosmopolitan politics, so Mr. Tennyson, thanks to a different disposition, aided by different events, has written local poetry at a time when England has cherished solely and exclusively a local spirit. Time and circumstances have chimed in admirably with the Laureate's own character, and have at once narrowed his sympathies, and—at home at least—widened his popularity. Wordsworth beautifully speaks of the lark as the "type of the wise who soar but never roam, true to the kindred points of Heaven and home." Mr. Tennyson never roams at least, and is wonderfully faithful to the second of those two points. It must not be inferred from what we have said that we consider it absolutely impossible for a poet to write in a cosmopolitan spirit when his country is eaten up with the parochial disease; but it must necessarily be mightily difficult. Mr. Tennyson, however, has never tried to overcome the difficulty, and is probably unaware that either the difficulty or the cosmopolitan poetic spirit exists. He is an unmitigated Englishman, apparently not aware that there is any country in the world but England, or that there exist any concerns of moment save English interests. He has been fortunate in the fact that England, during his lifetime, has been of the same opinion, and has not asked him for strains which would have probably been too foreign to the genius of his muse for his reply to be satisfactory. What few attempts he has been forced to make in that direction suggest how thoroughly he would have failed. The "Ode on the Duke of Wellington" is lamentable, and the lines on the Balaclava Charge are a fine example of the bathos to which a poet of wonderful genius may descend when he tries to fly where his wings will not carry him. The "Form, Form, Riflemen Form," of 1859 was as lamentable in substance as in spirit, being a melancholy exhibition of poetical Philistinism. As for "Maud"—written out of compliment to the Crimean war—the love-lyrics are for the most part exquisite, but the thunder is anything but celestial. Mr. Tennyson sits most skilfully on the corn-stacked wain of Ceres; but on the tumbril of Mars he bumps about deplorably, and is evidently unfit for that somewhat rough riding.

This, then, is the defect of which we spoke. It is the Silver Streak and Happy England theory carried into the domain of poetry. Not, of course, that Mr. Tennyson has in reality any theory on the subject; but his practice is as unswerving as though he were its absolute slave. The penalty he has paid, and which his reputation will for ever have to pay, for this narrowness of survey, this insular exclusiveness, is a heavy one. It has prevented him from ever getting hold of a really great subject, or from writing a poem which shall be at one and the same time of sufficient length, sufficient completeness, and sufficient dignity. Properly speaking, he has written only one poem which satisfies even the first two conditions just named, and that is, "The Princess;" and when we remember its theme, we need scarcely consider whether the third condition—dignity of subject—has been complied with. And no matter what amount of beautiful poetry a man may have written, if he have but written it in snatches, and failed to embody his genius in one large, great work, he must, perforce, sit below those who have not shrunk from the bigger task, and, attempting, have achieved it. There is something eminently pathetic in the bootless wish of the illustrious Laureate that the ten separate sketches now comprised under the generic title of "Idylls of the King," should be regarded as one poem. It is a valuable testimony to the propriety of the test we have just laid down. Mr. Tennyson knows full well that even if all the fine things that are said in "Paradise Lost" had still been said by Milton, but lay scattered over a host of minor pieces and shorter poems, Milton would not have been regarded as the great poet which the whole world agrees to consider him now.

In Roman Catholic divinity no amount of venial sins will make one mortal sin; and in poetic theology—for are not the poets gods?—no amount of minor poems will make or equal one great poem. Thoughtful critics have always recognised the fact that sustained power is the highest test of genius; and the world at large has confessed the justice of the standard. It is the wing that does not flag, that does not want rest, not the wing that flies from tree to tree, which testifies to the unflagging heart and brain within. A great theme greatly executed—behold the ambition and reward of all great poets. That Mr. Tennyson would have executed satisfactorily anything he conceived, can scarcely be doubted. Unhappily for him—though we have seen plainly enough why it should be so—he has never been able adequately to conceive a great theme. Far be it from us to deny that the Arthurian Legend might furnish such a theme; but it is beyond controversy that Mr. Tennyson has not conceived the Arthurian Legend in such a way as to produce or even render possible such a result. Each Idyll is perfect and complete in itself—admirably so; and there is a charm about nearly all of them which it would require a diction as dainty as that of Mr. Tennyson himself to express. But take any one away, and the rest are equally good. Take two away—three—four—five—and you in no degree detract from the remainder. Can that possibly be said of one great entire poem? Finally, in the whole of the Idylls, frequent and numerous as are the passages one reads with inexpressible delight, we know but of two that rise to the height—height! there's the rub!—of a great poem; and that is the closing scene in Guinevere, and the passing away of Arthur. Had Mr. Tennyson written one long entire poem in that key, he would have done what, alas, it must be presumed he will never do now.

The mention of Mr. Tennyson's execution leads us to consider another most important and distinctive trait in his writings. But here again he is thoroughly himself—indeed there are no contradictions or perplexities in the Laureate—and what explains his choice of themes equally explains his mode of treating them. When we say that Mr. Tennyson has, for the most part, selected small subjects and small studies, we of course use the word not absolutely, but only relatively, in the sense that we should say Rafael's Madonna della Seggiola was a small subject and a small picture, compared with "Paul Preaching at Athens" by the same artist. Therefore it must not be supposed that any sneer, or any intentional belittling of Mr. Tennyson is intended by the employment of the word in this place. It is a word applicable to a leading article as compared with an essay—to an essay as compared with a treatise, to a treatise as compared with a long and exhaustive work. It is in this sense only that we speak of the bulk of Mr. Tennyson's compositions, well aware that, in themselves, they are anything but small. But smallness of subject is pretty sure to entail its own special mode of treatment, particularly if he who has to treat it has a fine sense and instinct of proportion; and no one ever had that sense and instinct more remarkably than Mr. Tennyson. Some men write feebly on great subjects, others turgidly on small subjects. Mr. Tennyson is utterly incapable of committing either mistake. He has an exquisite feeling of the fitness of things. Indeed, he has it to an almost morbid degree, and is painfully solicitous that his style of composition shall harmonise with his subject. Accordingly his writings are laboured and finished as writings were perhaps never laboured or finished before. But is it wonderful? Has it not been a thousand times observed that a large house or a large garden may rely for the impression it excites somewhat upon its size, whereas a small house or a small garden depends wholly for the effect it creates on its neatness and tidiness. The chase may be left to run wild, and even the park may safely scorn to be rigidly symmetrical; but the little garden-plot must be trim, the walks must be well-swept, the edges sharply cut, the roses pruned into shapely sizes, the lawn closely and smoothly shaven, the gates all freshly painted, everything in its place, everything faultless. Indoors it is the same. A good deal of dust may lie in the chambers and corridors of a palace, and if the curtains fall awry, who is it that notices what is not an anomaly? But woe to the villa or the cottage where brooms do not sweep clean, where pictures hang out of the perpendicular, where the furniture, and even each rug, ornament, and what-not, is not exactly in its proper place and scrupulously cared for. Mr. Tennyson has instinctively felt all this; and the consequence is that every cottage ornée of his answers these strict requirements. His garden is not only a garden of sweets, but a garden in which no plant or flower is permitted to outgrow its place, no one pebble trespasses on the grass, no nook or corner is neglected or ignored. He is quite right. Was is not Sheridan who spoke, in mentioning Burke, of "the negligent grandeur of his mind." But to be negligent you must be grand; and Mr. Tennyson knowing himself to be scarcely the one, takes excellent care never to be the other. The result, however, is that he has imbued his readers with a taste for finish in composition which they miss when they turn to writers avowedly greater than himself—we speak of the dead—and whose lustre he thus for the moment undoubtedly dims. Of course that is a result which cannot be permanent, but it is all powerful for the moment. In fact, he has made them somewhat "old maidish" in their exactingness, and led them to complain of anything in point of arrangement that is not perfect. Mr. Carlyle may have had something of this sort in view when he spoke so admirably of "the completeness of a limited mind."

The proper function of criticism, in our opinion, is to make just estimates, and, therefore, whilst endeavouring to obtain ample recognition for writers not yet sufficiently appreciated, to warn the public against exaggerated enthusiasm for writers already fully or over praised. To say all the good we could say, and should like to say, of Mr. Tennyson's poetry, would occupy far more space than we have already covered; but, that space being limited, we have considered that it was better occupied in the attempt to obtain a correct view of his precise merits and demerits than in repeating encomiums, which, however just, have been, and still are, profusely pronounced. But we must, at least, take leave of this delightful poet with praise. So far, he is beyond comparison the chief singer of the Victorian Era, and could we conceive his poems to be suddenly withdrawn from us the blank would be appalling. The signal excellence of his writings can be expressed only by that vague word "charm." There is a glamour in nearly all of what he writes. His notes may be only the middle notes, but how clear and silvery they are! He is the most "exquisite" of writers. It is singular to reflect that he has been writing for forty-two years, and cannot have written much more than forty-two thousand verses—one thousand verses a year, or less than three verses a day. And he has done absolutely nothing else. That is very wonderful; but it agrees perfectly with all that has been remarked of him. Schiller observes finely that though the poet is the child of his century, woe to him if he be its pupil, still more its slave; since his mission is not to delight but, like the son of Agamemnon, terrible, to purify it. We fear Mr. Tennyson does not satisfy Schiller's lofty condition. He belongs to the pacific, comfortable, contented, upper middle-class centre of the nineteenth century; but when future ages are disposed to treat somewhat roughly that century's estimate of its own merits they will be obliged to pause and allow that it must have had qualities of no mean order to have produced a poet whose brows, even in his own lifetime, were so justly girt with laurel.

UNIVERSITY ENDOWMENTS.

Nov. 16, 1872

In connexion with the question of the best application of the endowments of Oxford and Cambridge, a public meeting was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Saturday, November 16, by members of the Universities and others interested in the promotion of mature study and scientific research in England. There were present the Rev. Mark Pattison, Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford; Sir Benjamin Brodie; Mr. C. T. Newton, keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities at the British Museum, Professors Rolleston, Huxley, Seeley, Sidgwick, Mr. C. Appleton, Mr. Sidney Colvin, and other gentlemen, by whom a preliminary resolution had been signed to the effect that "the chief end to be kept in view in any redistribution of the revenues of Oxford and Cambridge is the adequate maintenance of mature study and scientific research, as well for their own sakes as with the view of bringing the highest education within reach of all who are desirous to profit by it."

The Rev. MARK PATTISON occupied the chair. He explained that the gentlemen present were not the representatives of any political party or political movement, but were there simply for an academical purpose. Neither were they to be considered as having met to take an initiative; the initiative had already been taken by Mr. Gladstone in appointing a Commission to inquire into the revenues of the Colleges and Universities. They were only there to discuss the direction which, in their opinion, ought to be taken by any reform, initiated, not by themselves, but by other people.

Professor ROLLESTON said,—Until the end of the last century it will be admitted that the Universities were neither seats of learning nor seats of teaching. The first thing that was done was to make them seats of examination, and, as far as that is concerned, they work tolerably well at this moment. The great danger is that they should be made simply into that utilitarian sort of machine, a machine for examining and a machine for teaching. I am very far from wishing that their capabilities in the way of examining and that kind of work, in which I believe they are exceedingly capable, should be curtailed. Still, I think it is of very vital consequence, in this somewhat utilitarian age, that the Universities should be made into places where original research, and where the production of fresh facts and means of knowledge, instead of the mere communication and reproduction of it, should be recognized. That, I think, is a matter upon which sufficient weight can scarcely be laid at the present moment. One result of our present examination system is that men who, as grown men and during the whole of their University career, are subjected to the ordeal of examination *in futuro*, having that sword of Damocles hanging over their heads, do not look at what they have under study as so much truth, but look upon it as something to be reproduced on paper and to further their designs on Fellowships and Scholarships, and other pecuniary rewards. Now when a man is kept for something like twenty-three or twenty-four years of his life under that sort of training, he gets apt to look at all work whatever of the intellectual kind from the point of view of the examination merely. Men get demoralized by the process. They do not look at the truth for itself. They have no notion of pushing forward the elements of knowledge into some area into which nothing has been before. That is entirely a new vein to them; and I think one of the first things requisite is that examinations should be considered rather more the work of boys and people just emerging out of boyhood, than that they should be prolonged into a sort of struggle for men who have got to man's estate. Now the examination system certainly secures against jobbery and favouritism, and that is a very great thing. It also secures that all men are made more or less to work, and idleness, of course, is a very great evil.

REDISTRIBUTION OF PROPERTY IN THE CITY.

Nov. 23. 1872

IN connection with the question of the best application of the revenues of Oxford Street and Cambridge Terrace, a Public Meeting was held at the Jolly Sandboys, on Saturday, November 23, by members of the light-fingered fraternity and others interested in the promotion of manual dexterity and pecuniary research in England. A preliminary resolution had been signed to the effect that "the chief end to be kept in view in any redistribution of the revenues of Oxford Street and Cambridge Terrace is the adequate maintenance of manual dexterity and pecuniary research, as well for their own sakes as with the view of bringing the maximum amount of loot within reach of all who are desirous to profit by it."

Mr. JOHN SHEPPARD occupied the chair. He explained that the gentlemen present did not represent any political party, but were there simply for a pecuniary purpose. Neither were they to be considered as having met to take an initiative; the initiative had already been taken by Mr. Gladstone in his recent appropriation—(A Voice: "Convey, the wise it call")—he begged pardon—in his recent conveyance of the revenues of the Irish Church. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. CHARLES BATES said,—"Until the end of the last century, our fraternity were neither good at crib-cracking, nor good at cly-faking. The first thing to be done was to make them tidy hands at flimping, and so far as that is concerned, they work tolerably well at this moment. But when a man is kept for twenty-three or twenty-four years of his life under that sort of training, he gets to look at all work whatever of the professional kind from the point of view of manipulation merely. Men get demoralised by the process. They do not look at the swag for itself. They have no notion of pushing forward the elements of their science—such as false keys or cold chisels—into some area into which nothing has been before." (A Voice: "Barring the Bobby.") "Well, sure-ly: wheresomever there's cold meat, *there* in course is a Bobby! (Cheers and laughter.) Now I think one of the first things requisite is that cly-faking and sneezer-snatching should be considered rather more the work of boys than for those who have reached man's estate. The present system no doubt secures that all are made more or less to work—and idleness, of course, is a very great evil. (Roars of laughter.)

These advantages I have my mind very much open to. But, on the other hand, the questions we have to address ourselves are these:—How is it possible for us to encourage that which we feel is an advantage of a greater kind, although it is one which can only be shared by a larger number? How is it possible to encourage original research without sacrificing soundness of learning in the many? How can we encourage the few to research without at the same time sacrificing the great advantages which we do get for the whole public, by passing a great number of mediocre men through the mill which does make them useful machines for doing work in this country of ours? People will say, "How do you propose to encourage original research? Original research is a work of genius; you cannot fetter genius by law; you cannot tie a man who has this gift of original research, by rules and laws; you cannot give him definite duties to perform, within a definite time. And then you are in this dilemma. A man has nothing given him to do—will he not then do nothing?" Now I believe by using the system of examination judiciously, by rewarding people for what they do and show under that particular ordeal, and then by giving them something or another which does keep them, so to speak, from beggary for the time being, it is possible to keep their minds open to original research. But we know that funds must be found for it. A man cannot prosecute research unless he has got something to find him bread for the passing moment. Although I think we should be entirely wanting in our duties if we laid aside the examination system, which has rescued the Universities from the slough of idleness in which they they were 80 or 90 years ago, yet I think we neglect our duty even more by neglecting the encouragement of men who have the capacity for original investigation and research. Again, a man who has not some notion of what original research means is not fit to be a teacher at all. I feel that as strongly as I can feel almost anything. If I use a metaphor from my own subject, I would say that it was not the backbone of good teaching, but the spinal cord of it, and that it gives vitality to all the organs of teaching. That is the way in which the vivifying principle of original research does stand to first-class teaching, whether it be in the realm of literature or whether it be in the realm of pure science. I would go even further, and say, if a man has the gift of original research, even if he entirely lack the power of communicating, and, what is another thing, the taste for communicating knowledge, he ought to have a place found for him. I say that a man of that kind is like a light shining all around, setting by his example and his work a higher tone to society; a man who has the power of going into some new sphere, so that he may say to those whom he is teaching, "We are the first who ever burst into that silent sea."

Dr. CARPENTER said,—I think, Sir, that no one can watch the progress of science at the present time without observing that we are certainly falling behind in the race. It is remarkable that whereas Great Britain has certainly in former times supplied some of the most important and greatest ideas in science, which have fructified and led to further progress — I speak more especially of my own science, physiology—we are now left quite behind by the wonderful industry and power of work which characterize the investigations of other countries, especially of Germany. Now, I have asked myself a great deal during the last few years—in the first place, how this evil arises; and, in the second place, how it is to be remedied? Our national credit is at stake, to say nothing of the mere utilitarian view. We can, of course, apply the science that we gain from abroad, but I think we should all feel that our nation was losing its credit if we were simply to take what belongs to others and turn it to our own selfish account; and that if we do not furnish our quota to the general fund, we are really not doing our duty as honest, well-informed, and well-instructed men, which we claim to be. After some remarks on the relation of physical to other branches of study, Dr. Carpenter went on to say,—Now, how is new knowledge to be obtained? It can only be obtained by those who are fortunate enough to be in a position which enables them to seek for it. That which, from my own experience, now extending over a course of nearly 40 years, I have had occasion to notice is that in my own profession—the medical—young men who distinguish themselves, and who show a considerable amount of scientific ability, may, as young men, make very considerable researches. But these men, having no field before them, and no means of making a livelihood by the study of science, are obliged to turn their attention to medical practice, and so the medical profession draws into it a great number of men who, by their education and habits of thought, have a remarkable power of advancing knowledge by the pursuit of pure scientific inquiry; who have shown that power in early life, and who, if there were adequate means of subsistence presented to them—not rewards and high prizes, but simple means of subsistence—would greatly prefer to devote themselves to scientific research, on a bare competence, to devoting themselves to more profitable occupations which would draw them from science. Dr. Carpenter illustrated this point by a reference to his own career, and continued—It is only by the appropriation of such funds as the Universities possess to the maintenance of men who have their hearts in research that such men can obtain the means of carrying out research. I do not myself believe in the fact of men having great power of research and no power of teaching. I believe every man may train himself to teach if he only chooses and desires to do so, and if it is made an essential that he should do so. I say, then, it is only by the devotion of the funds of great corporations like Universities and Colleges to the maintenance of such men that they are to obtain the means. Now, in Germany, so large is the number of professors devoted to research, and so great is the subdivision of labour at the Universities, that almost every man who really shows a capacity for scientific work is sure of getting a position—I will not say a very lucrative one, but of getting a position in the course of a few years. I have myself seen the rise of a great number of young men, whose progress I have had the pleasure of watching, in my own department of science, from the position of Privat Docent, then to the position of Ordinarius, and then to that of Professor Extraordinarius and that, I feel sure, must be generally the case. It is a great credit that Germany should give, I will not say a very handsome maintenance, but a maintenance, to men who have shown that power, and who are desirous to devote their lives to the study of science and to original research; for we all agree that it is not the mere study of science, but it is the progress of original research that is needed. If a man publishes a good book upon any department of science in Germany, I believe that man is at once marked as a man who is to be advanced, and who is to get his fair chance of the first position that may offer.

Dr. BURDON SANDERSON continued on the advantage of fostering at the Universities a class of what in Germany is called the *Gelehrter*—that is, said Dr. Sanderson, a man who not only possesses as adequate a knowledge as other men of subjects in general, but has made a perfect study of some particular subject. The speaker then dwelt on the study of physical science, and of physiology in particular, as it should be conceived at an University.

Mr. H. SIDGWICK pointed out that it was equally important to the nation, although perhaps not of so much obvious importance, that mature study should be fostered in other branches of knowledge besides physical science. In fact, he thought we might regard knowledge as a whole, no part of which ought to be allowed to languish; that the neglect of any department of study is almost sure to tell indirectly upon the prosecution of research, and on the advance of knowledge in other departments. Sciences bearing on practice and subject to the random methods of half-instructed opinion, such as political economy, ought to thrive on an equal footing with the physical, and these again with the mathematical and other exact sciences.

The CHAIRMAN then put the resolution,—"That to have a class of men whose lives are devoted to research is a national object."

Carried *nem. con.*

But the present system does *not* contemplate original research. People will say, "How do you propose to encourage this original research?" Original research is a work of genius. You cannot fetter genius by law! (Cheers.) You cannot tie a man, who has this gift of original research, by rules and laws! You cannot give him definite crank-work to do in a given time! (Loud cheers.) Now by giving a cove something or other to keep him, so to speak, from beggary—" (The CHAIRMAN. "The right honorable swell is getting rather foggy in his patter. Does he allude to chaunting, or the respectable dodge?") "Well, at the moment I had my eye on the respectable tip, but the word includes the other, and the kinchin-lay into the bargain—by keeping him from this, I say, it is possible to keep his mind open to original research. *But we know that funds must be found for it!*" (Here the meeting rose *en masse*, and cheered vociferously.) "A man cannot prosecute research——" (At this point, the Chairman, taking his pipe from his mouth, remarked that he'd be blowed if he stood such language. The word 'prosecute' had a nasty flavour about it, and didn't ought to be used in respectable society.) "I beg to apologise to the Chair, though intending no allusion to the beaks, and will substitute 'pursue.' A man cannot pursue original research unless he has something to find him bread for the passing moment. A man must be fed who is one of the lights of society, who has the power of penetrating into new fields of activity, (say a bank, for instance,) where he can exclaim, in the words of the poet, 'I was the first who ever burst into that silent safe!'" (Loud cheers.)

The CHAIRMAN then put the first resolution, "That to have a class of men whose lives are devoted to original pecuniary research is a 'nation good object."

Carried *nem. con.*

Sir BENJAMIN BRODIE said,—I have the strongest opinion that when the report of Mr. Gladstone's Commission is published, and the true revenues of the Colleges of Oxford are made known to the House of Commons and the world, the greatest surprise, and I may also say the greatest indignation, will prevail. I admit fully that a great amount of good educational work is done by the Universities, but I certainly think that the work is totally disproportionate in every way to the machinery which exists for its performance, and it is idle and useless to say that we want an expensive collegiate system—a system of Colleges manipulating actual revenues of thousands of pounds a year for the purpose of educating, however admirably, 2,000 students who we may also say, absolutely pay for their education besides. When these statements are made, as they will be made, as to the property of Universities and the Colleges, there will be the greatest danger that we may have a reform which perhaps none of us wish for—a reform which may be no improvement at all, but which may simply consist in the alienation from the purposes of knowledge of these great funds. Now, with regard to the promotion of knowledge in various branches, which I, in common with our chairman, hold to be a most essential duty of a University, this great object was entirely lost sight of by the Executive Commission of 1854. I believe that most persons in Oxford who are interested in real education are not very well satisfied with the fruits of this Commission. The few things that they did in regard to the promotion of knowledge were done partly with that view, and partly under the pretext of reviving old foundations, such as the Linacre Professorship at Merton College, four professorships at Magdalen College, and two or three other small institutions which the University had long ago buried under ground. The Commission dug these up, and therefore, so far, did something for the promotion of science. And indeed it is impossible, unless you absolutely destroy Oxford and Cambridge, to get rid of every record of the idea that those Universities are founded for the promotion, and not solely for the diffusion, of knowledge; for that idea really runs through the whole University system. The great libraries of Oxford and Cambridge, and also the great collegiate foundations, bear witness to it; for, although we may not think it now, I fully believe that these collegiate foundations had a very valuable object, and when I read the statutes made for Magdalen College by that truly great man, William of Wayneflete, I confess I am struck with the real superiority of mind which this man displayed in regard to many modern reforms. Now, we wish, I believe, to take up this thread where our predecessors dropt it—namely, this idea that the Universities are institutions, not only for diffusing knowledge and education, but for absolutely promoting knowledge and investigation. With regard to scientific research, men are really hindered from investigation on all sides from the want of means of subsistence and means of work. Certain aids are afforded to the investigators of science by existing institutions, by the learned societies of England and the Continent; and we have also two or three national institutions which certainly on such an occasion as the present ought by no means to be forgotten, because I know we shall be told that this is not an object for the nation to care for. One of these institutions is the British Museum, which really exists solely for the purpose of preserving knowledge. Another institution is the Royal Observatory at Greenwich. We have, again, private foundations—the Meteorological Observatory at Kew; the Radcliffe Observatory at Oxford, and the like. All those institutions are founded not in the least with regard to education alone, but for the purpose of promoting the growth of knowledge. I may, perhaps, say in a few words, in what way I conceive that the Universities might aid this great cause of investigation. I think it is really very little use for us to be too indefinite, and that if we wish to produce any result we must have some definite plan and programme. My own idea is, that it would be very desirable to found in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge certain specific institutions for the promulgation of scientific research; I use the term scientific research in its widest sense, and include in it all knowledge which is capable of being made the subject of research; but I say certainly specific institutions should be founded for this object. I do not think it will do to trust these great institutions to the growth of mere ordinary professorships, and I should certainly like to see certain specific institutions devoted to this object, which should represent the various great departments of human knowledge. Those institutions should be connected with professors specially selected for the objects which they have to fulfil, and where the professors would be provided with assistance and apparatus, and every means and appliance which could really be valuable and useful to them for the purposes of research; and I do not think that much less, or anything less, than this will fulfil the object which we desire. I should say that my idea is by no means absolutely to disconnect such institutions from the work of teaching. But, on the other hand, I would have them fulfil the very highest educational work—namely, the training up for the service of the country of a body of teachers in the respective sciences.

Mr. SIDNEY COLVIN spoke of the somewhat mechanical and material spirit pervading the University system as it pervades so many other conceptions in England. The majority of the resident staff at the Universities under the present system was too much engrossed in pressing occupations and teaching of the tutorial kind to have opportunities for independent research. Undergraduates were too apt to work for the sake of prizes of learning, rather than for the sake of the learning itself. A better spirit would prevail if the student came in contact with more instances of the highest studies carried out in the pure interest of knowledge, and independently of the routine of education and examination.

The CHAIRMAN moved as the next resolution, "That it is desirable, in the interest of national progress and education that professorships and special institutions shall be founded in the Universities for the promotion of scientific research."

Professor SEELEY spoke on the question of prize fellowships. The preceding speakers, he said, have introduced to the Englishman to-night a character for whom we have found it difficult to find a name, because I believe there is no name for him in the English language, and we have been obliged to call him in the German *Gelehrter*, and in French we call him a *savant*, but there is no English name for him. He is a person who is engaged in mature study, and who lives by his study; and we have made it plain, I fancy, that our object in University Reform is one definite thing, and that is at the same time as we find this person a name, to find him a career. But we shall be met by an assertion that this person already has a career in England, and he has also a name—that he is, in fact, the Fellow of a College.

Mr. JEHONADAB FAGIN said,—"I have the strongest opinion that when Mr. Gladstone's system is applied to the jewellers and the other bloated haristocrats, and the true revenues of Oxford Street are made known, the greatest surprise, and I may say also the greatest indignation, will prevail. (Cheers.) It is idle and useless to say that we need an expensive commercial system—a system of shops enjoying a revenue of thousands of pounds a year—why, only to take a squint in at their big plate-glass windows, it's enough to make a cove's fingers itch and his mouth water!" (Cries of 'Go it, old 'un! Turn on the steam!") "When these statements are made, as they will be made, there will be the greatest danger that we may witness a reform such as none of us wish for—I mean the alienation of these great funds, by sticking 'em into banks, or wedge-proof safes, or what not." (Cries of 'Shame!') "When I recall the remarks made by that truly great man, William Turpin, I am struck with the real superiority of mind which that man displayed. My own idea is, that it would be very desirable to found in Oxford Street and Cambridge Terrace specific institutions for the promotion of pecuniary research. I use the term in its widest sense, and include in it, plate, jewels, flimsies, yellow-boys—the whole blessed lot." (Cheers.)

Mr. NYM said he feared that the majority of the City fraternity were too much engrossed by ordinary filching and the pressing invitations brought by the peelers to attend the Lord Mayor's morning levèes—(Laughter)—to have any real opportunity for original research. A better spirit would prevail if the student came in contact with more frequent instances of the most valuable swag carried out by sheer influence of superior cunning, and independently of the routine of buying and selling. (Hear, hear.)

The CHAIRMAN moved as the next resolution, "That it is desirable that professorships and special institutions should be founded in the City for the promotion of pecuniary research."

Mr. BARDOLPH spoke on the subject of prices, purchase, private property, and other institutions which interfered with the universal diffusion of wealth. "The preceding speakers," he said, "have introduced to the Englishman to-night a character for whom we have no adequate name in the language. In German we should call him *Gauner*, and in French *escroc*, but he has no English name. He is a person engaged in mature study, and who lives by his study: our business is to find him a name, and to find him a career. But we shall be met by an assertion that this person already has a career in England, and has also a name—that he is, in fact, a——" Here the speaker, warned by sundry loud whispers of 'Twig the esclop!' 'Cool him!' became aware that a policeman had entered the room, and broke off abruptly.

I fancy if you were to ask most English people about the English Universities, they would say that the most glorious feature about them is just this—that a young man may go up from any part of the country, without a penny in his pocket, and may get 300*l.* a year given him for life; and to take away that is simply to take away the scholastic glory of England, and whatever makes its Universities superior to the beggarly Universities of the Continent. To give a young man 300*l.* a year they think is a thing which explains itself; but if you come to examine their meaning, I think you will hardly question that they are looking at the matter as a question of charity; that they want the young man to receive so much to do him good, and to give him a start in life. Well, I am not going to enter much into the question whether it is desirable to give young men starts in life; that is a question which belongs to the large subject of charity; I would merely remark that I think the objects of charity should be those who stand in need of it, and are not likely to be able to help themselves. But we carefully select young men in the vigour of life; and not only that, but young men who have shown themselves to be possessed of more than ordinary abilities—that is to say, just the very young men who can get on in life without any such help. I should recommend, if these institutions are retained, simply on the ground of charity, that these Fellowships should be given to men carefully selected, whose abilities are less than those of others. Again, it is said, how excellent a thing it is that a young man going to the Bar, in his first years of briefless-ness, should have his Fellowship to fall back upon. That is partly the same argument of charity which I have been speaking of; but mixed up with it is another notion, that it is a good thing for the Bar that in this way men of high education are brought into it. That is a very important question indeed, but I cannot say that it is a question which we of the Universities are called upon to discuss. There are other institutions which have charge of the interests of the Bar—let them consider it. We have in London several great Inns of Court; and I have often heard it said that they have funds. If it be so, and if it be desirable, by means of Fellowships, to procure men of high education to enter the profession of the law, let them establish Fellowships themselves for that purpose. This is a very simple course. But now I come to the question which this resolution deals with. Is this fellow of a College, of whom we have been speaking, a person of mature study, a person who devotes his life to advancing the bounds of knowledge? Of course it is quite possible to mention the names of distinguished men who have risen to distinction in their particular branches of knowledge while Fellows. But the question for us is, are Fellows of a College, as a rule, men who are preparing themselves for that career—is their life devoted to study and to knowledge, are they persons who are either enlarging the bounds of knowledge or are on the way to enlarging them? I answer, confidently, they are not that class of men. I do not charge them with being a class of men with whom any fault whatever can be found. They are not what we are told they used to be many years ago. It would not be possible perhaps to find instances of the torpid, vacant lives which used to be led under the protection of a Fellowship. They occupy themselves now in some way. They supply the scholastic world, they supply the clerical world, sometimes they supply the Bar; they conduct a great many examinations in the country, and they do a great deal of work which is very valuable; but I say that mature study is a work which they do not, as a rule, engage in, only with some exceptions here and there. The Professor went on to say that Fellows were neither chosen by the right kind of electing body, nor according to the right method for the end of further mature research. He criticized the existing terms of the tenure of Fellowships, as well as the existing system of examination at the Universities.

Mr. SIMCOX spoke to the same effect.

The CHAIRMAN put the resolution in the following amended form:—"That the present mode of awarding Fellowships as prizes has been found unsuccessful as a means of promoting mature study and original research, and that it is, therefore, desirable that it should be discontinued."

Carried *nem. con.*

The CHAIRMAN then said,—The subject of the professoriate is of course a very wide subject, and it is impossible to do more than just indicate the position which that question holds in our scheme. I think it is desirable that we should make it clearly understood that we are not aiming a blow at what is called the educational efficiency of the place. As I have no local knowledge of the working of the Cambridge institutions, it must be understood that in any remarks I make upon the present working of the Universities, I entirely speak of my own University. The question of the professoriate is one which was first mooted 20 years ago as the question of the Professoriate *versus* the Tutoriate, and it was regarded as a revolution in the educational institutes of the University. The question which we are now raising of converting the University into a centre of mature study was not then raised. The question of University reform turned entirely upon the educational question of Professors *versus* Tutors. What the Executive Commission of 1854 did was not to substitute professors for tutors in any great measure; in the educational system of the University. The storm that had been raised by the mere sound of the word "professor" was so great that they were daunted, and did not dare to propose any large development of the professiorate. I think that things are entirely changed now, and even if we confine ourselves to educational requirements, we have not that battle to fight. But we have the situation which the Commissioners of 1854 created for us, and that situation is this. They raised a certain number of the then existing professorships, and added to them a few others, and so called into existence a body of professors, many of whom have been extremely valuable and influential members of the University. But the situation of a professor in the University at present, or at any rate of the philosophical professors, is that of persons who are entirely outside the working of the system. For instance, a very eminent professor once advertised a course of lectures on accents simply. This course of lectures he had prepared not only with very great pains, but he had for years investigated the subject of the origin and growth of the accentuation of language, in a way in which it had never been done before. His work was an original work. He had collected all the special programmes that bore on the subject, and he had constructed a history of language accentuation. He advertised this course, and proceeded to give it. At the first lecture the room was full; but when they found that this was an original philological investigation, and not a lecture as to the rules for accenting the perfect participle of the Greek verb, in order that they might use it in Moderations, they immediately fell off and left it. The consequence is that the professors are not at all working now as a portion of the system. Now, if we say that we want to set up more of these professors, University men will say "Professorships are doing no good as they are at present. We are doing the work. It is we, the tutors, who are doing the work of the place, and you professors are simply ornamental." This is the result of the way in which the Commission of 1854 set about its work. They were told that the great evil of the University at that time was that the Colleges had absorbed the University, and the first thing that a reform of the University should aim at was the reconstituting the University as against the Colleges. Now I think it is very important for us to let our attitude be understood to be quite different. We do not want, as the phrase is, to rob the colleges to make the University rich. The antithesis between colleges and University is *nil*, for our purpose. We do not intend to perpetuate the mistake which the Commissioners of 1854 did, and to take away a few thousand pounds from the colleges, make it over to the Universities, and leave the colleges as they are. The speaker then went on to specify the diversions of college revenue effected by the Commissioners of 1854 through the endowment of Professorships; and said that was not the kind of precedent which the present meeting was anxious to see followed. We are agreed, he continued, in desiring the creation of a body of resident students and teachers—real students and real teachers—and I think the attitude we shall take will be to say, "We will leave the colleges exactly where they are. We do not intend to rob the Colleges and give the proceeds over to the University, but we will gradually convert them into what we wish to see them." The supposed antithesis between professor and tutor should be sunk entirely, in our point of view, and the whole body of resident graduates should be brought into one homogeneous association of teachers all working together—these teachers naturally being of different ages, and consequently of different attainments. We would begin as they do in Germany, with the *privat docent*. It has been very well said that the *privat docent* is the order upon which the principle of German Universities principally rests. The eminent professors of whom we hear are not the actual working men of the place. The *privat docent* class are the working men of the place. Now, instead of putting the tutors into an attitude of hostility to the professors, which it is at present, I would reconcile them to the professors by making them also professors, but making them of a lower grade in the teaching system. Of course, there are various steps through which a successful tutor should have opportunities of working himself up until he may hope to attain the highest eminence that the University can afford him. Again, remarked the speaker, we must not endeavour directly to oppose the present examination system, however much we may be convinced of its effect, as actually carried out, in sacrificing literary and scientific ability. We must endeavour, as far as we can, to enfilter our system into the examination system, and for this reason we must not talk about professors who can be planted there to pursue original research only, and make that our single object. We must take up the whole institution of teaching in the Universities and we must endeavour to impress upon the teaching the fact which has already been dwelt upon—namely, that there can be no healthy intellectual training unless the man who conducts it is a person who is himself capable of, and has the opportunity of engaging in, original research. That is the strong point, but we must not set ourselves to go and pull down the present system of examination directly. Another notion of University reform which we shall have to meet is that notion of transplanting a certain portion of the University revenue into the manufacturing and commercial centres of the population. That is an idea which, to those who attend to what one sees in the papers on the progress of opinion on the subject of the Universities, has evidently taken deep root, and it more or less runs counter to our object—not altogether, but more or less. But that idea has taken such deep root, that I doubt whether, if we were to try, we could prevent something of that sort being done. But I confess I am not myself altogether opposed to something of that kind being attempted, and if we find in the Bill, when it is drawn, that there is some such proposal as the sending down a number of young men into the country, and paying them by means of University funds, and locating them in these manufacturing centres—although I do not care much about its being done, and I should not propose it—although I think it might be made compatible with our views. All would depend, I think, upon our retaining—and by "us" I mean not the University, but those who are assembled in this room, and the persons they represent—a general influence upon what was done locally. If these persons who are sent over to Manchester and Liverpool are entirely under our direction, and are made not mere persons who go and deliver an evening lecture for the amusement of ladies and gentlemen in Manchester, then I think it would be very desirable if something like a connexion between the Universities and the centre of population could be opened. One great complaint is that the manufacturing and commercial interests have outgrown us; that they no longer regard us; that they do not think we have got anything worth having, and of course it would be very desirable to reconquer that class of society, and bring them back; and I think this tendency which I see in the public mind, to dispose of a portion of the University money, in sending it down to these places, might be directed in such a way as to regain the possessors of wealth for us.

The CHAIRMAN then put the resolution in the following amended form:—"That the present mode of attaching prices to goods, and owners to property, has been found unsuccessful as a means of promoting original pecuniary research, and that it is therefore desirable that it should be discontinued."

Carried *nem. con.*

The CHAIRMAN then said,—"I think it is very important for us to let our attitude be clearly understood. We do not want, as the phrase is, to rob the shops to make the wholesale dealers rich. The antithesis between shopkeepers and wholesale dealers is *nil*, for our purpose. We do not intend to perpetuate the mistake which Robin Hood fell into, to take away a few thousand pounds from a rich swell, hand it over to his poorer neighbours, and leave our noble selves out in the cold! I think the attitude we shall take will be to say, "We will leave the shops exactly where they are. We do not intend to rob the shops and give the money to the wholesale dealers, but *we will gradually convey their property to where we wish to see it!*' (These words, uttered by the Chairman with inimitable slyness, were received with rapturous applause.) "The supposed antithesis between policeman and cracksman should be sunk entirely, from our point of view. Instead of putting the cracksmen into an attitude of hostility to the policemen, as things are at present, I would reconcile them to the policemen by making them also policemen. (Loud cheers and laughter.) Of course I think it very desirable to reconquer that class of society; and I think this tendency, which I see in the public mind, to dispose of a portion of the City money, by sending it down to these places, might be directed in such a way as to regain the possession of wealth for us." (Loud and continued cheering.)

The CHAIRMAN put the resolution—"That a sufficient and properly organized body of resident teachers of various grades should be provided from the Fellowship fund."

Carried *nem. con.*

Mr. NEWTON spoke on the need of organization and management for the study of archæology in this country. The British Government and private enterprise had done much for the collection of archæological materials in this country; but the Universities had done nothing, or next to nothing, for the scientific study of archæology. The study of archæology requires, first, museums, where practical acquaintance can be made with the monuments, and curators for the charge of those museums; and next, professors to bring before students the last results of archæology throughout Europe. Such professors, and a career for them, the Universities ought to supply and did not.

At this point the programme of the meeting was interrupted. It was resolved to hold another meeting in January to continue the discussion. The persons present agreed to form themselves, together with others signing the resolution, into a Society for the Organization of Academical Study. A provisional committee was elected, and the meeting adjourned.

The CHAIRMAN then put the resolution,—"That a sufficient and properly organised body of resident cracksmen in various grades should be provided from the funds at present held by the watchmakers and jewellers."

Carried *nem. con.*

Mr. TROTTY VECK spoke on the need of organisation and management for the sake of the costermongers in this country. The British Government and private enterprise had done much for the higher branches of trade, but next to nothing had been done for the poor costermonger. Sometimes he could hardly turn an honest penny——. (Groans, catcalls, and a Voice 'Then turn t'other kind!') "Ah! but some on 'em would sooner die than take to prigging——." Here the growing impatience of the meeting vented itself in such a Babel of sounds that Mr. T. Veck's further remarks were inaudible. In the midst of the uproar two or three 'Bobbies' appeared on the scene, and a rumour got about that the Chairman was 'wanted,' and as, after this awful intelligence, no man appeared to feel himself secure from similar attentions on the part of a paternal Government, the meeting adjourned in some confusion.

A DEMONSTRATION by "THE CLAIMANT."

The person who unsuccessfully attempted to sustain his claim to the Tichborne estates, and against whom several criminal charges are now pending, invited the London public to meet him in St. James's Hall last night, "for the benefit of the Defence Fund," the tickets of admission being respectively one, two, and three shillings. It was announced that "two demonstrations only" would take place; and there was, perhaps, some special appropriateness in their being held in the week of the fat cattle show. By the hour fixed for the commencement of the proceedings the hall was about three-fourths full, the greater part of the audience belonging, apparently, to the middle classes.

There was boisterous applause when the Claimant made his appearance in company of Mr. Whalley, M.P., Mr. G. Onslow, M.P., and about a score of other persons, none of whom were known. The chair was taken by the member for Peterborough, who led off the speeches by a few observations to the effect that he had espoused the cause of the Claimant because he was himself as "firmly convinced as it was possible for a person to be of anything, that the Claimant was Sir Roger Tichborne," and because he thought that, whether he was or was not Sir Roger, he was entitled to a fair trial, which there was no chance of his obtaining unless the British public interposed in his behalf. He had addressed scores of meetings in all the large towns of the kingdom, and everywhere the reception that he and Sir Roger had met with had been of the most gratifying character.

Mr. Onslow, M.P., next came forward and dwelt for more than an hour upon the wrongs and virtues of the Claimant, and the cruel injustice that he had been exposed to. Premising that all they wanted was fair play, he observed that at all the various meetings they had held persons had been invited to come on to the platform, and to state any reasonable objections they might feel to Sir Roger; but no one had ever accepted the challenge except one old woman, who said nothing, but shook her fist in a very expressive manner at him (a laugh). Mr. Onslow grounded his assertions that Sir Roger had been denied fair play on a variety of matters, such as that the jury had listened for three weeks to the speech of the Attorney General, but had not heard Serjeant Ballantine in reply, who, if he had had the opportunity, would undoubtedly have entirely converted them to his own way of thinking. The long delay in the trial on the criminal charges was another cause of complaint, as well as the "loathsome dungeon of Newgate" into which Sir Roger was flung, and where he was detained for fifty-two days; and the neglect of the Attorney General (whose name was hissed with great heartiness) to move for a trial at bar last year, which he might have done as easily as this year. Then the speaker contrasted the case with which the present Lord Aberdeen was allowed to assume the title and estates compared with the difficulties that had been thrown in the way of Sir Roger, though his mother had recognised him, besides a host of other witnesses. It had been said that Lady Tichborne was an imbecile, "but," exclaimed the speaker, "I appeal to you, is there a mother even in Bedlam that would not recognise her own son?" The meeting cheered this view of the matter, and confidently responded to the appeal in the negative, especially when it was clinched by the quotation—with an appealing glance at the Claimant—of a passage from Scripture expressive of the tenderness of a mother for her "sucking child." The difficulty as to the Claimant's entire ignorance of French and of most other things was met by the statement that at Stonyhurst his education had been wholly neglected; and a letter was received from a gentleman said to have been lately in the Foreign Office, and described to be "the best French scholar in England after Lord Granville," who pronounced that several of the Claimant's letters (both in French and English) which had been shown to him, and which were written when he left this country, suggested the idea that "he had never been taught any grammar at all" (cheers). Upon another topic—the sealed packet—Mr. Onslow said a good deal, which we must decline to reproduce, unless it be given in the form of evidence in a court of law. The drift of his contention was that the Claimant held back his statement about his cousin, Miss Doughty, as long as he possibly could; that his own counsel, in consultation, declared they would throw up their briefs and leave the court if he refused to answer the next question on the subject that the Attorney General put to him, to which the Claimant replied, "You may get up and leave the court, but I will not consent to vilify the character of my cousin;" and that it was only under irresistible pressure from the bench that he at last made the statement in question, when the only alternative before him was a prison for himself and the workhouse for his wife and children. "What British father—what British husband would not have done the same?" asked Mr. Onslow. And if the responsive applause of the audience meant anything, it must have meant that at any rate the British husbands and fathers then present would have acted as the Claimant did. The next hit in Mr. Onslow's speech deserves a rather fuller description. After observing that the Claimant gave him permission to open all the letters addressed to him—for he had nothing to conceal or to hide; all was open and aboveboard—he proceeded to say that one of the letters which he thus opened turned out to be from a person now living in Australia (the name, as far as we could catch it, was Pallier), who, addressing the claimant as "Honoured Sir," informed him that ten years ago he was driving along one of the highways one day when he saw a man's collar lying in the road; that he picked it up, and saw on it the words "R. C. Tichborne;" and that he now enclosed this collar, thinking it might be a slight bit of useful evidence in the case. "And here," said Mr. Onslow, producing a very ragged-looking article—"here, ladies and gentlemen, is the collar (a Voice: "Try it on, Sir Roger"); here is the name, 'R. C. Tichborne,' which the valet Moore will swear to be in the handwriting of the real Sir Roger; here is the City mark of the maker of the collar, and the size, 16, which Sir Roger always used; and when I showed this collar to the Claimant he exclaimed, 'That is the identical collar I was saved in from the wreck of the Bella" (infinite cheering followed this episode, several of the audience seeming anxious to possess a thread or scrap of this famous collar, which has so miraculously come to light after ten years of oblivion.) Mr. Onslow added that when he showed it to Mr. Baigent, that gentleman at once recognised the handwriting; it would be sworn to in the witness-box, and they must remember that it was picked up in 1862, many years after Sir Roger was supposed to have gone down in the Bella. Nothing else that Mr. Onslow said came up to the dramatic effect produced by this linen collar. But two other points may be just mentioned. Many of the facts spoken to at the trial are, no doubt, already forgotten by the public. But it will probably be remembered that there was a daguerreotype, admitted to be one of the real Sir Roger when a young man, and that photographic copies of this daguerreotype had been taken. It was a much-contested point whether there was any resemblance between that portrait and the Claimant: one half the witnesses said that there was, the other half that there was not. Then a happy thought struck Mr. Onslow. He went to a "clever artist" with one of the photographic copies of the daguerreotype and said to him, "Can't you *age* this portrait for me? Don't alter the face, but add whiskers, lengthen the hair, raise the shoulders; in short, let it be the portrait of the same man, but with 20 years added to him." The "clever artist" undertook to do this; and he has done it in a manner very creditable to his cleverness. The portrait has grown into a most speaking likeness of the Claimant; and we will only add that if this artist should be put in the witness-box at the approaching trial, his cross-examination by Mr. Hawkins will probably yield some amusement to the public. The last good point of Mr. Onslow's speech was not a very refined one, but it tickled his hearers and set them into a roar that lasted some minutes. He had been running over the list of different persons whom, as he alleged, the Claimant had at one time or another been taken for—Arthur Orton, Moore, Smith, Coles, the illegitimate son of this or that member of the family; it had even once been said he was the illegitimate son of his own legitimate parent; and "really," said the speaker, "I should not be surprised if he should at last be accused of being own brother to Hawkins by the Attorney General, out of Mischief." In conclusion, Mr. Onslow said that if the Claimant was, as he firmly believed, the real man, he had been most cruelly abused and ill-treated; and even if he was an impostor, he deserved to be acquitted, for in that case he was the very cleverest impostor that had ever been known. When the speaker sat down, a gentleman from the middle of the hall asked him how many Tichborne bonds he held. Mr. Onslow promptly replied that he not only held none, but he would give half-a-crown to any person who would show him one, for he had never seen one in his whole life.

The Claimant next stood up and addressed the meeting. There were one or two preliminary rows, apparently by a few persons who took an unfavourable view of him; but they were in such a small minority as to be of no account at all, and they were either hustled out of the place or menaced into silence. It should be stated, however, that the chairman, while reasonably objecting to interruptions, invited to the platform any dissident who was willing to step on to it. The Claimant's speech may be dismissed in a few words. He could not, by any stretch of courtesy, be said to have uttered a single argument that would hold water for a moment; he indulged plentifully in strong language; his statements of facts were singularly exaggerated; his sentences were not seldom ungrammatical, and his pronunciation was decidedly peculiar: "anything" became "anythink;" he spoke of two witnesses who were told "they was not wanted;" and it was difficult for a moment to understand that when the Claimant talked of "ketching a minner," he was referring to the harmless amusement of catching a minnow; thus he held that the Attorney General deserved to be insulted by every soldier he met in the street for having said that the evidence of soldiers could be had for a glass of beer; that Lord Bellew's evidence was not entitled to credit; that the testimony as to the tattoo marks proved that the witnesses were not speaking truly; and that only the want of moral courage and common sense had made the jury stop the trial, whereby he estimated that he should be put to an expense of 300,000*l.*; for the preparation of his case had cost him 120,000*l.* He had been told that he would have to pay the defendants 46,000*l.* before he could begin another action, and it would take another 120,000*l.* to conduct that second action to the point at which the jury stopped the first one. He spoke with much bitterness of the intention of the Attorney General not to appear in the prosecution against him, arguing that that learned gentleman was "bound in fairness" not to back out of the case; and he appeared to think the government had a special grudge against him, and that the House of Commons had passed an *ex post facto* law in order to enable the Chief Justice to commit him for trial on the charge of perjury by a bench warrant; the Attorney General was declared to have used language that would "shock the ears of a Billingsgate fishwoman." He knew on the highest authority that the agents for the prosecution had bought up lots of Wapping witnesses for a pot of beer each, &c. *Ex pede, Herculem.* The above will be sufficient specimens of the Claimant's style. After he had finished the audience began rapidly to melt away, and in a few minutes a resolution was unanimously carried condemning the prosecution of the Claimant. Thanks to the chairman were moved by that person, who added a finishing touch to what he he had before said by observing of a gentleman in the middle of the hall that he knew him: he was one of those who were engaged in serving injunctions on him; but he could promise that gentleman that he (the Claimant) would make an injunction of him before he had done with him.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, DEC. 11.

THE VOTE ON SELECT PREACHERS.

THE OPPOSITION TO DEAN STANLEY.

The great importance attached to the vote on the list of select preachers to-day in Convocation was the means of bringing a large number of old members up to Oxford for the occasion, and the appearance of so many old faces about the schools during the morning denoted that something of more than usual significance was about to take place. Many, no doubt, were attracted to the schools from the fact that the examinations in the various schools were going on at the present time, thus affording an opportunity to those who had passed the ordeal of examinations in years gone by of revisiting the place of all others in Oxford about which so much interest always belongs. Two o'clock was the hour fixed for Convocation, but long before that time members and their friends began to assemble in and about the Sheldonian Theatre, where Convocation was to be held. The area was appropriated solely to members of Convocation in academical costume, and the Ladies' Gallery was opened for ladies and others interested in the proceedings of the day, and was well filled. His Royal Highness Prince Leopold was present during the whole of the proceedings, and occupied a seat in the semi-circle among the heads of houses and doctors, and entered into conversation with the Provost of Oriel and others around him, till the entrance of the Vice Chancellor and proctors a few minutes after two o'clock, when the buzz of conversation in the area immediately ceased. Among the heads of houses and doctors present at this time we noticed the following:—Dr. Acland, Dr. Brunel, Balliol; the Warden of Wadham, the Principal of Brasenose, Dr. Goulburn, the Rector of Exeter, Dr. Wilson, Trinity; Dr. Hessey, St. John's; the Principal of Jesus, Dr. Irons, Queen's; the Principals of Magdalen Hall and New Inn Hall; the Hon. and Rev. H. Bertie, All Souls; Dr. Whorwood, Magdalen; Dr. Higgs, St. John's; Dr. Hayman, of Rugby; Dr. Ridding, of Winchester; Dr. Cox, All Souls; Dr. Cary, Magdalen Hall; Dr. Hodson, Merton; the Warden of New College, the President of Magdalen, the Provost of Worcester, the Master of University, &c. The Vice Chancellor opened Convocation in the usual Latin form, and the first name on the list of select preachers nominated was that of the Right Rev. Dr. Harvey Goodwin, Lord Bishop of Carlisle, and of Caius College, Cambridge, which was put to the house and passed; the next on the list was that of the Very Rev. Arthur P. Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster, which on being put was received with a shout of "placet" and "non-placet," the latter appearing to predominate. The Vice Chancellor at once ordered a scrutiny, and a division took place, those intending to vote "placet" passing out of the theatre to the right of the Vice Chancellor, the votes being taken by the senior proctor, and those intending to vote "non-placet" to the left, the votes being taken by the junior proctor. The voting, by this means, proceeded rapidly and quietly, and the only incident which occurred was a rush of members who had only reached Oxford by the 2.20 train, and arrived just in time to record their votes, although the proctors had retired to the semi-circle to ascertain the totals, which were almost immediately declared, when there appeared—

Placet	349
Non-placet	287

showing that 636 members of Convocation had recorded their votes, and giving a majority of 62 for the retention of the name of Dean Stanley as a select preacher. The announcement of the numbers was received with cheers. The names of the Rev. Edwin Palmer, M.A., Corpus Christi College, professor of Latin; the Rev. J. Earle, M.A., Oriel College; and the Rev. T. Fowler, M.A., fellow of Lincoln College, were severally put to the house and agreed to, when Convocation was dissolved, and soon after the precincts of the schools presented their usual appearance.

It may be noted that before the division was called there was no attempt by any one to address the house either for or against the appointment of Dean Stanley, or any other of the preachers nominated, so that the proceedings were confined to giving a formal vote.

TAKING A HINT.

Aunt Flora (concluding the story of the naughty little girl). "——AND SOAKED ALL HER NICE NEW SUNDAY CLOTHES FROM HEAD TO FOOT." (*Moral.*) "BUT SYLVIE'S A *GOOD* LITTLE GIRL—*SHE* NEVER GOT INTO HER BATH WITH ALL HER SUNDAY CLOTHES ON."

Sylvie (thoughtfully). "NO—O, I NEVER DID——BUT I WILL NOW!"

We cannot profess either surprise or regret that Convocation should have ratified by a majority of sixty-two the appointment of Dean STANLEY to the office of select preacher at Oxford. If the wisdom of the original nomination of the Dean of Westminster was questionable, the results which might have been anticipated had the opposition to his election proved successful would have been of a character sincerely to be deprecated. The defeated party would have been stung into taking reprisals, in the train of which there would have inevitably followed much more of that heartburning and of that enduring bitterness whose presence in a great school of national training is at once melancholy and mischievous. The rejection of Dean STANLEY would have been correctly interpreted as a censure upon his opinions, which it may well be questioned whether an University would have been justified in passing on a clergyman who holds one of the highest positions in the English Church.

If Dr. STANLEY'S orthodoxy is sufficient to vindicate his tenure of the Deanery of Westminster it must be sufficient also to win for him access to the University pulpit at St. Mary's, and it is difficult to see how the Oxford Convocation could have negatived this position without practically endorsing the theory that a national University is less extensive than a national Church. Moreover, the deep and widespread sympathy, misplaced or not, which would have been created for Dr. STANLEY and his party had the vote of Convocation yesterday gone the other way, would at least have been no less undesirable than the temporary prominence and influence given to the theological views with which his name is associated by his appointment to the Oxford Select Preachership.

The relation borne by the figures of the actual majority to the total number of votes given may be probably accepted as indicative of the real state of academic and public feeling on the subject, while the fact that out of a constituency which can poll between four and five thousand not seven hundred members took part in the division seems to point more conclusively still to the sentiment which must have been uppermost in the mind of a very large proportion of Oxford graduates. We have no doubt whatever that a letter which we published yesterday from an "Ex-Proctor" interprets correctly the conflict of opinion that many a member of Convocation experienced. "I do not," says this gentleman, "write as a partisan. I regret that the question has been raised, and I am in great doubt what I ought to do, still more what I shall do to-morrow." It is only upon the hypothesis that this doubt was very extensively participated in by other members of Convocation besides our correspondent that the comparative insignificance of the numerical total of suffrages can be accounted for.

An "Ex-Proctor" makes a suggestion which is deserving of attention, that in the matter of these select preacherships "either a *liberum arbitrium* must remain with Convocation, or the mode of nomination must be altered." That Mr. BURGON acted in a perfectly legal manner in requesting the Vice Chancellor to fix a day for submitting Dean STANLEY'S appointment to Convocation has not been for a moment denied, nor can there be any reason why Convocation should be expected to ignore a right which is legally its own. It does not appear to us that Mr. BURGON, and his fellow-members of Convocation who thought with him, can be accused of having pursued a policy that can be justly described as unworthy or vexatious. In his letter of a week since to the Vice Chancellor Mr. BURGON mentioned the important fact that "Dean STANLEY'S name has been again and again suggested by members of the Board for select preacher, and as steadily," by Dr. LIDDELL'S predecessors, declined. "Once," continues Mr. BURGON, "when actually designated, his name was withdrawn in consequence of a private intimation to the Vice Chancellor that if persisted in his appointment would be infallibly opposed." It is improbable that the Dean of Christ Church was ignorant of these facts when he did not, indeed, propose the Dean of Westminster, but gave the casting vote in his favour, siding with the two proctors against the two professors of divinity; and these are circumstances that must not be left out of consideration. We earnestly trust that their success will not tempt the victorious party to court a future contest upon a similar issue.

UNIVERSITY SELECT PREACHERS.

The Dean of Norwich has addressed the following letter to the Vice Chancellor of the University of Oxford:—

"The Deanery, Norwich, Dec. 12, 1872.

"Very Reverend and Dear Sir,—I beg to resign into your hands, as chief resident officer of the University of Oxford, the select preachership which was conferred upon me the year before last, and which I hold at present. In doing so I beg to express to you my grateful sense of the honour which you have done me, and the confidence you have reposed in me, by nominating me to a post so important and so interesting.

"That post I now resign, as the most forcible protest I can make against (what I must consider to be) the unfaithfulness to the truth of God which the University manifested by its vote of yesterday in favour of Dean Stanley. I desire entirely to purge myself from all complicity with that proceeding.

"It will be seen from what I have already said that I regard this vote as having a very serious significance; and I shall be obliged to you to allow me to explain and justify this view, so that I may not seem to have acted from prejudice or without ground in reason. In doing so it will be my object to say as little about Dean Stanley as possible, and to confine myself as much as possible to the principle of the opposition which I offer to him.

"Let me say, then, most emphatically that I am not one of those who wish to circumscribe the just and lawful comprehensiveness of the Church of England. She is at once Catholic and Reformed; her Prayer-book and her Articles do no doubt exhibit (not indeed two truths, but) two sides of one and the same truth; and these facts alone (patent upon the surface of her history and her formularies) make her probably the most comprehensive communion in Christendom. And I will add, Sir (pardon a little necessary egotism in explaining my views), that in any question as to who is or who is not to be considered an orthodox Church-of-England Churchman I should be disposed to err (if err one must) on the side of latitude rather than on that of exclusiveness. Believe me, Sir, I would not make a man an offender for a word, nor withhold my entire sympathy from professing Churchmen, who view the truth from a side different from, yet not contradictory to, my own.

"But I conceive that there must be a definable limit somewhere, which, if any man transgresses, he thereby ceases to be a Churchman (perhaps, to be a Christian) altogether. Nor can I think that I am singular in this opinion. To take a crucial instance, the better to exemplify the principle. If a man should teach and preach in so many words that Our Lord Jesus Christ is not God, but merely a man, born into the world in the ordinary manner, you, Sir, I am persuaded, no less than myself, would regard such a person as really beyond the pale of our communion, however a defectiveness in our system of discipline or a tardiness in the operation of the law might still suffer him to be a nominal member of it. And I think, Sir, we should both of us go further, and regard such a man as virtually out of the pale of our communion, if, while admitting Our Lord Jesus Christ to be divine, he yet made it clear that he considered Him to be no otherwise divine than as all human excellence (and therefore especially the highest) is from God. In short, nearly every serious and thoughtful person is agreed that, however wide our Church's circumference, a line must be drawn somewhere in the interests of truth. You, Sir, might possibly embrace a larger area in drawing it, I a smaller; but both of us would exclude a considerable number of persons, and leave them outside our line; and the persons so excluded would of course take offence and call us narrow. This cannot be helped; it is the necessary condition of our maintaining a definite creed. The Church holds the truth in love. She does not seek love at the expense of truth. Love at truth's expense is no love at all; it is not even liberality; it is only a sorry Liberalism.

"Now, Sir, the charge I bring against Dean Stanley (expressed in the most general and least offensive terms I can find) is, that he seems by his actions and his writings to draw the line nowhere, and to hold out the hand of fellowship to all religionists indifferently, however condemned by the plain letter of our formularies; and that he thus muffles the Church's protest in favour of the faith.

"The pulpit is, or ought to be, the chair of truth. Can he be worthy to sit in the chair of truth, who (while I doubt not he clings to the truth in his heart of hearts) virtually demolishes the wall of truth, which girds in the Church's citadel, and cries aloud, 'Enter who will?' I decline, Sir, to enter into particulars; for it is ungenerous to rake up old charges; Dean Stanley is the last person I would willingly wound; nor, in fact, am I impeaching his actions at present, but only seeking to justify my own. Every one acquainted with the circumstances is aware to what part of the dean's conduct I am making allusion.

"But it may be said, 'Even allowing Dean Stanley's conduct and writings to be open to objection, the step you are taking and the style in which you are writing about him is greatly disproportionate to the occasion.' Sir, I respectfully submit that this is not the case. If Dean Stanley stood alone and occupied an isolated position, even his talents, amiabilities, and honesty of character, though they might enable him to do a certain measure of mischief, would hardly make him formidable enough for such a protest as was entered against him by the minority of yesterday. But he is essentially a representative man. He is well known to be the mouthpiece and exponent of a school which is daily numbering more and more adherents among both clergy and laity; a school which, having no real faith at all, surrenders bit by bit the Holy Scriptures, the miracles, the doctrines of Christinity, until nothing remains (as is frankly admitted by some of the farthest advanced) save the sublime morality of the Gospel recommended by the example of Christ. I know not how it comes to pass, Sir, that this school is tolerated among us with such equanimity—allowed to broach even from the pulpits of the Church of England its cold speculations, its maudlin sentimentalism, its miserable disparagements of any definite doctrine, in place of the Gospel of Our Lord Jesus Christ. I only know that, partly through the timidity of our rulers, partly through the laxity of public opinion, partly through a weak desire to make religion (what Bible religion never was and never can be) acceptable to all men, and the Church universally comprehensive, our communion is becoming perfectly lawless; there is no King in our Israel, every man does (and thinks) what is right in his own eyes.

"It will be said, perhaps, when we complain of lawlessness, that our real remedy lies in the application of the law; that resort may always be had to the ecclesiastical courts, and in the second instance to the Judicial Committee, who can hear charges alleged against doctrine out of harmony with the formularies, and where such charges are made out can suspend or censure. But independently of the fact that the jurisdiction of these courts practically extends over the clergy only, I should like to ask how long it takes to put the Judicial Committee in motion, and how many are the fortunate orthodox, who have purses long enough to do it, or how often we may be expected to obtain from such a tribunal a verdict against a defendant, however obviously guilty, who has taken care to word himself craftily? I remember a rare stroke of humorous sarcasm in one of Archdeacon Sinclair's noble charges to the clergy of Middlesex, in which he imagined the case of David Hume's holding a benefice in the Church and being indicted for Atheistical writings, and with what ingenuity 'my lords' would make out that there were two modes of proving the existence of a Deity (an *a priori* and an *a posteriori*), and that the Reverend David Hume had sinned only against one of these, and therefore was at perfect liberty to hold his benefice—an avowal coming from no mean dignitary of the Church of England that very little remedy for our evils is to be looked for from judicial committees.

"No, Sir, a better remedy will be found in every Churchman's showing all fidelity, and making his own protest bravely in his own little sphere. At all events I will try to do so in mine. A select preachership in my view is a very sacred trust, but when I was appointed to it it was not saddled with certain conditions under which it has since been laid.

"We are now associated in our office with the leading contributor to a work lying under synodical condemnation, and more recently with a dignitary to whom (whatever excellences of heart and head he may have, and he has many) installation in the decanal chair of Westminster was refused by the canon on whom devolved the execution of the Queen's mandate. For myself I can no longer hold office under such conditions. If the pulpit of the University is to be turned into a vehicle for conveying to our youth a nerveless religion, without the sinew and bone of doctrine, a religion which can hardly be called Faith any much as a mere Christianised morality, I for one must decline to stand there—a less obnoxious way, I think, of expressing my sentiments (at all events a more peaceable one) than if, standing there, I should direct my sermons against Rationalism, and thus take advantage of my position to attack my colleagues in office, and to foment an unseemly strife amongst members of the University.—I remain, Very Reverend and Dear Sir, with great respect, your faithful servant,

"E. M. GOULBURN.

"The Very Reverend the Vice Chancellor of the University of Oxford," &c.

THE SCIENCE OF BETTING.—Mr. Charles Dodgson, Mathematical Lecturer at Christ Church, Oxford, writes to the *Pall-Mall Gazette* that the rule of betting may be stated thus:—"Write all the possible events in a column, placing opposite to each the odds offered against it: this will give two columns of figures. For the third column add together the odds in each case, and find the least common multiple of all the numbers in this column. For the fourth column divide this least common multiple by the several numbers in the third column. For the fifth and sixth columns multiply the original odds by the several numbers in the fourth column. These odds are to be given or taken, according as the sum total of the sixth column is greater or less than the least common multiple." The last two columns give the relative amounts to be invested in each bet:—

	1 2	3	4	5 6
A	2 to 3	5	12	24 to 36
B	4 to 1	5	12	48 to 12
C	5 to 1	6	10	50 to 10
D	9 to 1	10	6	54 to 6
The Field	14 to 1	15	4	56 to 4

An example will make this clear:—Suppose that in a race about to be run there are four horses in the betting, the odds being 3 to 2 on the favourite, which is equivalent to 2 to 3 against. The least common multiple of the third column is 60, and the sum total of the last 68, and as this is greater than 60, the odds in this case are all to be given in the relative amounts given in the fifth and six columns. Suppose, for example, that I multiply these columns by 10, and make the bets in pounds—that is, I take 360*l.* to 240*l.* on A, I give 480*l.* to 120*l.* against B, and so on. Now, suppose C to win the race; in this case I lose 500*l.*, and win 360*l.* + 120*l.* + 60*l.* + 40*l.* = 580*l.* It will be found on trial that I win the same sum, 80*l.*, in each of the five events. If all betting men tried to work this system, they would either be all offering odds or all taking odds on each event, and so no bets could be made. But the fact that this system of winning is ever possible arises from the odds being unevenly adjusted, so that they do not represent the real chances of the several events. Supposing this system to be applied only in cases where the odds were evenly adjusted, the sum total of the sixth column would always be equal to the least common multiple, and thus, whether the odds were given or taken, the concluding entry in every betting-book would be 'Gain = Loss = *Nil*—a most desirable result."

THE SCIENCE OF BETTING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—As you have thought my communication to the *Pall-mall Gazette* on the above subject worth republishing in your columns, will you allow me to correct a mistake in the arithmetical example? It should stand thus:—

	1. 2.	3.	4.	5. 6.
A	2 to 3	5	6	12 to 18
B	4 to 1	5	6	24 to 6
C	5 to 1	6	5	25 to 5
D	9 to 1	10	3	27 to 3
The Field	14 to 1	15	2	28 to 2

The least common multiple of the third column is 30, not 60. The truth of the rule is not affected by this, as any common multiple would serve the purpose.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

CHARLES L. DODGSON.

Christ Church, Oxford, Nov. 20.

CHALDEAN HISTORY OF THE DELUGE.

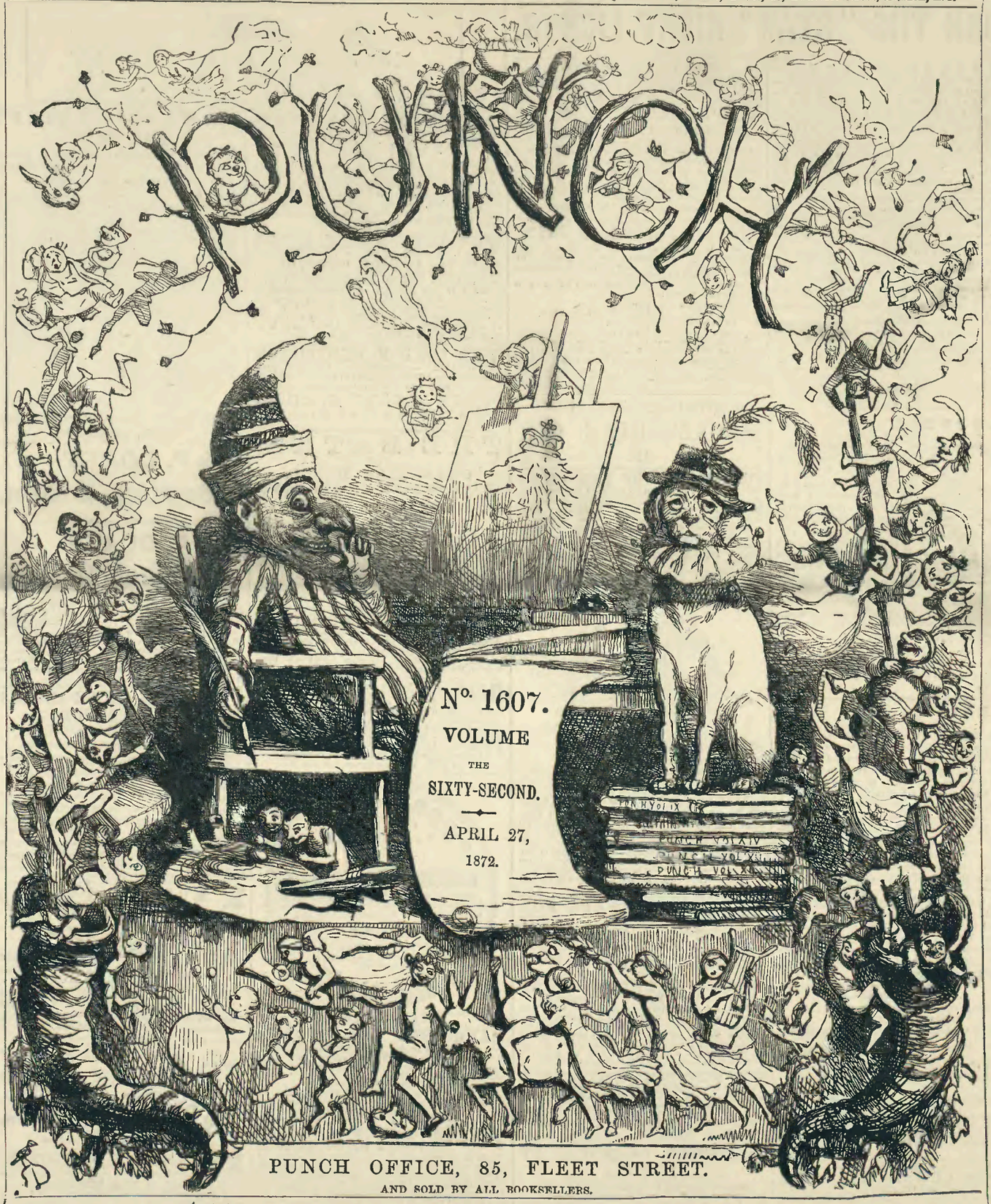
Last evening a large and distinguished company assembled in the rooms of the Society of Biblical Archæology, to hear from Mr. George Smith, of the British Museum, a paper upon a Cuneiform Inscription, containing the Chaldean account of the Deluge. General Sir Henry Rawlinson presided, and among those present were Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Childers, the Dean of Westminster and Lady Augusta Stanley, Mr. Roebuck, Mr. Giffard, Q.C., Professor Donaldson, Mr. S. Birch, the Rev. J. M. Rodwell, Mr. Deutsch, and many others.

Sir HENRY RAWLINSON, in introducing the lecturer, said the crowded state of the meeting evinced the great public interest which was taken in the subject to be brought forward that evening. Some 15 years ago, he explained, during the excavations of the site of the old palace of Nineveh, the *débris* of the Royal library was found. In ancient days books were merely inscribed on clay tablets, and a great many of these were discovered among the ruins in as perfect a state of preservation as they had been 2,500 years previously. They were deposited in the British Museum, and had since furnished a perfect mine of resource to all Assyrian scholars, of whom Mr. Smith was the first of the day. Sir Henry pledged his reputation and authority that the translation of the inscription which they would hear from Mr. Smith would be as generally perfect as could possibly be.

Mr. SMITH, who was received with cheers, then read his paper. A short time back, he said, he discovered among the Assyrian tablets in the British Museum an account of the Flood. For convenience of working he had divided the collection of Assyrian tablets in the British Museum into sections according to the subject-matter of the inscriptions. He had recently been examining the division comprising the mythological and mythical tablets, and from that section he obtained a number of tablets giving a curious series of legends and including a copy of the story of the Flood. On discovering these documents, which were much mutilated, he searched over all the collections of fragments of inscriptions, consisting of several thousands of smaller pieces, and ultimately recovered 80 fragments of those legends; by the aid of which he was enabled to restore nearly all the text of the description of the Flood, and considerable portions of the other legends. These tablets were originally at least 12 in number, forming one story or set of legends, the account of the Flood being on the eleventh tablet. Of the inscription describing the Flood, there were fragments of three copies containing duplicate texts; these copies belong to the time of Assurbanipal, or about 660 years before the Christian era, and they were found in the library of that Monarch in the palace at Nineveh. The original text, according to the statements on the tablets, must have belonged to the city of Erech, and it appeared to have been either written in or translated into the Semitic Babylonian at a very early period. The date when that document was first written or translated was at present very difficult to decide, but the following were some of the evidences of its antiquity:—1, The three Assyrian copies presented a number of variant readings, which had crept into the text since the original documents were written; 2, the forms of the characters in the original documents were of an ancient type, and the Assyrian copyist did not always know their modern representatives, so he had left some of them in their original hieratic form; 3, there were a number of sentences which were originally glosses explanatory of the subjects. Before the Assyrian copies were made these glosses had been already incorporated in the text and their original use lost. On examining the composition of the text, some marked peculiarities are apparent which likewise show its high antiquity. One of these was the constant use of the personal pronoun nominative. In later times that was usually indicated by the verbal form, but not expressed. On comparing the Deluge text with dated texts from the time of Sargon I., it appeared to be older than these, and its original composition cannot be placed later than the 17th century before the Christian era, while it might be much older. The text itself professed to belong to the time of a Monarch whose name, written in monograms, he was unable to read phonetically, he therefore provisionally called him by the ordinary values of the signs of his name, Izdubar. Izdubar, from the description of his reign, evidently belonged to the mythical period; the legends given in these tablets—the offer of marriage made to him by the goddess Ishtar, the monsters living at the time, Izdubar's vision of the gods, his journey to the translated Sisit, with a curious account of a mythical conquest of Erech when the gods and spirits inhabiting that city changed themselves into animals to escape the fury of the conqueror: all these things and many others show the unhistorical nature of the epoch. From the heading of the tablets giving his history, he supposed that Izdubar lived in the epoch immediately following the Flood, and he thought likewise that he might have been the founder of the Babylonian Monarchy, perhaps the Nimrod of Scripture. That, however, was pure conjecture; so many fabulous stories were current in Babylonia respecting Izdubar, that his existence might even be doubted. The fragments of the history of Izdubar, so far as he had at present examined them, reminded him of the exploits and labours of Hercules, and, on the supposition that our present version of Berosus was correct as to dates, Izdubar might have been placed about 30,000 years before the Christian era. No document could belong to so remote an age. The legends of Izdubar and the account of the Flood must, however, belong to a very early period, for there were references to the story in the bilingual lists which were composed in Babylonia during the early Chaldean Empires. The question might be asked, "How is it that we find an early Chaldean document from Erech transported to Nineveh, copied, and placed in the Royal library there?" On this point it could be shown that it was a common custom for the Assyrians to obtain and copy Babylonian works, and a considerable portion of Assyrian literature consists of these copies of older standard writings. Mr. Smith then gave an account of the inscriptions on the ten preceding tablets. The eleventh tablet, the most important, opened with a speech of Izdubar, who now asks Sisit how he became converted, and Sisit relates the story of the Flood. After describing the building of the Ark, he goes on as follows:—

"I caused to go up into the ship all my male and female servants, the beasts of the field, the animals of the field, and the sons of the army—all of them, I caused to go up. A flood Shamas made, and he spake saying in the night, 'I will cause it to rain from heaven heavily; enter to the midst of the ship, and shut thy door.' A flood he raised, and he spake saying in the night, 'I will cause it to rain from heaven heavily,' In the day that I celebrated his festival, the day which he had appointed; fear I had, I entered to the midst of the ship, and shut my door; to guide the ship, to Buzursadirabi the pilot, the palace I gave to his hand. The raging of a storm in the morning arose, from the horizon of heaven extending and wide Vul in the midst of it thundered, and Nebo and Saru went in front; the throne bearers went over mountains and plains; the destroyer Nergal overturned; Ninip went in front, and cast down; the spirits carried destruction; in their glory they swept the earth; of Vul the flood, reached to heaven; the bright earth to a waste was turned; the surface of the earth, like . . . it swept; it destroyed all life, from the face of the earth . . . the strong tempest over the people, reached to heaven. Brother saw not his brother, it did not spare the people. In heaven the gods feared the tempest, and sought refuge; they ascended to the heaven of Anu. The gods like dogs with tails hidden couched down. Spake Ishtar a discourse, uttered the great goddess her speech, 'The world to sin has turned, and then I in the presence of the gods prophesied evil; when I prophesied in the presence of the gods evil, to evil were devoted all my people, and I prophesied thus, "I have begotten man and let him not like the sons of the fishes fill the sea." The gods concerning the spirits, were weeping with her; the gods in seats, seated in lamentation; covered were their lips for the coming evil. Six days and nights passed, the wind tempest and storm, overwhelmed, on the seventh day in its course, was calmed the storm, and all the tempest, which had destroyed like an earthquake, quieted. The sea he caused to dry, and the wind and tempest ended. I was carried through the sea. The doer of evil, and the whole of mankind who turned to sin, like reeds their corpses floated. I opened the window, and the light broke in, over my refuge it passed; I sat still and over my refuge came peace. I was carried over the shore, at the boundary of the sea, for 12 measures it ascended over the land. To the country of Nizir, went the ship; the mountain of Nizir stopped the ship, and to pass over it, it was not able. The first day and the second day, the mountain of Nizir the same. The third day and the fourth day, the mountain of Nizir the same. The fifth and sixth, the mountain of Nizir the same. On the seventh day in the course of it I sent forth a dove, and it left. The dove went and searched and a resting-place it did not find, and it returned. I sent forth a swallow, and it left. The swallow went and searched and a resting-place it did not find, and it returned. I sent a raven, and it left. The raven went, and the corpses on the waters it saw, and it did eat, it swam, and wandered away, and did not return. I sent the animals forth to the four winds I poured out a libation I built an altar on the peak of the mountain, by seven herbs I cut, at the bottom of them, I placed reeds, pines, and simgar. The gods collected at its burning, the gods collected at its good burning. the gods like sumbe over the sacrifice gathered, From of old also, the great God in his course, the great brightness of Anu had created; when the glory of these gods, as of Ukni stone, on my countenance I could not endure; in those days I prayed that for ever I might not endure. May the gods come to my altar; may Bel not come to my altar for he did not consider and had made a tempest and my people he had consigned to the deep from of old, also Bel in his course saw the ship, and went Bel with anger filled to the gods and spirits; let not any one come out alive, let not a man be saved from the deep. Ninip his mouth opened and spake, and said to the warrior Bel, 'who then will be saved,' Hea the words understood, and Hea knew all things, Hea his mouth opened and spake, and said to the warrior Bel, 'Thou prince of the gods, warrior, when thou was angry a tempest thou makest, the doer of sin did his sin, the doer of evil did his evil, may the exalted not be broken, may the captive not be delivered; instead of thee making a tempest, may lions increase and men be reduced; instead of thee making a tempest, may leopards increase and men be reduced; instead of thee making a tempest, may a famine happen, and the country be destroyed; instead of thee making a tempest, may pestilence increase and men be destroyed.' I did not peer into the wisdom of the gods, reverent and attentive a dream they sent, and the wisdom of the gods he heard. When his judgment was accomplished, Bel went up to the midst of the ship, he took my hand and brought me out, me he brought out, he caused me to bring my wife to my side, he purified the country, he established in a covenant and took the people in the presence of Sisit and the people; when Sisit and his wife and the people to be like the gods were carried away, then dwelt Sisit in a remote place at the mouth of the rivers; they took me and in a remote place at the mouth of the rivers they seated me, when to thee whom the gods have chosen, thee and the life which thou has sought, after thou shalt gain this do for six days and seven nights like I say also, in bonds bind him the way like a storm shall be laid upon him. Sisit after this manner said to his wife I announce that the chief who grasps at life the way like a storm shall be laid upon him; his wife after this manner said to Sisit afar off, purify him and let the man be sent away the road that he came, may he return in peace, the great gate open, and may he return to his country. Sisit after this manner, said to his wife, the cry of a man alarms thee, this do, his scarlet cloth place on his head, and the day when he ascended the side of the ship, she did, his scarlet cloth she placed on his head. and the day when he ascended on the side of the ship." Mr. Smith ended by minutely comparing this description with the Bible record and the Chaldean account given by Berosus, into which, however, we have no space to enter.

Royal Letters —	Nov. 10. 1854.
Voice in Europe —	Mar. 10. 1855.
My lords are not aware.	do. do.
Footsteps ———	Feb. 1855.
Childe Harold —	Ap. 12. 1855.
Review of Maud.	Aug. 25. 1855 —
Exeter Hall.	Dec. 13. 56
Toad eater	Dec 3. 56.
Princess Theatre.	July 3. 59.
Frozen Deep.	July 13. 59.
Wigan's Farewell.	July 25. 59
Robson's Opening —	Aug. 11. 59
Bards of Burns	Jan 29. 59.
Leader on Ch. Ch.	Dec. 17. 59



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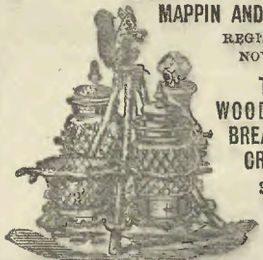

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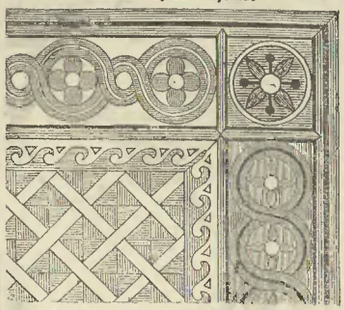

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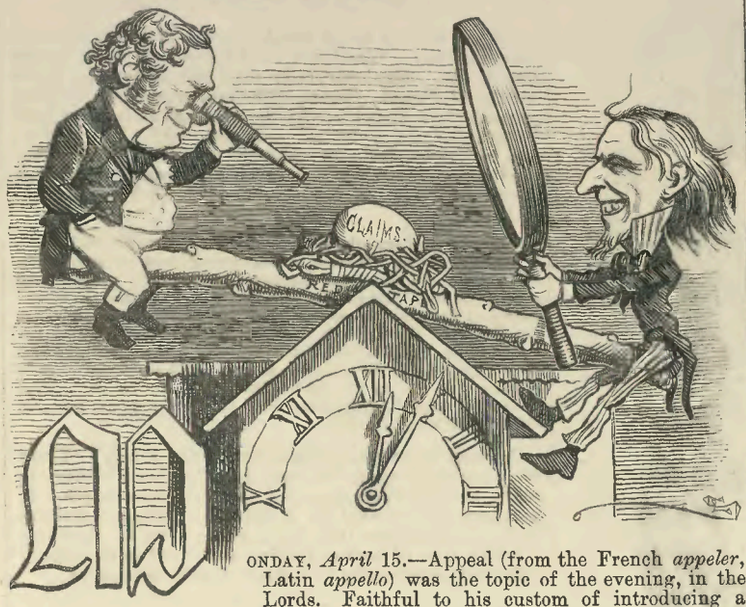


ONDAY, *April* 15.—Appeal (from the French *appeler*, Latin *appello*) was the topic of the evening, in the Lords. Faithful to his custom of introducing a quotation, in or out of season, to a non-reading age, *Mr. Punch* has glanced into the drawers of his memory for a line in which the word occurs. Such a line instantly presents itself, of course, and that it has no kind of bearing on, or connection with, the matter in hand is an advantage.

> "Then, cloaking hate with fiery zeal,
> Proud Lorne thus answered the Appeal,
> 'Thou com'st, O holy man!'"
>
> *Lord of the Isles.*

Refer to the passage, and you will find that it leads, as passages should, to something worth reaching. This is the splendidly dramatic situation in which the priest, who was about to curse The Bruce, is over-mastered by an inspiration, and blesses him in a noble and prophetic strain. But the business in the Lords? Ah, true. Well, Lord Hatherley proposes to construct a new Grand Court of Appeal, and to do away with the Appellate Jurisdiction of the House of Lords. Retired but still able lawyers are to form the principal members of the Court, but any Lord who may rightfully be called Learned is to be qualified. The plan has to be carefully considered, and when their Lordships discuss it in detail, *Mr. Punch* will cast his illuminating beams upon the topic.

Mr. Ayrton has decreed that the old houses in Abingdon Street, close to the Palace of Westminster, shall be pulled down within the month. Thanks, Ædile, but they ought to have fallen long ago. Do you recollect a quotation so miraculously introduced by Lord Macaulay at a dinner-party given just after some edifices had tumbled down in Tottenham Court Road, and at which party an American lady, whose theological views were not over-orthodox, put them forward over-fluently?

> "Here falling houses thunder on your head,
> And there a female Atheist talks you dead."

It is alleged that sundry officers in the Ninth Lancers have made things unpleasant for a gentleman who joined on the strength of having passed a brilliant examination, and not by purchase. Also that the Commander-in-Chief has given it to the offenders rather hot. The papers are to be moved for —let us wait for them. *Mr. Punch* rather likes Spangled Officers, if they do not shake their spangles too proudly, and he is ever loth to be harsh with them, but discipline must be maintained.

> "And Britons rarely swerve
> From law, however stern, which tends their force to nerve."

This night began anew the Ballot Battles, which ere the week was spent resulted in an extraordinary cropper for the Cabinet. The case is this. The authors of the Ballot Bill, in their great zeal and tenderness for the unfortunate persons who are afraid or ashamed to vote publicly, are tremendously hard upon the majority of Her Majesty's faithful Elector-subjects, who have also been accustomed so to vote, and who detest secresy. It was proposed to inflict dire and terrible punishment upon anybody who should raise the Isis veil of the Ballot—(*A propos* of Isis, what says Lord Lytton?

> "From vulgar eyes a veil the Isis screens,
> And fools on fools still ask what Hamlet means.")

and to-night there came on the clause for giving two years' imprisonment, with or without hard labour, to any person who should irregularly take out a Ballot-paper. This creation of a new offence, and visiting it with about eight times as much vengeance as is poured on a ruffian who batters his wife to pieces, aroused a good deal of wrath. Both the Bentincks, for whom *Punch* does not profess habitual adoration, spoke manfully against it, as did Lord E. Cecil and Mr. Beresford Hope. But the Government carried this by 203 to 152, majority 51.

> "'But hope not thou,' said Turnus, 'when I strike,
> To shun thy fate, our force is not alike.'"

Turnus means Vernon Harcourt—*respice finem.* Mr. West tried to get six months, instead of two years, prescribed, but he failed. However, Mr. Forster consented to insert a provision that the act must be fraudulent.

More strife and struggle, and some pleasing personalities, Mr. J. Hardy informing Mr. Samuelson that he got into the House by undue influence—however, Mr. Bonham-Carter caused that expression to be "took back."

But now begin to take notice, like the little babies. Mr. Leatham moved that no voter after marking his vote on the Ballot-paper should wilfully display it, so as to make known how he voted. The Conservatives opposed this (coupled as it was with the penalty of being sent to prison), and so did some Liberals, especially Mr. Fawcett, who declared that the instincts of England would never let a man be put into gaol merely for performing a public duty openly and honestly. But Government adopted the tyrannical proposal, and after a bungled division another was taken, and the numbers were 167 to 166, the majority for Mr. V. Harcourt and against Mr. Gladstone *One.* Whereat there were huge Opposition cheers. *Respice finem*, we repeat.

Tuesday.—We told you that Earl Nelson, some time ago, said that he expected every man to take his seat in church. We waited his explanation. He has a Bill, which the Archbishop said was aimed at a real grievance. The object is to preserve sundry free seats in a state of freedom. *A propos* of anything you like, what an odd way the foul fiend had of tempting *Poor Tom*, in *King Lear*, by "putting halters in his pew." If a gentleman in church were suddenly seized with a desire to hang himself (and perhaps Shakspeare knew what kind of dementing sermons can be preached) the place is most unsuitable for such a purpose. Even a beadle would have almost sense enough to prevent its being carried out.

Lord Kimberley, the Colonial Secretary, introduced the new Licensing Bill, in the House of Lords. Bandersnatch, who has no reverence, supposes that his Lordship was selected to deal with the spirit-shops because his motto is "A-gin-court." Let Bandersnatch be anathema. It was right to give the Lords something to do. Of the Bill, of which we had heard much, we shall not say much, yet. The points be these:—

- Existing rights not to be disturbed.
- As regards new licences, those granted by County Magistrates not to be valid unless confirmed by a Special Committee of Quarter Sessions.
- In boroughs where there are not more than nine Justices, they are to have jurisdiction; when more than nine, they are to appoint a Special Committee, but its acts are to be confirmed by the whole body and by the Home Secretary.
- Various appeals are provided.
- London Public-houses to be shut from midnight till VII. in the morning.
- In towns with fewer than 10,000 people, from X. to VII.
- Over that population, from XI. to VII.
- On Sundays, no houses to open till I. London houses to shut at XI.; in the second case at IX., and in the third at X.

Well, you know, that *won't do.* We mean, particularly, the Hours regulation. *Mr. Punch* knows and cares nothing about anybody's wants and comforts but his own, and if everybody would mind his own business, everybody's business would be minded. *Mr. Punch's* is to say that the Opera is very often not over till XII., or a little later (if Meyerbeer's learned sock be on), and he likes to hear the end, and if he is not to be allowed to go round to the Albion for a silver flagon of beer,—

> "One drop, the last, to cool him for the weed,"

he will become an International Republican Co-operative Democratic Communist. More of this anon. The Second Reading is for the second of May.

"A WORM WILL TURN."

Miss Cramfie (Governess at the Squire's, who plays the Organ at Church, and coaches up the Choir). "Mr. Jorkins, you always take up that 'Lead' in the Anthem so dreadfully Flat!"

Mr. Jorkins (with a Modesty rare in a Tenor). "Well, we dew, Miss; but—you see Mr. Mangles and me ain't *Sims Reeves*, Miss!"

A SMILE IN EXETER HALL.

King Stephen was a worthy Peer. So is the Earl of Shaftesbury. Worthy of the Peerage everybody knows him to be. But everybody does not know him to be worthy of *Punch*. Know, therefore, everybody, by these presents, how Punchworthy the noble Earl is. For hath he not said the thing which is pleasant? Yea, verily; and in Exeter Hall too. Therein, presiding, on Tuesday night, last week, at the seven-and-twentieth annual meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, and:—

"Speaking of an allusion made by the Rev. Hugh Hanna to the possibility of some of the young men present being elevated in the course of the next forty or fifty years to the peerage, Lord Shaftesbury said he doubted whether the demagogues of Trafalgar Square would allow that venerable assembly, the House of Lords, to sit so long. But, in the event of the proposal for the creation of life-peerages being again brought forward, he should, he thought, move an address to the Queen, praying that the two most notorious speakers on that point should be created respectively Earl of Trafalgar Square and Baron Hyde Park."

Is Lord Shaftesbury also among the jokers? There were probably many amongst his Lordship's hearers to whom that question presented itself in those words. It may be answered that he is indeed. *Dulce est desipere in loco*, and Exeter Hall is a *locus*, a *locus in quo* there is such a deal of serious talking as to need being a little enlivened occasionally by a flash of mild merriment.

The Cuckoo.

(Dr. Watts, *adapted to an uncertain Spring time.*)

'Tis the voice of the Cuckoo
I heard him come, plain;
But he came here too soon,—
Shall I hear him again?

Rather 'Tother.

Serjeant Ballantine pleads as a reason for letting the Claimant out on bail that, "as the question will be one of his identity with Arthur Orton, it will be necessary that he should see his witnesses." We should have thought that all that would be necessary would be that the *witnesses* should see *him*.

Do you know what Local Taxation means? Ratepayers, who undergo it, do perfectly well, and do not "rejoice therefore." To-night they made Sir Massey Lopez their champion. He explained well, in fact

"Loosed all their bars of Massey light,"

and after a long debate, in which Mr. Stansfeld, for Government, opposed him, he inflicted upon the said Government an extraordinary defeat. He carried a resolution for the re-adjustment of such taxation by 259 to 159—majority against Ministers, *One Hundred!* Of course, heaps of Liberals stayed away, because they were ashamed to sustain the present unrighteous system.

Wednesday.—Sir Selwyn Ibbetson had another Licensing Bill, and Members talked over it, until the time for rising came. It will, however, be considered alongside of the Government one, so no more at present on either head.

Thursday.—The American question has, of course, cropped up several times, but there is nothing particular to say on it, save that Counter-cases have been exchanged, England utterly repudiating the Indirect Claims.

It had been very emphatically stated by the *Daily Telegraph* that Prince Von Bismarck had sent to Paris an *ultimatum*, menacing a renewal of the war, if the French persisted in arming hugely, with intention of "revenge." Mr. Gladstone "believed" to-night that no information to this effect had been received by the Government, an answer by no means of a re-assuring sort. Nothing would surprise us less than such action by Germany, only that France is her debtor in an awful sum, and it is not wise in a creditor to jeopardise his claims.

Now then.

"The cannon is pointed, and ready to roar,
And crumble the wall it had shaken before."

We resumed the Ballot. Mr. Vernon Harcourt, in reference to Mr. Leatham's amendment, proposed to put "with corrupt intent" into the clause about displaying the paper. Mr. Forster would not accept this, and Mr. Harcourt delivered one of his best and most incisive speeches, making vast fun of Government for insisting on such penalties as now absolutely and vitally necessary, when they had not been inserted in the Bill the Lords had been abused for throwing over. Mr. Leatham stuck to his own form, Liberal after Liberal opposed him, and Mr. Gladstone advocated Mr. Leatham's amendment in the most earnest way. But even Mr. Gilpin, one of the most sincere of Mr. Gladstone's friends, abandoned him, as did Mr. Childers and Mr. Bouverie, and on division the numbers were—for the Leatham motion, 246; against it, 274; majority against Government, 28.

Mr. Gladstone, appealed to by Mr. Osborne, reproachfully called the attention of his friends to the Tory cheers. He was ready to part with the provision rather than part with the Bill. The latter should be pressed with unabated vigour.

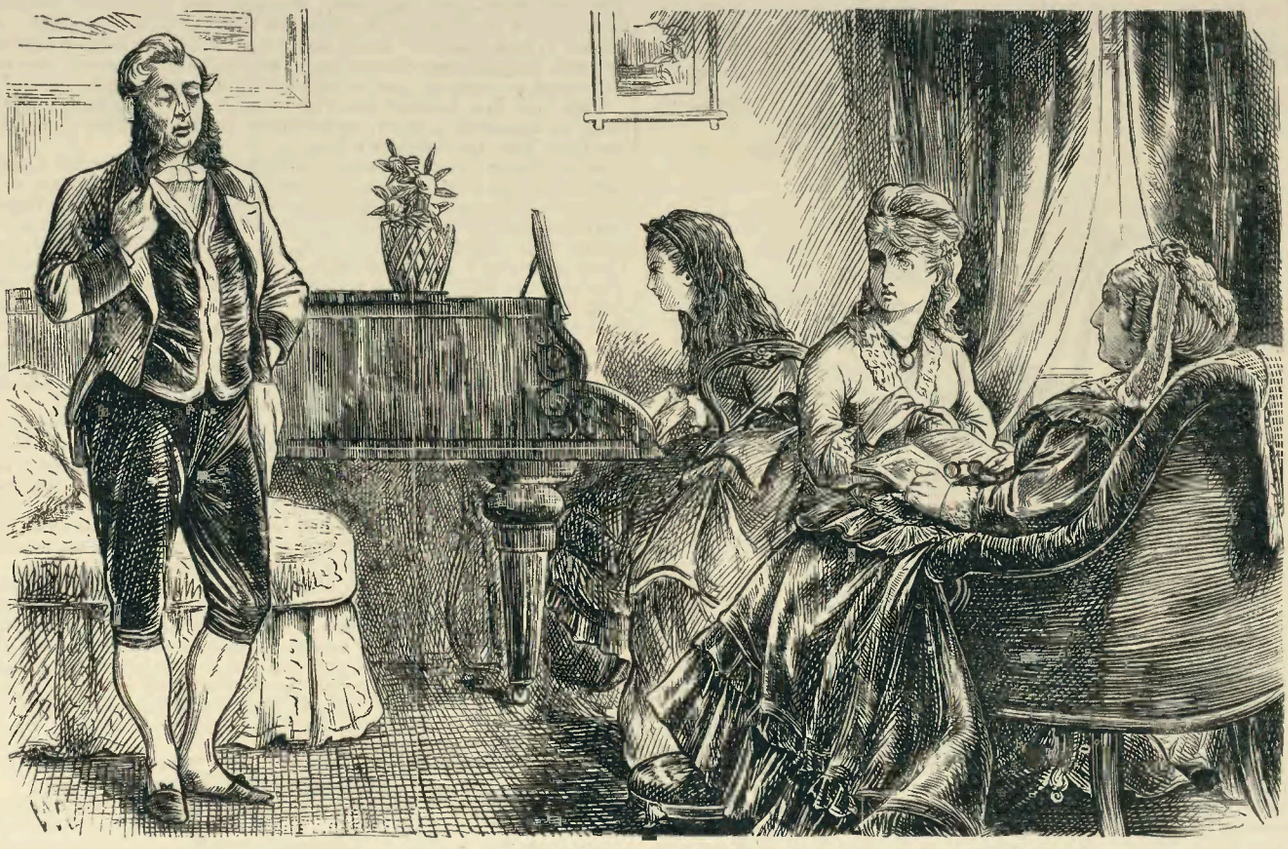
We should like to cite something magnificent and worthy of this tremendous crisis. But we can recal nothing but Tom Hood's—

"What do you think of *that*, my Cat,
What do you think of *that*, my Dog?"

Friday.—Parsons, Oysters, and Mussels occupied their Lordships for a couple of hours. For the two former classes of our fellow-creatures we have the utmost respect, especially when the parsons give pearls and the oysters do not open their mouths indiscreetly. But that the Peers of England should bemean themselves by mentioning Mussels!——we are ashamed of the Senate.

The wrongs of the Negroes in Cuba, of the Jews in Roumania, and of the Biscuit-eaters in the Navy, occupied their Commonerships. The latter subject prompts a Shakspearian parody, with which *Mr. Punch* closes his ornate record:—

"The boy replied, 'An angel is not evil,
I should have feared her had she been a Weevil.'"
Love's Labour's Lost.



ONE OF THE "SYMPATHIZERS."

Jeames. "I'M AFRAID, ME LADY, I'LL REQUIRE TO LEAVE YOU." *Lady.* "WHY?"
Jeames. "WELL, ME LADY, I CAN'T AGREE WITH MASTER'S SUCKASMS AGAINST THAT POOR PERSECUTED SIR ROGER."

EPITHALAMIUM IN GENERAL.

JUST now o' mornings with what din of bells resoundeth air!
How are St. George's clergy worked in Hanover's gay Square!
Day after day how long the list of weddings in the *Times*
Doth strike your eye as your ear is struck by the music of the chimes!

Hey? What! Has there occurred of late a fall in the price of bread,
That to Church doth make the people rush so furiously, and wed?
Perhaps; but there's evermore a burst of the after-Easter tide,
With the Lent-dams down, and the channel free for the bridegroom and the bride.

What Alps of snow-clad semblance would arise on every hand
If wedding-cakes upon wedding-cakes were piled about the land!
What acres broad might wedding-feasts be spread on o'er each plain,
Chicken and lobster-salad amid rivers of champagne!

What hosts of human beings now each other daily bless!
O happy thought to estimate their sum of happiness!
How long to last, on all the pairs around you look, and see,
Young folks, and know ye that as they are now so you will be.

It is a goodly sight to gaze upon a bridal show,
Demonstrating unshaken faith in a Paradise below.
Forefend all fond young couples, Gracious Goodness, from mischance,
May none of them ever come to crave the help of LORD PENZANCE!

Stuff of the conscience 'tis to fast from wedlock during Lent;
No time to marry being that which time is to repent.
But marriage, when past Easter, is esteemed the thing to do,
Nowise fearful that repentance of the bargain will ensue.

O the wedding-bells throughout the land do make a merry noise,
A sound it is which the raptured ear of Sympathy enjoys,
And away with PROFESSOR PUMPKINS, whose reflection it compels
The more wedding-peals there be rung, the more will be tolled, hereafter, knells.

CONVERSE DEMONSTRATION.

IT is proposed that, before the tyrannical Government Parks Bill shall have passed the Lords, the middle and upper classes, taking a lesson from those that constitute the basis of Society, shall assemble in their thousands, and march through the streets on a Sunday in procession to Victoria Park, there to hold a demonstration with the object of enforcing the immediate repeal of the Income-tax. The demonstrators will comprise a very large number of persons, clerks and other people of respectability with slender or precarious incomes, on foot, as well as numerous gentlemen and ladies in carriages and on horseback; and they will proceed to and return from their destination with banners emblazoned with coats of arms flying, and violins and pianos playing; whilst a chorus, with band in attendance, will keep on singing "*Viva la Libertà!*" and other appropriate operatic selections. By this display of numbers and determination it is hoped that a section of Society at present subject to the injustice of inquisitorial confiscation will succeed in obtaining for themselves the concession of equality before the tax-gatherer.

Well Classed.

IN an article headed "The Agricultural Labour Question," we read, among other news of the "movement," that "the Newmarket trainers have advanced the wages of their men from 14*s.* to 16*s.*" This is the first time we ever saw Newmarket trainers figure as agricultural employers, and their men as agricultural labourers. But the classification may be defended. If our labourers are *serfs*, what are trainers' labourers but *adscripti glebæ?* Isn't their work altogether of the turf, turfy?

FROM OUR DOMESTIC PET IDIOT.

WHAT is the difference between a Sofa and its fair occupants?—About the difference between an Ottoman and a knot-o'-women!

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

Mr. Barlow and Masters Sandford and Merton continue their "Evenings from Home" at Torcombe Abbey Boarding-House.

The dinner was, if possible, more dreadful than anything Harry had before undergone. A card was placed before him announcing the names of the numerous viands with which the company were about to be regaled. This card was highly ornamented with tradesmen's advertisements intended for the perusal of the guests, and Master Harry would have been vastly entertained, had he not been so alarmed by the novelty of his position, on observing that a most prominent place was given to an advertisement of a Medical Hall in Torcombe, the assistance of which establishment might, it was foreseen, not improbably be required by those who indulged too freely in the luxuries provided by the Abbey Boarding-House.

There was indeed such an apparatus of dishes which Harry had never tasted before, and which almost made him ill when he did taste them, all in their order, one after the other. Then there were so many powdered servants in gorgeous liveries standing behind their chairs, and such pomp and solemnity about what seemed the easiest thing in the world, that Harry could not help thinking to himself how infinitely preferable it would have been had all these savoury dishes and wines been left entirely to himself, without the interference of these grand footmen, and the presence of so many fine ladies and gentlemen, whose conversation, mingling with the bustle of the menials, distracted his attention from the meal, and indeed prevented him from obtaining two servings of any one particular dish which more than others seemed to suit his palate.

Miss Smudgkins now pointed out to him how many of the names were in French, with the use of which language the Housekeeper of the Abbey Boarding-House was only moderately acquainted.

The soup, Harry was asked to observe, was called *Fembon Potage*, and an Elderly Gentleman, who had been a considerable traveller, now stated, that, in some parts of France, this was known as Soup *à la bonne femme*, to which Master Tommy, who had been received amidst the circle of the ladies as a prodigy of wit and ingenuity, replied, that "many people were of a different opinion, and for his part he considered it more in accordance with the rules of good breeding to observe some prudence in offering a remark, than to show considerable alacrity in venturing an assertion, which the circumstances of the case did not warrant, and to which the majority of the company were in no mind to listen."

The Elderly Gentleman, whom Mr. Barlow now perceived by his dress and accent to be an inhabitant of Scotland, was much abashed at this rebuke, and during the remainder of the repast would not utter so much as a single word.

In consequence of this success, which elicited rapturous applause from the company (to whom it had been conveyed that Master Tommy's father was a very wealthy man), the young gentleman's volubility increased so much, that, before dinner was over, he seemed disposed to engross the whole conversation to himself, and Mr. Barlow, who did not enjoy the sallies of his young pupil so greatly as the ladies around him, was once or twice minded to interpose and check him in his career. This the widow-lady, whose name was Mrs. Blobbsomer, and whose daughter Matilda was Master Tommy's right-hand neighbour, thought very hard, and tapping Mr. Barlow playfully on the knuckles with her ivory fan, expressed herself to him that he "would honly spoil Master Tommy's temper by such hinjudicious contradiction, which she never could put up with from an 'usband, has hit halways hinvariably flew to 'er 'ed."

This hint Mr. Barlow received in such good part, and, indeed, made so ingenious a reply, as to obtain for him another sprightly tap from Mrs. Blobbsomer's fan.

After dinner the usual loyal toasts were proposed by the oldest member of the company, and responded to by Master Tommy, and also by Mr. Barlow, who, in acknowledging the health of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, wound up a singularly eloquent speech with these words:—"Yes, my friends, the news of the Prince's recovery has been hailed with delight (*Great applause*) wherever the British Flag protects the slave, wherever the Union Jack has been unfurled, from the North to the South, from the East to the West, in the Prairies of the Potomac (*Hear, hear!*), the Deserts of Arabia (*Hear, hear!*), the Jungles of India (*Hear, hear, hear!*), the utmost Wilds of America (*Bravo!*), the Plutonic Volcanoes of Africa (*Sobs, and cries of Hear, hear!*), and the Uninhabited Islands of the Great Pacific." (*Immense cheering.*)

At this point the excitement of the company became almost uncontrollable, and it was not, indeed, until the ladies had assembled in the drawing-room, leaving the gentlemen to the enjoyment of their wine, that anything like calm was restored. Mrs. Blobbsomer, the mother of Matilda, and Mrs. Pejinkle, the mother of Sophonisba (who during dinner had been seated at Master Tommy's left hand), now proceeded to discuss with the other ladies the merits of the new arrivals at the Abbey Boarding-House.

It was agreed by all, with the exception of Miss Smudgkins, who boldly avowed her preference, that Master Sandford (whose father they had understood was a farmer) had a heavy clownish look, and ought not to be any longer honoured with the company of Master Merton, who, the elderly ladies said, would one day be an ornament to the society in which his wealth would entitle him to move. As for Mr. Barlow, indeed, Mrs. Pejinkle hinted that he was but "an odd kind of man, who never went to assemblies, conversaziones, or large parties."

"Nor to balls, mamma, nor concerts," said Miss Sophonisba.

"Nor to the hopera," said Mrs. Blobbsomer, fanning herself.

"No, nor to Court neither," exclaimed Miss Matilda, adding triumphantly, "Tommy—I mean," she corrected herself modestly at a sign from her mother, "Master Merton told me as much, and confided to me that he had already ordered his court-dress and sword in which to appear at the next levée."

After the silence which ensued upon this speech of Miss Matilda's had been broken by the entrance of the servants with trays of tea, coffee, and cakes, Mrs. Blobbsomer observed, "For my part, I think it would be hinfinitely more hadvantageous to Master Merton if he were, hat once, removed from the contagium and placed in some polite cemetery, where he might hacquire a knowledge of the world and make genteel connexions. This is the plan as I 'ave halways pursued with my Haugustus, who I am now thinking of sending to 'Arrow-on-the-'ill, or to Heton, and with Matilda, who in a few days will be completing 'er heducation at the Misses Toplights Hacademy, Clifton."

The gentlemen now joined them in the drawing-room, and several of the young ladies were in turn solicited by Master Tommy to amuse the company with music and singing. Among the rest Miss Smudgkins sang a little Welsh ballad, called "*Slap bang, Here we are Again*," in so artless, but sweet and pathetic a manner, that little Harry (who by not taking part in the conversation in the dining-room, had been able to devote himself entirely to the consumption of the fine old crusted port provided by the Abbey Boarding-House, and pronounced by judges to be "something very curious") listened with tears in his eyes, though several young ladies by their significant looks and gestures treated it with ineffable contempt.

As for the other ladies and gentlemen, they seemed determined to prove the superiority of their manners by beginning to talk so loud, and to make so much noise, that it would have been almost impossible, had not Miss Smudgkins been gifted with a remarkably fine voice, for anyone to have heard one note of the singing. This seemed amazingly fine to Tommy; and he too talked and laughed as loudly as the rest.

Mr. Barlow, indeed, did not adopt the pervading tone of the company, but, seating himself on a sofa, next to Mrs. Blobbsomer, took the opportunity afforded him by a remark of hers on the qualifications of her daughter, to address her in these words, which unusual emotion, rendered less distinct than usual, "Your obs-vash'un, m'dear Madam, remindshmer of of th' s-shtory of *Zsheno—Zsheno—barbs*—I mean *Zshenobarbus and th'afflict' tortosh*, whish ash you've not heard 't"——

But at this moment Miss Matilda, who had been led to the piano by Master Tommy, commenced an Italian song, and her mother sharply tapped the revered tutor of Tommy and Harry on the knuckles, requesting him, at the same time, to keep silence.

A FENIAN'S FELLOW-MAN.

A hero and a martyr, who died by the hands of a Saxon executioner for a generous act of tyrannicide (as the countrymen of the likes of him may say), the patriot, Shere Ali, hanged on the 11th of last month on one of the Andamans, appropriately named Viper Island, gloried greatly in the deed which had brought him to the gallows. The *Calcutta Englishman* states that, referring to the assassination of Lord Mayo:—

"He hoped his name would be glorified in his country for the deed which he had done, and that a monument would be raised to his memory by his fellow-countrymen."

Poor martyr! His shade will too probably be disappointed. His fellow-countrymen are not any of them Fenians. It is very unlikely that the natives of Peshawur, or any other place in India, will celebrate a mock funeral, for instance, on the 11th of next March, in commemoration of Shere Ali's martyrdom.

(WILLOW) PATTERN WEDDING PRESENTS.

Dear Mr. Punch,

Do spare me just a tiny little corner of your *valuable* space to say how very much we ladies ought to thank the *clever* gentlemen of the press for their admirable descriptions of that *delightful* wedding. That *dear* Marquis! what a duck he must have looked in his blue coat! And his fair and lovely bride, O how we envied her the luxury of trying on her necklaces and other splendid nuptial gifts! Really, the account of her *trousseau* seemed like a fragment out of fairy-land, it seemed so poetical. If she had been the bride of the Emperor of China, I doubt if richer or more rare would have been the gems she wore. I wonder if her wedding dresses took three years to make, as we hear has been the case for her Imperial Highness—

"For three years the looms of Nankin, Hangchow, and Canton have been making the silks and satins for the Imperial bride's *trousseau*, which will cost at least half a million sterling."

Half a million sterling! What a lovely thing to dream about! Fancy having a *trousseau* worth half a million sterling! Well, the Emperor of China must clearly be a *gentleman*, although he wears a pigtail. He knows what is due to lovely woman when she marries, and I wish that his example were generally imitated. The Chinese may well speak of us as *outer barbarians*, when one knows how meanly *some* poor brides are treated in the matter of their *trousseau*. And see what other splendours await a bride in China:—

"The Emperor, personating the Sun, goes forth in a car drawn by a pair of elephants; while his lady-love is borne in a luxurious palanquin, formed entirely of strings of pearls."

Really this reminds one of the "ropes of pearls" which were purchased by *Lothair* for the lady he adored. (And what a goosey she must have been to send them back!) But imagine what a stir a palanquin of pearls would make in Regent Street just now, and conceive a pair of elephants prancing in Hyde Park! Ah, if we could but introduce some of those Oriental splendours into our mere humdrum everyday existence, we might cease to read with such amazing interest and avidity the details which the papers give of doings in high life!

Yours most unaffectedly,

Mayfair, Monday. Georgiana Gusherton.

"PECULIAR PEOPLE."

People who like the bagpipes.
People who dislike oysters.
People who at this period of our commercial prosperity, when writing-paper costs next to nothing, cross their letters.
People who say lēēsure, interest'ing, inhospit'able, and applic*k*able.
People who have no poor relations.
People who dye their hair.
People who always know where the wind is.
People who like getting up early in the morning.
People who have more money than they know what to do with.
People who possess a stock of old port.
People who have never been abroad.
People who give donations to street-beggars and organ-grinders.
People who send conscience-money to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.
People who take long walks before breakfast.
People who spend an income on flowers for the button-hole.
People who light and leave off fires on fixed days.
People who like paying Income-tax.
People who go to hot, uncomfortable theatres, full of fees.
People who buy early and costly asparagus—nine inches of white stalk to one of green head.
People who have no sense of humour.
People who give large parties in small rooms.
People who lavish their money on the heathen abroad, and leave the heathens at home to take care of themselves.
People who have the ice broken, to enable them to bathe in the Serpentine in Winter.
People who look forward to a time when there will be no Income-tax.
People who keep all their old letters.
People without prejudices, weaknesses, antipathies, hobbies, crotchets, or favourite theories.
Critics who are satisfied with the hanging of the Royal Academy.
People who have nothing the matter with their digestion, and can eat anything.
People who take snuff.
People who hold their tongues.
People who go on sending contributions to *Punch*.

OBSERVATIONS IN AN ORATORY.

(*On a recent Marriage in High Life.*)

Why all these cads and Jenkinses astare?
"'Tis Bute! he draws us by a single hair!"
Hair of the dog that 's bitten your base souls—
The cur, at feet of rank and wealth that rolls.

Manners the man may make, Manning the marriage,
But Men and Manners Manning must disparage,
When, in this abject press, and muster monkeyish,
Men write themselves down snobs, their manners flunkeyish.

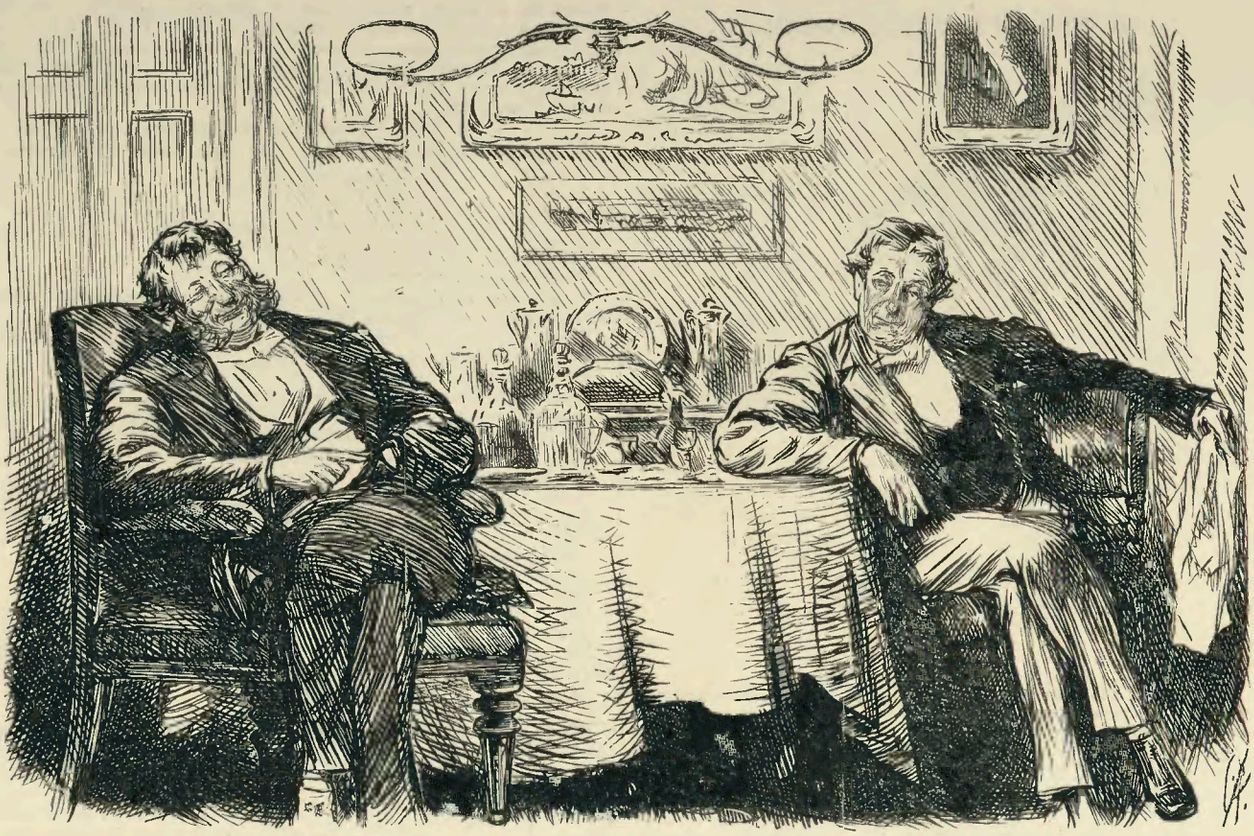
But, hold! On sacred scenes like these 'tis rude
That satirists should more than snobs intrude;
Liquids to labials while East winds transmute,
As Bute cannot be *Punch*, *Punch* must be Bute!

Missing, Man and Money!

Mr. Stansfeld, in the debate on Sir Massey Lopes's motion the other night, talked a great deal about people's "incomeability." Let local rating only go on increasing at its present pace, and the rate-collector will soon find out people's in-come-at-ability, and that of their money also.

IN THE WRONG HOLE.

Foolish people have been appointing John Bright "Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster." "We want him in place," they say. But John Bright in such an office would be John Bright out of place.



"THE ORACLE OF THE BOTTLE."—*Rabelais.*

Guest. "Shtrikesh me—in treshe Al'bam' N'gosh'ationsh, 'Tacticsh 'Gov'ment 'been anyihing but jucidiousn!"
Host. "Jucidiousn! S-s-s—(*immensely tickled*)—tha'sh uncom'ly good! My dear Boy, you meant to shay 'dujishiousn,' I sh'poshe!——Letsh join the Ladiesh!!"

JOHN BULL'S BLESSING—AND WHAT IT COSTS.

Strange day! When that most lubberly of lurdanes,
The British rate-payer, kicks 'neath his burdens!
Swears that to fight the Vestry braced his nerve is,
And that he's had enough of "unpaid service:"
That he'll no longer bend in homage humble
Beneath the hot breath and hard hoof of Bumble.
Refuse parochial Ayrtons leave to rob,
Nor brook, henceforth, to be ruled "by the job;"
That penny wisdom shall no longer be
In parish matters, his sole rule of three—
That rule of three which, after all was done,
Was simplified to rule of "number one,"
In whose self-seeking muddle yearly went
The cost of an Imperial Government,
As if to teach our "bloated" Upper Ten,
Whate'er swells *once* mulled, snobs can mull again;
That vestry room and council can outdo
The worst that, at its worst, St. Stephen's knew;
That they, who Little Pedlington o'er-crow,
Far wilder waste, and grosser jobs can show,
Than, ere cheeseparing hand controlled the helm,
The worst and weakest rulers of the Realm!
These goods, most practical of races known,
John Bull can call, in Europe's face, his own.
And to his bosom hug, in calm content,
The rank-ripe fruits of sweet Self-government.
Only one thought his exultation bates,
The thought how much the harvest costs in rates;
One doubt—as still 'tis John Bull's prudent way
His blessings in his balances to weigh—
Whether, when Humbug's hushed, and Bunkum still,
'Tis worth all this cost to be ruled so ill!

FALLACY OF FIGURES.

A paragraph of frequent occurrence in contemporary news, headed "Extraordinary Longevity," reveals ever and anon an instance of the duration of human existence, equal to or exceeding the age of Methuselah. This sum of years, however, is an addition sum; not simply the sum total of a column of units representing an individual life, but the sum of three, four, or more totals of so many columns which represent the lives of so many individuals met together. As the age of Methuselah would be equalled by the united ages of 969 infants, of one year old, collected at a baby-show, the profundity of this arithmetic is evident. The same calculus could be applied to other things than longevity as instructively as it is to that. A daily paper, the other day, contains a case in point, whence it might be argued, by an imposing array of figures, that pains for the prevention of dastardly outrages are not spared certain ruffians who deserve them:—

"Flogging Garotters.—Ten garotters, who were sentenced at the recent assizes in Leeds, received their flogging yesterday afternoon at Armley Gaol, each having twenty lashes."

Their united floggings amounted to two hundred lashes. But what are two hundred lashes among ten scoundrels?

The Two Cases.

Says John Lemoinne, "The English Counter-case
Has strength writ on its plain, straightforward face."
"That's nat'ral" (says Sam, with some impatience)—
"Strong counter-cases suit shop-keeping nations.
But how about *my* case? Guess *that* will funk em?"—
Not while John Bull can weigh bounce and smell bunkum!

A "Counter-Case."—Shop-lifting.

A FRAGMENT.

Fashionable High Church Lady. "Heigho! I really believe—er—that if we trusted in Miracles—er—we should have more of them!"

[*Scarborough, Dec.*, 1871.

A SWELL ON A STRIKE.

Say fifteen shillings, if you like,
  A week. I deem those wages small.
I wonder not that labourers strike,
  But how they live to work at all.
With fifteen shillings ev'n per day
  Who could drink wines of decent *crû?*
Or, if he got no better pay,
  Afford a passable *menu.*

Such income would a fellow bring,
  Save necessaries, to debar
A fellow's self of everything,
  And smoke a threepenny cigar!
His life he never could enjoy,
  So hard would he have on to rub;
A common tailor to employ:
  Belong to an inferior Club.

But fifteen shillings, nothing more,
  A whole week! That would render life
Worse for a fellow than a bore.
  Fancy that fellow with a wife.
And yet those men are *prolétaires!*
  And they continue to increase!
On wages ev'n the highest theirs
  I wonder labourers do not cease.

Missing an Opportunity.

We observe by the University intelligence, that a gentleman has been elected at Oxford to "a Lucy Exhibition." Would it not have been a delicate compliment on the part of the authorities to those females who are the sturdy champions of their sex's rights, to have restricted the competition for the "Lucy" exhibition to ladies?

HOME ANARCHY.

The O'Conor Don, in a letter to the Secretary of the Roscommon Home Government Association, has expressed his determination to support the principles of Home Rule. It is doubly creditable to the O'Conor Don. Worthy of an Irishman and a Spaniard.

POST-OFFICE CONFECTIONERY.

"Postal Reform.—United States papers make mention of a rumour that the Postmaster-General of that country intends to signalise his career in office by flavouring the adhesive matter of postage-stamps."

If our own Postmaster-General is wise, he will lose no time in availing himself of this valuable hint. He might make the department over which he presides the most popular Institution in the country, by the judicious use of sugar and a few essences. Complaints are often made of the Post-office (*Mr. Punch* has none to prefer, except that it sends him far too many letters), but the mouths of all grumblers would be stopped, if an agreeable flavour could be endorsed on the postage-stamps; and what is now too often an irksome and disagreeable duty converted, by the agency of the Confectioner to the Post-office, into a sweet and pleasant pastime. The necessary outlay would not be great; and as there would be an immediate and overwhelming increase in the sale of stamps, the Chancellor of the Exchequer could not possibly raise any objection.

The mouth waters at the thought of our post-offices exhibiting placards (like the lists of ices in *restaurants* and confectioners' shops), describing the different flavoured stamps sold within, which might be distinguished by such appropriate designations as "Monsell," "Rowland Hill," "Scudamore," "Tilley," &c.

We hope the receipt-stamps will not be overlooked, and we are certain that a colossal fortune awaits the bold and enterprising stationer who will flavour the adhesive matter on his envelopes with strawberry, lemon, or vanille.

"Come" and "Take."

The Lambeth Water Company, so Mr. John Taylor, their engineer, writes to the *Times*, are going to improve their "*intake*." Bravo, L. C.! Then it isn't true that the London Water Companies only think of improving their *income*.

ACTS, NOT PLAYS.

It is remarkable that in newspapers, even some of those which circulate amongst educated people, a case of murder and suicide is ordinarily called a "tragedy," and, if it comprises several suicides or murders, is described as an "appalling tragedy," an "awful tragedy," or a "tragedy of the most awful character." As Englishmen, reporters are invited to reform this error altogether. A "tragedy" is an entertainment; but murders and suicides cannot constitute any, except to the most ill-regulated mind. Moreover, a tragedy is a poetical work, whereas the reports of the above-named atrocities published in the newspapers are essentially of a prosaic character, and always written without any regard whatsoever to the rules of dramatic composition. Murder and Suicide are no more Tragedy than Marriage is Comedy; and what would you have thought, my Lord, if at the top of a column in your paper once of a morning, you had observed the heading of "Comedy in High Life," and, on glancing your eye over the subjacent article, had found it to be an account of your Lordship's wedding?

UNSUITABLE TAILORISM.

A Tailor, in Cheapside, exhibits in his shop-window a coat, whereunto is affixed a ticket bearing the inscription of "The Blue Prince of Wales." What a very infelicitous title! "The Black Prince of Wales" was an appellation grand if grim; the Blue Prince of Wales conveys an image simply grotesque. Edward, the Black Prince, was suitably so named from the tint of his armour; but Albert Edward cannot in like manner be styled the Blue Prince on account of his uniform, the colour of that which he usually wears not being blue but scarlet. If the Prince of Wales were in fact accustomed to wear a blue coat, still, to call the coat by the name of the wearer, putting the contained for the containing, would be taking a personal liberty as well as a poetical licence, and might be said to betray an extremely untailorlike idea of the fitness of things.

A TEMPERANCE TALK.

Library in Liberty Hall. Enter to Mr. Britton, *the* Rev. Jabez Bother.

Bother. Allow me, Sir, to approach you with a request for your signature to this petition for the Permissive Prohibitory Bill, the only measure, my dear Sir, which strikes at the root of the evil of drunkenness.

Britton. Drunkenness is a degrading vice. It lowers a man beneath the level of a beast. A drunken man is a creature in whom reason is deposed from its throne. And a drunken woman is worse. A drunkard is his own enemy, and destroys the happiness of others. We have an example of drunkenness in Alexander the Great, who, in a fit of passion aggravated by inebriety, slew his dearest friend, Clitus. We have other terrible examples in the police reports and assize intelligence, and also in much occasional afterdinner eloquence. But I believe drunkenness is on the decline.

Bother. Ah! yes, Sir; but our object is not merely to repress downright drunkenness. We wish altogether to prevent the sale of intoxicating liquors.

Britton. You mean spirits, wine, and beer. Call things from their use, not their abuse. Would you speak of razors as suicidal instruments? To destroy the liquor trade would be a double wrong; besides being a bore. It would be a tyranny over the consumers, and for the vendors a confiscation.

Bother. Tyranny, my dear Sir! How can a majority of ratepayers tyrannise over a minority? Confiscation! Why the publicans' trade would be confiscated if their customers were made fewer by moral suasion.

Britton. That would be no confiscation. Their customers would be diminished in that case by fair means, not by foul; which makes a difference, let me point out to you.

Bother. Surely, Sir, it would be all the same to them?

Britton. Would it be all the same to you if you were hanged out of hand as it would be if you were left to die a natural death?

Bother. I don't see the parallel.

Britton. That I daresay. Why should you destroy the liquor trade?

Bother. People drink more liquor than is good for them.

Britton. So do children eat more pastry. Would you shut up confectioners' shops? Do you consider the adult people of England weaker than children?

Bother. People spend an immense deal of money in drink which they might lay out on better things. The people of this country, Sir, spend in the consumption of intoxicating liquors—excuse me, Sir—no less than £100,000,000 per annum.

Britton. Well, Sir; and a large proportion of that sum goes to the revenue in duty. What impost would you substitute? Are you prepared to tax the People's tea and coffee?

Bother. No, Sir, no; on the contrary, I am for a totally free breakfast-table.

Britton. Do you expect me, then, to consent that you shall tax my income to pay for your enforced teetotalism? If you do, you expect too much of human nature, at least as represented by this individual—and don't you wish you may get it?

Bother. Very much, indeed, Sir. Surely you are capable of that slight self-sacrifice for the good of others!

Britton. Quite incapable. Moreover, those others whom I prefer to consider are others like myself—the rational, not the imbecile members of society. But I wonder at you. An enemy to drunkenness, you object to the amount of a heavy fine upon it.

Bother. What fine, my dear Sir?

Britton. The liquor duties. Their amount is a fine upon national drunkenness, and not only on that but on national drinking habits. Talk of a 5*s.* or a 10*s.* fine! What is that to a fine of, I suppose, £50,000,000! By this vast penalty Vice is punished, and Virtue (to wit, Temperance) rewarded by exemption, whilst respectable persons are taxed so much the less, and the public burdens are in part borne by the lower orders.

Bother. Voluntary sobriety would necessitate other taxation. Should you object to that, Sir?

Britton. Very much, indeed. But I couldn't complain of it at all, any more than publicans could complain if public-houses came to be simply less frequented by the public. In the meanwhile the only liquor laws for me are more stringent laws to punish drunkenness, and the permission of drunkenness, and the sale of bad liquor. "*Si quid novisti,*" *et cætera*, you know.

Bother. I do not know; and as to *quid*, am a total abstainer also from tobacco.

Britton. Then I will not offer you a cigar. But the instruction which I have taken the trouble of imparting to you, perhaps you will put, so to speak, in your pipe, and smoke home. I am sorry to say there is no ginger-beer in the cellar, nor any lemonade, and my wife is out with the key of the cupboard which contains the tea-caddy; but if you would take a cup of cold water—Sir Wilfrid Lawson's cold without—there is plenty in the cistern—such as it is. No? Don't say "No," if you mean "Yes." What! must you go? Let me not detain you. I should be sorry, I am sure, to trespass any longer on your valuable time. Good morning, Mr. Bother; good morning! [*Bows him out.*

TRUE SYMPATHY WITH SUFFERING.

It is gratifying, in the perusal of dry law proceedings, to light upon a judicial expression of genuine pity well bestowed, and sympathy, not only heartfelt but practical, with human suffering. At the Central Criminal Court, the other day, before Mr. Commissioner Kerr, John Joyce and Thomas Ditton were indicted for robbery with violence. The violence was of a nature which may be estimated from the subjoined observations of the learned Commissioner. It had been committed by the prisoner Joyce, who, when he and his dockfellow had been convicted, "asked for mercy." Whereupon—

"The Commissioner said there were some people actuated by what they believed to be philanthropy, who might have had mercy on him, but he was not one of those. His sympathies went with the man who, while on his way home, was seized by the throat, knocked down, lost blood, and suffered nervousness for weeks in consequence. He did not sympathise with the violent ruffian who knocked a man down, and whined in the dock for mercy. The sentence upon him was that he be kept in penal servitude for seven years, and receive forty lashes with the 'cat.'"

A fair number. One stripe more than forty stripes save one; but not one too many for a garotter. It is good that such a miscreant should seem vile to his brother-man in howling under the infliction of full forty stripes; and if an average of forty administered in ordinary cases be found insufficient to prevent robbery with violence, let us hope that fifty will be tried, and so on in ascending ratio. The allotment of whipping-cheer by Mr. Commissioner Kerr to Mr. Joyce was rendered all the more handsome by the truly feeling remarks which accompanied it. They did equal credit to his heart and his head, and they command our admiration as the genuine outpouring of the milk and cream, and none of the skim-milk, of human kindness. Mr. Joyce has since been flogged.

What a pity the law did not empower Mr. Commissioner Kerr also to order a good flogging for Charles Westhorp, convicted, in two savage assaults, of unlawfully wounding a woman! Of course it was the mere inability to give that ruffian his deserts which made his Judge let him off with four months' imprisonment. We must give Mr. Commissioner Kerr credit for abhorring cruelty to women as much as cruelty to men, and for not thinking it more venial than cruelty to animals.

MEDICAL DISSENTERS.

There has lately arisen a new sect called the "Peculiar People." One of their peculiarities is an objection to the medical treatment of disease, instead of which they rely on prayer and the laying on of hands. A child, the offspring of a pair of these People, died the other day at Plumstead of small-pox, without having had any sort of medical attendance. An inquest held on the body resulted in a verdict of manslaughter against a man named Hurry, the father of the child. Can this be law, other than crowner's quest law? If so, then so much the worse for fanatics and fools; but the corollaries may be queer for some people who are neither. Suppose a child dies of small-pox, having had no other medical assistance than that of a mesmerist or a homœopath, how then?

Shop!

Mrs. Malaprop has been studying what she calls the Ali Baba Counter Case. She thinks the title smacks a little of the shop, but she hopes the Government will show that they mean business by sticking to their Counter.

THE "MARK LEMON" FUND

In aid of the Widow *and* Unmarried Daughters *of the late* Mark Lemon.

Amount already advertized . . . £1,686 8s. 5d.

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Mrs. Curtis	2	2	0
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From an old Bristol Friend	5	0	0
Earl Fortescue	10	0	0
F. C. Burnand, Esq.	5	5	0
A. Armstrong, Esq.	1	1	0
H. S. Fairpool, Esq.	2	2	0
Rev. E. Ridgeway	5	0	0
The *Investor's Guardian* Newspaper	5	5	0
Julius Mayhew, Esq.	1	1	0
James Matthews, Esq.	5	5	0
R. J. Wood, Esq.	1	1	0
Capt. C. J. Durans	2	2	0
A Few Friends, Gardeners' Arms, Rhodes, *per* Mr. Jas. Wilson	1	4	6
T. P. Hutchings, Esq.	2	2	0
General Manager and Principal Officers of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway	10	10	0

SUBSCRIPTIONS

To the "Mark Lemon" Fund *are earnestly requested to be sent without delay to* Bradbury, Evans, & Co., 10, *Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C., in order that as large an amount as possible may immediately be invested for the benefit of the Widow and Unmarried Daughters.*

SUCCESS THE INDEX OF MERIT.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER.

A Curative Host in Itself: Superior to any Electric or Galvanic Chain-Band or Belt, or Spanish Fly Blister, or any Blister, or any Rubefacients or Stimulating Liniments whatsoever.

Testimonials to their virtue are pouring in every day, and we guarantee them all to be genuine. Invalids should most certainly be on their guard not to accept anything as curative unless there is undoubted proof of it being all it is represented to be. There are no Porous Plasters made except ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS, consequently the other Plasters confine the perspiration, produce great irritation, soil the under-clothing; so, in buying any plasters, see you obtain Allcock's, and take no other.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER.

They are now unconditionally accepted by
HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF FAMILIES
as their approved curative for
CHEST AFFECTIONS, COUGHS, SORE THROATS,
NERVOUS AFFECTIONS,
AFFECTIONS AND DROPSY OF THE HEART,
KIDNEY AFFECTIONS,
PAINS AND WEAKNESS OF THE BACK,
STITCHES AND PAINS IN THE SIDE, and in LUMBAGO
altogether unrivalled as an outward application.

ELECTRIC CONDITION.

The peculiar phosphorescent light emitted by ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER when separating from the muslin may be seen when taken off in the dark. This quality is supposed to be absorbed by the pores of the skin, causing an equilibrium of the circulation, acting equally upon the nervous fluid as upon the blood. We have sold over

55,000,000

of these Plasters, and they are certified as innocent, yet wonderfully curative, by all. Where a Plaster can give relief they never fail.

AN ELECTRICIAN

Who has had great experience of their effects in local rheumatism, tic-doloreux, and deep-seated nervous and other pains, and in affections of the kidneys, &c., &c., attributes all their sedative, stimulative, and pain-relieving effects to their

ELECTRIC QUALITIES.

He asserts that they restore the healthy

ELECTRIC CONDITION

(equilibrium) of the part, and that being restored, pain and morbid action cease. He was amazed at the great number of beneficial indications produced by one of these plasters. He affirms that headache is cured by one worn just below the breast-bone: that one placed over the navel will cure hysterics, as well as dysentery and affections of the bowels. Even chronic costiveness he found to be greatly relieved by wearing one over the bowels.

TO BE REMEMBERED.

We have 2,500 pores in each square inch of surface of our bodies. One of these plasters covers fifty square inches, so that 125,000 pores are stimulated to increased action. In pains, local weakness of the chest, stomach, asthma, and lumbago, their application at once gives relief. Physicians comprehend the advantage of thus increasing cutaneous action. Dr. Henderson thinks the almost miraculous benefits derived from the Allcock's Porous Plasters depend upon the fact "that they invigorate the circulation of the blood around the part upon which they are applied," which facilitates the change of material. Nature is thus assisted to repair any accident, or want in the part, whether it be in the ligaments, in the muscles, in the nerves, in the skin, or in the bones. She, in fact, takes from this local extra supply of blood the material requisite to make new ligament, new skin, new nerve, or new bone. Inflammations, bowel affections, and pleurisy are cured or relieved in consequence of this action.

FURTHER PROOF OF THEIR GREAT EFFICACY.

PARALYSIS, PAIN IN CHEST AND SIDE, LOSS OF VOICE, LUMBAGO, &c.

H. D. Brandreth, Liverpool. March 22, 1872.

Dear Sir,—I have been requested by many customers to write and thank you for the great benefit they have received from Allcock's Porous Plasters. I have been in a chemist's business over sixteen years, and have never sold so much of any patent medicine in that time as I have sold of Allcock's Plasters in the last nine months. I therefore shall have much pleasure in giving any person whatever information they may require, as I can recommend them with the greatest confidence. I send a few cases of remarkable recovery that have come under my own notice. A customer, partially paralysed down the left side, sent his son to purchase some of Allcock's Porous Plasters, about three months ago. The latter told me his father had not been out of the house for more than twelve months. After the application of about five or six plasters he came to see me himself, and great was his joy at having been able to walk nearly two miles to obtain another plaster. A gentleman only yesterday called in to purchase another plaster for a lady who had been suffering from great pain in her chest and side. I asked him how she was getting on, and his reply was. "The relief is miraculous." A lady suffering from loss of voice applied one, and in two days she called in and thanked me in her natural voice for recommending it. A gentleman suffering from lumbago was relieved in six hours, and perfectly cured in two days. I could write you dozens of such cases, but think I have given quite sufficient to show the great value of your plasters. You are at perfect liberty to make what use you please of this.—Yours truly, William Challice, Chemist, 34, Villiers-street, Strand, London.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS

Are sold by all Druggists, at 1*s.* 1½*d.* each, with full directions for use, or in any size to suit. The Yard Plaster is specially recommended for Families and Physicians. One Yard equals 18 Plasters. Price 14*s.* per Yard, 7*s.* 6*d.* per half yard, or 4*s.* per quarter.

N.B.—A Plaster sent to any Part of the Country for Fifteen Stamps.

Principal Agency for Great Britain (Wholesale and Retail):

57, GREAT CHARLOTTE STREET, LIVERPOOL.

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WHOLESALE LONDON AGENTS.—Barclay and Sons, Farringdon Street; W. Edwards, Old Change; F. Newbery and Sons, 37, Newgate Street, J. Sanger and Sons, Oxford Street; R. H. Millard and Sons, 44, Barbican.——The Plasters are sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

Printed by Joseph Smith, of No. 24, Holford Square, in the Parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—Saturday, April 27, 1872.

on as long as you may, another eclipse will soon occur, and your "moon" will sink behind yonder dark line of hills, before the shadow has passed off its face. You will then be off again, and the old, old story, will be told anew. And thus throughout, your life is but a series of vain pursuits, and at the end, the vulture Remorse will dig his ruthless fangs into your undying heart; you will be tantalized with the sight of all your "moons" at once, but though you "cry" for ever, not one of them may be yours. Be warned, then, to be moderate in your aims, and to persevere. If you do this, success will attend you.

Such was the inspired warning voice heard by the dreamer, as he slept a restless sleep after a long and fruitless effort to invent a balloon, which might convey him to the sixth "moon," which had engrossed his thoughts for as many months. You may say, Haileybury brothers, that the idea of inspiration is all moonshine, but is there not truth in this voice from dreamland?

ROOFED.

"HAILEYBURIENSIS" ESURIENS IPSE LOQUITUR.

Ghosts! Ghosts! Ghosts! Ghosts!

. . . . . .

Such, Mr. Editor, the unsubstantial food—
The aërated bread—your boys impart
To me, your starving "Haileyburian."*

(1)'Spectres' by Reichenbach; a mouthful this,
Succeeded by(2) a dose of ancient days
And phantom heroes of the golden age;
(3)Then a good feed of chaff, a mocking tale
Of nightly visitations from white bogies,
Shirts, pigs, or curtains, as the case may be:
(4)Lastly, the "grim black" grave doth condescend
To take the "dewy sweetly scented" rose
Into its confidence, and gravely tell
How easily it turns out in the day
So many millions of bright angel spirits.

So much for shadows: next in order come
Two poems, sweet, but short—and nought besides.

. . . . . .

For two long months I had to be content
With six brief compositions; then, as if
To mock my pangs, by showing that the will
Alone was wanting to supply my needs
(Your children's vigour being no whit impaired),
I found myself compelled to bolt and swallow
No less than two and thirty 'football matches,'
De luxe, mon cher,—and then a rich dessert
Of Racquets, Pastimes, Games, and Bumping Boats.
Surely, there must be time, in intervals
Between the calls of study, games, and sleep,
To write a contribution to my pages.
At any rate, there must be many men,
Who glory in the title of Old Boys.
Where is the produce of their polished pens?
Let them not fear that they will have no readers.
They once were of us, and whenever now
They favour us with the compressed results
Of their more varied and prolonged experience,
We hail their words with gladness, since we feel
That this slight show of interest closer draws
The bonds that bind them to us.
And now at parting, let me warn you children,
Lest by your carelessness and indolence
You forfeit for your magazine (myself)
The lofty place it now has held so long,
And find yourselves eclipsed by Bengeoites.

CENSOR.

* See No. 27 of *The Haileyburian.*

SPRING.

How sweet to float upon the world of waves!
When Zephyr, softly kissing sea and earth,
Enticing weds the heart of man to mirth;
And ocean lovingly the shingle laves;

When Phœbus, yet withholding summer heat,
Gladly bestows around his milder rays;
And earth and sky with light seem all ablaze;
And ocean's broad expanse a golden sheet;

To watch majestic vessels gliding by,
Through all the stillness of the genial day ;
And rocking lazily upon the bay,
To hear the joyous sea-birds' shrilling cry.

Reflexion oft shall move the soul to dream
Of happiness and love and liberty ;
Of swiftly fleeting years, of days gone by ;
And thus within to whisper sadly seem :

" This is the May of life. A time shall be
When shadowy storms athwart th' horizon lower.
Gone gladsome spring ! gone joys ! ah, then to cower
A bark forlorn upon a gloom of sea !"

D. R. MOTIF.

ΙΑΒΕΙΡΟΧΟΦΟΝΤΊΗΣ.

CARMEN SPECULARE.

[1]Torre erat, et celeres, viscosa animalia, Tovi
Undique gyrantur gimbuliantque simul :
Torre erat, et Borogophia, inepta, misella, vagantur,
Errantesque crepant [2]hinnululantque rathi.
" Heus ! fuge Iabberochum, fuge ineluctabile monstrum,
Cui lacerant fauces, ungula sæva rapit !
Jubjubiam volucrem monitus fuge semper, et, oro,
[3]Grutilis insidias, spes mea, Bandirapæ !"
Haud mora, vorpalem dextrâ cito corripit ensem,
[4]Manxile sed vanâ jam petit arte malum :
Ergo te subter, Tumtummia, constitit, arbos,
Et mentem huc illuc dividit ille suam.
Anxius impatiensque diu meditatur, et ecce,
Expectatus adest, instat Iabberochus !
Torva videns, [5]sifflata sonans, curritque volatque,
Per nemus [6]obscuvium, burbuleransque furit !
Jamque ferit, bis terque ferit ; per membra, per artus,
Crip-crepitu diro fecerat ensis iter ;
Et caput abscissum [7]prostratæ in pulvere pestis
Rettulit, exclamans, Trumphe ! Galumphe ! domum.
" Quid ? tu Jabberochum, monstrum fatale, necasti ?"
(Sic pater amplexus), " [8]lustrigerate puer !"
" O jubilosa dies," reboat, " Callôque calæque !"
Lætitiaque satur chortulat ore senex.

1. Torre : nomen indecl : a torrendo cf. " mane,"
2. Hinnululant : i.e. hinnitu ululant, vel ululatu hinniunt.
3. Grutilis : verbum esotericum, quod frumiositatem quandam, si placet, exprimit.
4. Manxile : quod manet, h. e. latet.
5. Sifflata : onomatop : Anglicé " whiffling."
6. Obscuvium, i.e. obscurum, invium.
7. Mira certe et exquisita literarum collocatio ! Nonne vides, lector acutissime, non modo mortuum, sed jamjam putrescens et fœtidum cadaver ?
8. Lustrigerate : qui de rebus gestis illustris factus es.

THE PHŒNIX.

A Haileybury Song, to the tune of " So hurrah for the pipe so rich and ripe," &c.

A bird there was in days of old
(Each one the story knows),
Who birth did claim from a nest on flame,
And a dying mother's throes.
And we are like that bird of yore,
And we like her were born ;
We drew life-breath from a parent's death,
Left lone but not forlorn.

(Chorus.)
So here's to all whose deeds have won
For Haileybury glory ;
Ours be the aim to uphold their fame,
And prove the Phœnix story.

We boast no kingly founder's name,
We boast no royal clan ;
Of a sterner mould were those of old,
Our glory who began.
We train no dainty sons of wealth,
To dance with luxury's daughters ;
In the torrid zone our name is known,
Where Ganges rolls his waters.
Chorus—So here's to all, &c.

Then let us for our motto each
Our " Sursum Corda" take ;
And upward still with a sturdy will
Our path to honour make.

returning from the Olympic). MRS. HOWARD PAUL is very good, but the piece is entirely un-English. (*Quoted from the observations* of MR. JOHN BULL, SENIOR, *now asleep.*) It is a pity that the QUEEN does not resume her personal patronage of our theatres. From your account, my dear (*To* MRS. J. B. JUNIOR), I do not think that such a performance would have been tolerated by Her Majesty. What do you say, JOHN? (*Rousing him*). Really you are always asleep when theatrical subjects require your consideration.

Mr. John Bull (*awakening to the situation*). My dear, I don't understand this introduction of *can-cans*. I can't make out why my licences permits to French players in England what would neither be allowed to our own performers, nor to them, I believe, in their own country. Some two hundred years ago we English required an apology for the appearance of a female actor upon the stage. For another reason, it seems to be required now. The stage, as a clever writer has observed, should be a popular school of morality, a supplement to the pulpit, where virtue, according to PLATO's sublime idea, nerves our love and affections, where——

Jack B. Junior. Come Governor, here we are. (*Carriage stops.*) I'll smoke a pipe after supper with you, and talk it over. JULIA (*to his wife*), Would you like to see SCHNEIDER in *La Belle Hélène?*

Both Ladies (*decidedly*). No, thank you. Instead of wasting your money on that, take stalls for the Opera. [*All retire.*

P.S. Since writing the above I have seen *La Belle Hélène*—announced, by the way, as produced for the first time in London. This is not correct. *Helen*, with nearly all the music, was done at the Adelphi, and M. OFFENBACH himself complimented MISS FURTADO upon her performance of the beautiful Queen. MISS FURTADO had the advantage over MLLE. SCHNEIDER in many respects, and MR. TOOLE was far beyond his French prototype as *Menelaus*. Neither of them can sing brilliantly. Again, the riddle scene in the First Act is tedious in the French original, as is also the Game of Goose in the Second Act, which was wisely omitted at the Adelphi.

In its French form, and played as it is at the St. James's, it would not last a week here were it not for MLLE. SCHNEIDER's *prestige* and the judiciously high prices; but *Helen* at the Adelphi, with MRS. MELLON, MISS FURTADO, and PAUL BEDFORD (pleasanter to the eye in his stolidity than is M. RAVEL with his overdone buffoonery) ran for upwards of a hundred nights, and is still a favourite piece.

MLLE. SCHNEIDER as *Helen* is perhaps scarcely so extravagant in her vulgarity as in *La Grande Duchesse*, but there is all that excessive grimacing, continual adoption of a "*cad*"-tone (which her admirers think *so* charmingly clever), that pointless introduction of rough horse-play, hitting and kicking, without which SCHNEIDER would not be SCHNEIDER.

The "cascader" song does not give her such an opportunity for acting as did the "*Dites-lui*," and as there is no translation of it in the book, (there is a weak adaptation incorporated with something else on another page,) our English ladies, not understanding, follow the male lead in their applause. I don't suppose they know much about the history of Jupiter and Læda, which is delicately portrayed on the wall of HELEN's chamber. Well, well, it was coldly received by a very warm audience. Royalty was not there, and not many stopped to the end: those who did, however, got up a feeble call for the great actress.

The costumes were dull. By the way, when classical dresses are worn, is it not usual for French actors to adopt *caleçons?* I was in the stalls: need I say more? The second Ajax was knocked by MLLE. SCHNEIDER right over a stool, heels uppermost.

M. DUPLAN was not equal to the *rôle* of *Paris*, he could not touch the high note in his song about the three goddesses. Perhaps he was suffering from cold; but he was much better in *Fritz*. The rest were nowhere; except *Orestes*, who shone out as she did in *Wanda* by the neat quiet finish of her burlesque acting. I have alluded to the English translation sold with the French book: it is what might be called "humorous," awakening a gentle feeling of pity in the reader's breast, but lacking the genuine fun of the usual English libretto to a serious Italian Opera.

So much for MLLE. SCHNEIDER at the St. James's. I have done.

MARCUS CURTIUS, OR A LEAP IN THE DARK.

(*A Classical Comic Song for a Music Hall.*)

Civis Romanum sum I am, an ancient rum 'un true;
So now I 'll sing a rummy lay of ancient Rome to you.
A Swell, gents, of the period, here in *toga* togged you see;
Now don't you fancy KICKERO looked very much like me?

(*Spoken.*)—Old KICKERO was a celebrated Lawyer, you know. I daresay you've heard of KICKERO's Offices. They wasn't in Lincoln's Inn; nor yet in the Temple of—Jupiter, or any other divinity. But never mind KICKERO. 'Tis another ancient rum 'un I 'm going to tell you about—

With my 'ic 'oc 'orum, unky dorum, asinus dum sto.
Did you ever see such a Guy as me, Quirites? O! Io!

Now listen to the story what I 'm going to relate,
I 'll take my arf a David of the truth of all I state,
We 'ad at Rome, I tell you 'cause I don't suppose you know,
A place we called the Forum, 'bove two thousand years ago.

(*Spoken.*)—Well; this Forum, you see, was an open space surrounded with public buildins, like—I don't know what you've got exactly—but suppose I say Trafalgar Square—

With my 'ic 'oc 'orum, &c.

A wonder in the Forum did our minds one day astound,
The earth yawned right asunder, and wide open gaped the ground;
We couldn't tell, how deep 'twas to the bottom of the 'ole,
Some said it 'ad no bottom; and they called it PLUTO's Bowl.

(*Spoken.*)—You'd have said Ancient NICHOLAS's Bowl. PLUTO, he was the Ancient NICHOLAS of the ancient rum 'uns, but we didn't fancy he drank punch; thought his tipple was nectar, 'cause we 'adn't got no punch ourselves, either liquid or literary, in my young days—

With my 'ic oc orum, &c.

This 'orrid gulf we looked on with astonishment and fear,
As DR. CUMMING views a sign the end is drawin' near;
And then it 'indered bisnis worse than ever you 'ad yours
With excavations made by the Commissioners of Sewers.

(*Spoken.*)—You see, we used to 'old public meetins in the Forum with our BEALESES and POTTERS in the Chair. There was situated our Sessions Ouses and Palaces of Justice; so in course a great 'ole in the middle of the Forum was a bore of uncommon dimensions to my fellow-citizens and self—

With my 'ic 'oc 'orum, &c.

We sent and asked the oracle what course we should pursue,
The answer we got back was one that put us in a stew—
That 'ole will never close up, was the message brought us 'ome,
Till it has 'ad flung down it the most precious thing in Rome.

(*Spoken.*)—Now, in London I suppose you 'd call that the Koh-i-Noor. But we 'ad a jewel among us that proved worth any diamond—a regular Brick, as I may say—

With my 'ic 'oc 'orum, &c.

"Now what, in all Rome's city of more value can there be
Than youth and arms and valour—a young swell, in short, like me?"
So said a cove who thirsted less for cooper than for fame,
One MARCUS CURTIUS, to pronounce his full and proper name.

(*Spoken.*)—Only, you see, we used generally to call him MARK CURTIS, by way of abbreviation. I was in the 'abit of sayin that CURTIS was a title of courtesy—

With my 'ic 'oc 'orum, &c.

"I 'm in for it," the 'Ero cried, and few more words he spoke,
With which he put his armour on, and jumped across his moke,
And right into the Forum, amid all the people's cheers,
He rode the patient animal distinguished by his ears.

(*Spoken.*)—Some said there went a pair of 'em, and inquired which was the biggest moke of the two. For my part, now, if you ask my opinion, my answer is, I can't exactly say—

With my 'ic 'oc 'orum, &c.

They went together at the 'ole, but down the moke did peep;
He didn't seem to see the fun of takin such a leap.
"'It 'im be'ind," said CURTIUS, and thereon exclaimed, "Here goes!"
So down they went, and over them the earth at once did close.

(*Spoken.*)—To the mingled 'orror and admiration of the be'olders. The Patres Conscripti werry much applauded what he had done, and on the strength of it took a boat and went to Philippi, where it formed the leadin topic of their conversation. They called it an 'eroic act of self-sacrifice and virtue as was its own reward, which may be quite sufficient for some people, but decidedly not for JOSEPHUS, oh dear, no; not for JOE. Accordingly, peraps you 'll excuse me if I venture to improve the occasion—

With my 'ic 'oc 'orum, &c.,

and conclude with an appropriate

MORAL.

Reflect on MARCUS CURTIUS, gents, and let his early fate
Be an example to avoid and not to imitate;
Don't act with eyes wide open like that caution to young men,
'Tis easier gettin in a 'ole than gettin out again.

NOT A MILITARY NATION?

IN the prospect of a General Election all England is one camp. The whole people, at least all the householders, are under canvas.

AN EXPLANATION.

Freddy. "EACH WANTED IT, MAMMA DEAR, AN' SO BABY PULLDED IT, AN' I PULLDED IT, AN' THEN DOLLY BREAKED ITSELF IN TWO, AN' BABY FALLED OVER AN' 'ITTED 'ER 'ED, AN' 'URTED 'ERSELF, AN' CALLDED OUT," &c., &c. [*And so on for five minutes.*

SHAFTESBURY TO THE RESCUE!

BRAVO, SHAFTESBURY! Fear not but *Punch* and JOHN BULL
You will find at your back for a long and strong pull,
From our Protestant pie to keep out the POPE'S paw,
And on Ritual rigs clap the stopper of law.
Hold tight to your Bill that proclaims through the land,
That no monkey nor monkish tricks England will stand.
As for vestments, and incense, and lights and such stuff,
Let who want them seek Rome, where they 'll find *quantum suff.*
But we won't have POPE'S work done by Anglican hands,
Nor in Protestant rope let 'em twist Popish strands.
Of the claims of the Church let the Ritualists jaw;
There 's but one Church of England—the Church of the Law!

Let DENISON shudder at thought of a Church
Where priest high o'er layman has no right to perch.
He may prose and may prate, and declaim at his ease,
Of the charge to St. Peter, the power of the keys;
BULL loves the old rule that no strange shaven poll
In English dominion shall tithe, tax, or toll.
And *his* Church is a Church that holds clergy and lay
One in eye of the Law both are bound to obey.
His Church has no sanction that Law does not bound,
His Church has no terrors that Law does not ground.
Sway or swag whence they list other churches may draw,
England's Church has one root and one refuge—the Law.

No miracle-mong'ring she needs or desires,
Simple service and seemly is all she requires.
'Tis enough in our clergy if models we see
In learning and life of what laymen should be.
By the lives that they lead more of power they will reach,
Than by titles they claim or by sermons they preach;
'Tis the man that makes sacred the office he bears,
Not the rites he performs or the vestment he wears.

These moppings and mowings, incensings and lights,
As mummeries are harmless, but serious as rites.
Who trust *their* hocus pocus had better withdraw
From the Old Church of England, the Church of the Law.

THE ROMAN CITIZENS AND THEIR BIG BROTHER.

OF course, LOUIS NAPOLEON, you observed the passage following in the address presented by the Roman Committee to the KING OF PRUSSIA, on the anniversary of the Battle of Sadowa:—

"The most ardent wish entertained this day by the Roman people is, that under your wise guidance the noble German country may fully attain its object, and raise itself to that absolute greatness that does not envy the development of other peoples, nor desire to oppose it."

Is there a nation, think you, between which and the German a contrast is suggested in the words foregoing? Do you know of any nation in Europe which has not raised itself to that pitch of greatness that does not envy nor desire to oppose the development of other peoples? No you don't. It is a mistake to suppose that the French is that nation. France is too generous to be such a nation as that. If she appears to be so ignoble a nation, that appearance is simply owing to the deplorable fact that her Government is forced to oppose the completion of Italian unity by a groundless fear of the influence of an Ultramontane priesthood.

Only Natural.

THEY say that the War Office Clerks are in revolt against *King Storks.* No wonder. They have been used to *King Logs*, and don't want a change of dynasty.

MOST LIKELY.—Is it because so many Swells have "handles" to their names that they are called "knobs?"

COUNTRY NEWS.

On the evening of the 21st the fencing which encloses the Ararat Asylum reserve was struck by lightning, and a portion was injured, but in a manner so curious as to render a detailed account of the circumstance worthy of recital. One of the posts seemed to have been fairly struck, and was shivered into pieces little larger than matches, which were distributed round the place for an astonishing distance, considering the small size of the *debris*. The post in the adjoining panel was also struck, but half of the timber being destroyed, such portion presenting an appearance similar to the remains first mentioned. The third post was very slightly struck, and the fourth and fifth appeared as though a volley of bullets had been fired at them.

A very painful accident happened to a young man in the employment of Mr. George Mayne, of Pleasant Creek, a short time back. As far as has been ascertained, he appears to have been engaged in catching a horse which had broken loose with a leading chain dragging behind it. On his seizing the chain the horse got frightened and bolted, and the hook entering the unfortunate man's hand he was dragged some distance before the animal could be caught. On being released from his very painful position his hand was found to be very severely lacerated and torn by the hook, and Dr. Dean, of Cope Cope, advised his immediate removal to the Pleasant Creek Hospital. The injuries sustained are so severe that it is feared he will lose some of his fingers, if not the whole hand.

George Melrose, a miner at Mount Blackwood fell down a hole 25ft. deep on the night of the 28th ult. Fortunately there was about 4ft. deep of water at the bottom. He remained in this unpleasant position until the next morning, having made several unsuccessful attempts to ascend, but the footholes being worn gave way, and he began to despair; at last he bethought himself that he had a pair of scissors in his pocket, which became the means of saving his life. With those he enlarged the footholes as he ascended, and ultimately succeeded in gaining the top, not much the worse for his cold lodgings.

Seldom have we had to recount such an instance of good fortune as occurred in the case of of a miner residing near Talbot. It appears that this pet of the blind goddess, in going to his work on three successive Monday mornings, found on each occasion a nugget worth about L50. On the morning of the 23rd ult. he picked up the third nugget, and has thus obtained in three weeks about L150 worth of gold.

On the 19th ult., the first consignment of the plant—building materials and bottles—required by Messrs. Joske and Co, for bringing into requisition the medicinal water which for some years has been known to exist on the Jim Crow ranges, nine miles from Ballan, but was not turned to a sufficiently useful account, was deposited at the "sodawater spring."

A most painful accident occurred at the Noah's Ark claim, Ararat, on the 7th, to a man who was assisting to erect the engine. He was hauling a rope through a section of a heavy frame, upon which it was designed to rest the engine, when the wood work lost its balance and toppled over upon him, pinning him down. The weight fell across the pelvis, and must have proved instantaneously fatal but that a couple of logs of wood intervened and supported the mass some six or seven inches off the ground. The sufferer was immediately conveyed to the hospital, where he now lies in a very precarious state.

Mr. Archibald Campbell, whose lamentable death recently occurred by drowning, had resided eighteen years in Gipps Land. With Mr. M'Millan he succeeded in exploring the country, and discovered practicable routes between Stratford and Grant and from Grant to Wood's Point. The opening up of the main roads to the goldfields of Gipps Land and the surrounding districts is to be mainly attributed to the energy, experience, and skill of the deceased. Many individuals are still living, who gratefully acknowledge to him the saving of their lives in the raging floods. On one occasion, Mr. Campbell, late in the middle of the night, during a storm, succeeded in rescuing no less than seven members of a household. His premature death was occasioned by a similar courageous effort in the cause of humanity.

While a miner named Thomas was putting in a blast in a claim at Green Valley, near Macdon, on the 9th, it suddenly exploded, blowing one of the poor fellow's fingers off and seriously injuring his face. It is hoped that the sight has not been destroyed, but the face and breast of the unfortunate man were dreadfully injured.

A novel kind of lottery has been started at Ballaarat, and, as is stated, is under the sanction of the Attorney-General. The lottery is to consist of 1700 tickets, at L1 each; and for this money 250 prizes will be given. The first consists of a farm at Burrumbeet, of 100 acres, well fenced in, with a comfortable and convenient house, barns, stables, piggeries, cowsheds, etc. Attached to the house is a garden of three acres, containing about 1000 fruit trees. This first prize is valued at L700. The second prize is a farm of fifteen acres, also at Burrumbeet, and is valued at L350. The remaining 248 prizes consist of farming stock. The whole will be disposed of on the principle of the London Art Union. The tickets are being rapidly sold.

A little boy named Thomas Larescy was drowned in a cellar, at Lower Huntly, on the 3rd. At the inquest the father of the deceased deposed that on the previous evening, as he was returning from work, he saw the body of the deceased floating on the water in an old cellar, where a publichouse stood, close to his residence. The water extended from 4ft. to 6ft. into the public pathway, and is very dangerous. The child showed no signs of life after witness took it out of the water. The mother was at that time in her confinement, and the child must have accidentally fallen in. Dr. M'Neece deposed that he saw deceased's body a few minutes after it was taken out of the water, and tried remedies to restore animation without effect. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death, and added—"We are of opinion that the waterhole is dangerous to life and limb, projecting as it does into the public pathway, and that our shire council ought to fill up that portion, and also compel the agent or owner to properly secure the remainder, and also others equally dangerous on the public roads here."

A boy named Chalmers while passing along the Crescent at Talbot on Sunday, the 29th ult, observed something glitter in the road, and stooping down extracted a nugget weighing over three pennyweights. Being unacquainted with its value, he sold it afterwards to a person who should have displayed more principle than to have taken advantage of the boy's ignorance, and who gave half a crown for what he subsequently disposed of for 13s. On Friday a youth named James Hawkins, residing in Argyle street, while carting some tailings from a puddling-machine on Talbot Flat, observed what he considered a spec of gold on both sides of a piece of cement. On breaking it he found a nugget weighing between five and six pennyweights.

One of the most fortunate of the successful diggers at Myer's Creek is a Chinaman, who recently finished the working of his claim He had been at work in it for about two months, and in that period obtained gold which was sold for L1163.

Mr. Charles Duncan, grocer, of Wangaratta, has a very curious relic of the young Pretender, Charles Edward, in his possession. The box is shaped almost like a small vase with a lid, the material being of silver; on the top of the lid there are the initials legibly engraved, and on the side of the box the date 1745 plainly discernible. Mr. Duncan recently received this relic of troublous times from Scotland through the death of a near relative, and it is said that it has been handed down as an heirloom in the family ever since the memorable battle of Culloden.

We find in the *Star* the accompanying extract from the letter of a correspondent at Warrenheip, respecting a disease which had proved very destructive to the poultry in that locality:—"The first noticeable indication of the sickness is the comb turning to a very dark colour. The next day the bird becomes very dull, and remains so until death takes place, which is usually in two or three days. Upon examination, in all cases, the liver and kidneys are found to be greatly enlarged, and the whole of the internal organs have a very yellow appearance, as if the biliary ducts were at fault. The disease has been known in this country for some years. As a very large number of these diseased fowls are killed for the market, and used for food at the tables of gentlefolks, I think the disease really ought to receive the attention of those qualified to trace out its cause."

Nicholls, convicted of the murder at Collendina, who was recently reprieved, is to be imprisoned with hard labour for life, the first three years in irons.

An accident, in which a man named Maguire, who is a carrier, nearly lost his life, happened on the 30th ult.. at M'Callum's Creek. Maguire attempted to cross the creek with his waggon and three horses; but the force of the current washed the horses down the stream, and the waggon was quite submerged. One horse, which had been fastened up behind the waggon, was saved; but the others were drowned, and still remain harnessed to the waggon in the creek. The man had a narrow escape from drowning, being washed down to the footbridge, which was covered; but he caught the hand-rail and was rescued. The waggon, horses, and goods were the property of the man, who has thus had a very serious loss.

A deplorable accident happened to the mail-coach between Rosedale and Stringer's Creek, on the evening of the 27th ult. About 7 o'clock the people at the Bridge inn were alarmed by cries of distress coming in the direction of the lagoon between the two bridges at Rosedale. Two men named Thorburn and Jenkins immediately put off in the boat that had been plying during the day. On arriving at the water's edge they found a man named Rowley clinging to the telegraph post. They were then surprised to see Stratton, the driver of the mail-coach from Stringer's, with two passengers, a male and female, attempting to drive through the water. The boatmen took the two passengers on board, and Stratton following with the coach, saying he could not swim, and if he fell into the water they must look sharply after him. He refused to leave the coach and get into the boat. At this juncture the boatmen saved a man named Page, who was in the act of drowning. After attending to this man they turned to look for the coach, and found it upset and the driver missing. On finding the water too deep for him, he was in the act of turning to go back, when, it is supposed, he lost his presence of mind, and one of the wheels getting into soft ground, the coach inclined, and the driver fell off and was drowned with his horses. A search was instituted as soon as possible by Constable O'Connor and others. The hat of the unfortunate man, and the missing Toongabbie mail, were found; but the body had evidently been swept into the scrub. The harness, cushions, and some other articles were recovered, and the dead horses were allowed to float away. Had Stratton been as careful of his own life as of the coach and horses, he would most probably have escaped. He was a steady and careful man, and his untimely fate is much to be deplored. Great credit is due to Jenkins for going out to save Rowley; had he not done so, all the coach passengers would have been drowned. The female passenger, who is a servant at Stringer's, was for a long time insensible from fright. The name of the female is Miss Fanny Gofford; and the male passenger, Lyons Page, who was saved, was riding and leading a pack horse, when he was swept off his seat, which he was fortunately assisted to regain. It is supposed that four or five horses were drowned.

Recently a "hatter" found a 31oz. nugget at the Old Lead, Dunolly. The finder took a bucketful of refuse dirt from the top of one of the claims, and was rather astonished on being rewarded with the lump of gold above mentioned.

On the 2nd a lamentable accident, attended with loss of life, occurred at Maldon. During one of the severe squalls of wind and rain, the large chimney of Linscott's machine, Peg Leg, was blown down, and fell crashing through the roofs of the engine and stamping houses. John Dunsford and W. Gray, two of the men employed, were inside at the time, and standing close together. The former was killed instantaneously, his head being fearfully smashed; but the latter escaped with some hard blows, his preservation being due to the fact of a large beam, arrested somehow in its descent, partly covering and protecting his body. Dunsford leaves a widow and six children.

George Macdonell, a fireman employed on the Ballaarat Railway, was fatally injured by being run over by the engine at the Leigh road, on the 30th ult., and died while being conveyed from the scene of the accident to Geelong. A local paper has the accompanying relative to this lamentable occurrence.—"He was behind the trucks when the engine shunted them rather suddenly, and he was knocked down fully across the line. The trucks passed over his legs, severing both of them close to the knee-joints. The unfortunate man remained quite sensible, notwithstanding the great shock he sustained. The loss of blood was not very heavy, and Mounted-constable Mulcahey bound the stumps round to prevent any flow taking place. After some delay, the sufferer was placed in a one-horse waggon, and forwarded on to Geelong by road; but he died when near the Crown hotel. He retained his senses to the last, and confessed the accident was the result of his own imprudence in getting off the engine to do work he had no right to do, adding that he had had several narrow escapes before. The deceased was twenty-eight years of age, and leaves a widow and two children, who have been residing in Ballaarat, but arrived by the train last evening. He has been five years employed on the Government Railways, having first been a cleaner at the Geelong station, from which position he was promoted a step. He is described as a steady man of good character. It seems strange that, in the interest of humanity, the train could not have been detained for an hour, in order to allow the engine to bring him down to Geelong as soon as possible, instead of delaying for several hours before surgical assistance could be obtained, and during which delay the man sank and died. The train was delayed for half an hour as it was, and as far as can be learnt at present, had proper expedition been used, a very short additional delay would have enabled the sufferer to be brought down by the engine." Our Geelong correspondent writing Tuesday night in reference to the inquest, which was held at day upon the body of the unfortunate man, says:—"The most extraordinary feature in the evidence was that which related to the treatment of the deceased after the accident. The Leigh road station is distant from Ballaarat one hour and a half, and from Geelong barely half an hour; now, instead of the engine being uncoupled from the train and being sent to Geelong with the poor dying fireman, or the train proceeding to Ballaarat and taking the sufferer to the hospital there, Macdonell was left at the station full three-quarters of an hour. He was then put into a conveyance, and his poor crushed body 'rattled over the stones' for fifteen miles, in the greatest storm of wind and rain almost ever experienced in the colony. At past 5 o'clock, and more than three hours after the accident, the cart arrived at the Crown hotel, Ashby, one mile from the Geelong Hospital, where poor Macdonell breathed his last; his agony being so great that he cried to the driver of the cart in piteous accents, to have mercy on him, and knock his brains out with a stone. The coroner, in summing up the evidence, made some strong animadversions on the treatment the deceased had received by the officials after the accident. The jury returned the following verdict:—That the deceased was accidentally killed; and that much loss of time was occasioned in the removal of the body by horse and cart, instead of by train." An official investigation was subsequently held, and the result was the complete exculpation of the persons connected with the railway. A subscription has been commenced for his widow.

A volunteer review took place at Geelong on the 9th, and the day was made a general holiday. The Government steam-sloop Victoria brought down the volunteers from the metropolis and suburbs, and arrived at the entrance to the inner harbour about noon. An imaginary bombardment was at once commenced, the vessel slowly steaming along the eastern shore past Limeburners' Point, her guns being rapidly worked all the time, and the volunteers on board keeping up a frequent discharge of firearms. When the Victoria was off the Yarra street pier, the first gun was fired from the shore at her. She immediately replied briskly, at the same time putting on full steam and making a run dead for where the volunteers were awaiting the attempt to land. When near the shore the boats were got out, and the landing effected under cover of continual firing from the steamer, the guns on shore keeping up their "music." The landing was very well managed, and formed a very pretty impromptu display, for it must be remembered the men knew nothing of the intention until the time arrived for them to carry it out. Once fairly on shore, the corps were exercised in brigade drill. Skirmishers were first thrown out, and the men formed into line from contiguous columns facing the sea. They changed front to the right (with the left thrown back), formed masses of columns, squares in echelon, wheeled, and performed other evolutions in a soldierly and creditable manner, finally marching past the staff. The whole of the movements were directed by Col. Anderson, commandant, who commanded on the occasion, and expressed himself highly gratified at the proceedings. Lieut.-Col. Reds, Brigade Major, was also present, with Captain Stubbs, Captain Burton, Captain Snee, Major Bell, and others. The plan of operations extended along the banks of Corio Bay, from near Hutton's Wharf to the high ground adjoining the Botanical Gardens. The number of volunteers on the ground was close on 1000 rank and file, and their appearance was very presentable. After marching past the staff they proceeded to town, and were dismissed at the orderly-room, Little Malop street.

We find the following shocking narrative in the letter of the Crooked River correspondent of the *Gipps Land Times*. The occurrence took place recently:—"A woman named Emily Hogan was travelling from Harrietville with some packers, and arrived at Mr. Frazer's restaurant, and being in an advanced state of pregnancy, remained there for some days. It appears that a row occurred, and the woman was either pushed or fell over a board placed across the doorway, after which she made her way to the Twenty-five Mile Creek, about four miles from Frazer's; and on reaching a hut on that part of the river, became aware that her *accouchement* was rapidly approaching, when she immediately made the best of her way to where some miners, named Seerey, James Grady, and Patrick Joy, were working. It appears the unfortunate woman reached the precipice of a rock about 40ft. in height, and being unable to get any further, cried aloud for help. The above-named men went over and saw that the woman had given birth to a still-born child, and was lying within a few feet of the edge of the precipice; but, knowing that there was no other person near, looked at her and walked away without offering or trying to obtain the slightest assistance, and when asked their reason for such inhuman conduct, said they were frightened. The unfortunate woman lay on the top of the precipice from 10 a.m. until after 2 p m., and then managed to crawl back to the hut, carrying her infant in her apron, where she remained until information was brought into Grant, when Constable Coleman, in company with Dr. Ray, went out and succeeded in removing her to Grant. It is only those acquainted with the spur leading out of the Twenty-five Mile Creek, that can form any idea of the difficulty attending the removal of a woman in such a state from the creek to the main track; and too much praise cannot be awarded to George Collingwood and John Warburton, who volunteered to assist in taking the woman up the spur. Constable Coleman says that had it not been for their valuable assistance, it would have been impossible for him to have succeeded in taking the woman up the spur."

A large nugget, weighing 12½oz., was picked up by a man named William Carlton, from some old headings at Blanket Flat, lately. Three miners had worked the hole three months ago and left it, not being able to get a living, and the find was amongst the mullock thrown aside by them.

A New School Atlas.—We have received from Messrs. J. W. Pearson and Co. a copy of their Australasian School Atlas, which, we should think, would recommend itself to all who have anything to do with the education of the young, as being the only one of its kind that gives a correct idea of what these colonies are geographically. In this atlas all places that are inhabited in this and the adjoining colonies are distinctly marked, the compilers not being content with merely indicating the principal towns as is the case in most of the atlases that have been used in our schools up to the present time. Now that this one has been issued we trust that the rising generation will be regularly instructed in the geography of this continent as well as in thatof the old world. On the titlepage are a couple of diagrams showing the comparative height of the mountains and length of the rivers of these colonies. In addition to its merits as an atlas it reflects great credit on all who have been engaged in the mechanical part of its production, as all the names, which form so essential a part in a work of this kind, are extremely clear and legible. It is published at a price that brings it within the reach of all classes.

THE BISHOP OF ADELAIDE

The Right Rev. Augustus Short, D.D., of Christchurch College, Oxford, was consecrated Lord Bishop of Adelaide in 1847, and has consequently been for twenty years the occupant of the see. At first, in addition to an annual stipend from the Colonial Church Missionary Society, and an allowance from Miss Burdett Coutts, the revenues of his lordship were materially increased by State aid to religion. This was, however, abolished in 1851, and from that time to the present Dr. Short has been the head of a purely voluntary church. His personal character, both for learning and piety, have stood him in good stead, and he has been materially assisted by the bounty of several wealthy individuals. At the present time the Church of England in South Australia has 56 churches, and 34 school-houses, and can provide sitting room for 13,124 persons. There are 388 Sunday school teachers and 3400 scholars. The affairs of the diocese are generally prosperous.

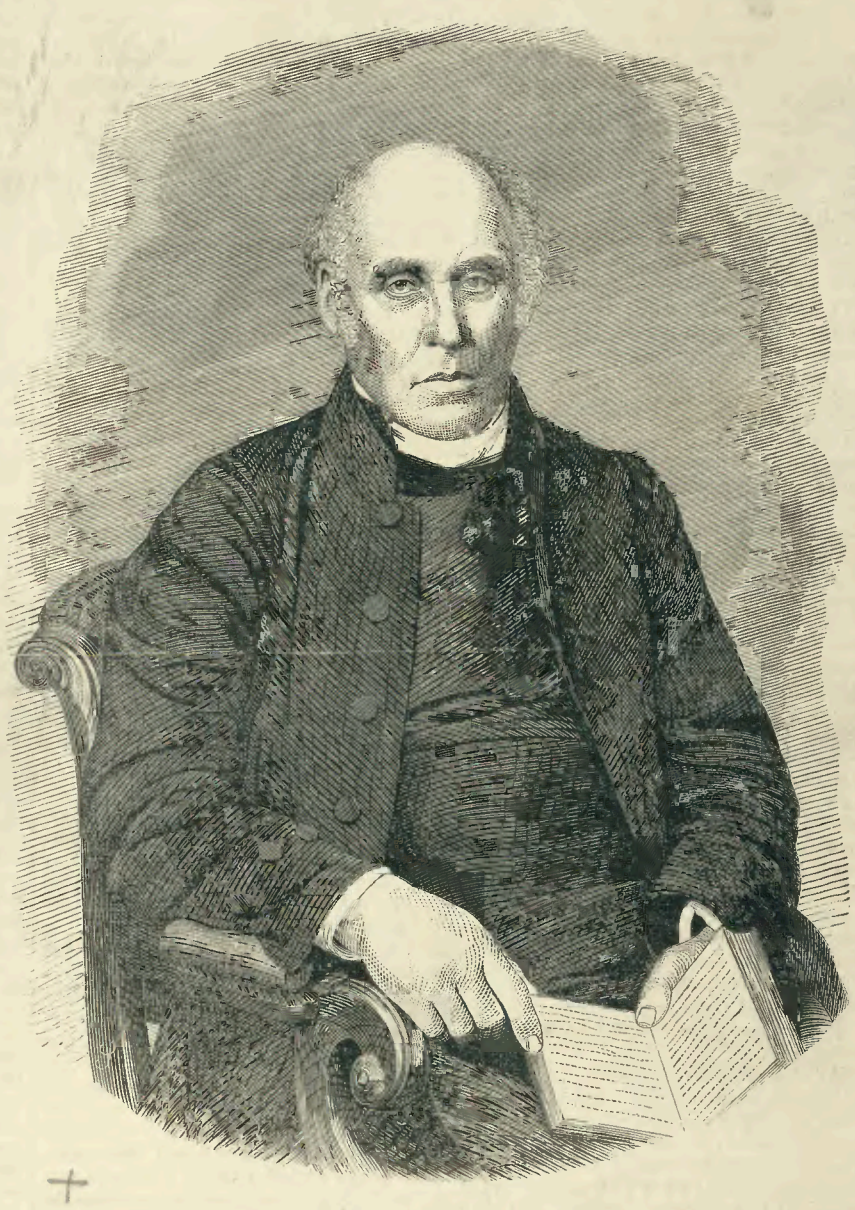
Rev. Church Bishopric Fund? pr. an endowment by

GOVERNMENT OFFICES, ADELAIDE.

Our neighbours in South Australia, far wiser than we, have adopted the plan of constructing their public offices as near together as possible. The Crown Lands Office, the Treasury, which includes the bureau of the Chief Secretary, and that of the Registrar-General, the Lands Titles Offices, the chamber of the Attorney-General, and the office of the Governor are so close together as to be almost under one roof, and the Post-office, police court, and Supreme Court are in immediate proximity. Anyone, therefore, having business to do with the Government of South Australia has not to spend half the day in travelling from one end of the city to the other. The tall building to the left is the Town-hall, one of the finest structures in the Australian colonies, and a magnificent view over the city and surrounding country can be obtained from the clock-tower. The pile of buildings represented in our engraving are situated in King William street, the broadest and finest street in the capital of South Australia.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S APARTMENTS AT TOORAK.

The preparations at Toorak, for the reception of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, are fast approaching completion, and in a very few days everything will be ready for the acommodation of the Royal guest. Through the courtesy of his Excellency Sir Henry Manners Sutton, K.C.B, we were permitted to inspect the arrangements, and are prepared to state that everything that could be suggested for the comfort of His Royal Highness has received the best attention. Approaching the house from the Melbourne road, the first object which attracts the eye of the visitor is the very neat lodge which has been erected, and an embankment that has been formed at the commencement of the drive, extending some distance up to the vice-regal residence. The stately cypresses which border the sinuous portion of the road impart additional elegance to the approaches, and form a refreshing and happy contrast to the old appearance of the entrance to Toorak. The house has undergone considerable renovation within the last few weeks, by the aid of painters, paperhangers, decorators, furnishers, and upholsterers. Several of the rooms have been re-papered, and the heavy flock paper of the diningroom, and the light satin patterns of the drawingroom and bedrooms, have a pleasant and taseful effect. The ballroom is handsomely decorated and painted in panels, the white and gold being beautifully blended together. A rich crimson carpet has been placed on the floor, and altogether the apartment looks very well. It is expected that His Royal Highness, being the guest of his Excellency, will use the dining-room with the Governor's family; but there is a private entrance to the ballroom and billiard-room from this apartment, constructed for the private use of the Prince. The study lately used by the Governor, and situated opposite the drawingroom, has been set apart as the private drawingroom of the Royal visitor. The room is papered with green and gold, and is well, though not ostentatiously furnished. Immediately above this room and commanding a magnificent view of the surrounding country, is the bedroom of His Royal Highness. When completed, it will be very handsome; a massive bedstead, wardrobe, and table of the finest polished Huon pine, are the principal articles of furniture. The bed will be trimmed with purple and gold satin damask, which will correspond with the curtains and couch of the same material. Gold bullion fringe will be attached to the valence, and a gold tassel will depend from the roof; the inside of the roof will be formed into a star, made of fluted purple satin. It will be a marvel of the upholsterer's art, and will triumphantly support the reputation of Messrs. Moubray, Lush and Co. in this department of their business. Adjoining this room is the Prince's dressingroom, which will look almost like a boudoir when it is finished; a handsome bath-room is also contiguous. Extensive alterations and additions have been made to the bedrooms, three or four of which will be occupied by the friends of His Royal Highness who accompany him. Passing out of the main building through the ball-room, we inspected the billiard-room, which is a weatherboard structure, the interior decorated in oak panels, and apparently intended for one table, which has been ordered for the use of the Duke of Edinburgh by the Government of Victoria from Messrs. Alcock and Co., of Russell street. This table is of colonial blackwood, beautifully polished, and indeed a perfect specimen. A cue-rack to match has also been made by the same firm. One cue in particular, for presentation to His Royal Highness, is made of the finest colonial woods, including musk, eucalyptus, myrtle, blackwood, tulip wood, and some others. Leaving the billiard-room and going through the Prince's retiring-room, one sees the extensive alterations which have been made by the building of new stables and servants' quarters, as well as a very good room intended for the servants' hall. Altogether, the arrangements will be very satisfactory when they are finished, and can scarcely fail, we presume to say, to meet with the approval of the Duke of Edinburgh during his stay at Toorak.



THE LORD BISHOP OF ADELAIDE.

TOWN HALL. CROWN LANDS OFFICES. TREASURY. LANDS TITLES OFFICES.

KING WILLIAM STREET, ADELAIDE.

SEE-SAW.

One of the best known nursery rhymes has "see saw" for its theme, and see-saw is one of our earliest amusements. Who cannot remember improvising this capital game with a plank and a log of wood, as has been done by the young rustics in our sketch, and the glee with which the adept "bumped" the tyro whenever he got a chance, as the roguish lad in the engraving is doing, much to the other's disgust, and to the amusement of the bystander, if such a term be applicable to a round-faced boy comfortably seated on a log. See-saw, like all other English sports, is thoroughly acclimatised with us, and young Australia is quite as expert at it as his cousins at the antipodes.

DEATH OF DR. EADES.

Richard Eades, M.D., whose name has been connected with many of the principal events in the early times of Victoria, and who was known and respected by a large circle of friends, both in public and private life, died about 7 p.m. on the 12th instant, at Windsor, where he had removed about two months before for the benefit of his health from the house in Collins street east, which he had occupied for a number of years. Some time ago he was laid up with jaundice, which turned to dropsy. He was then attended by Drs. Thomas and Robertson, and it was probably at their advice that he changed his abode. He was, however, to be seen in Melbourne frequently until the day of his death, having spent the evening of the 11th at the house of a friend in town. His last appearance with the Corporation of Melbourne was at the Mayor's lunch on the 9th, and he found himself so well on Friday, the 11th, that he started to walk part of the way home. On the following morning, however, he had a relapse of his illness and in the evening expired as peaceably as he had for a long time lived. A *post-mortem* examination disclosed the cause of death to be rupture of a bloodvessel in the liver. The deceased gentleman had been paying a visit at Broadmeadows a week previously, and on returning he was thrown from the cab by the horse suddenly going forward when he was in the act of alighting. He fell on his shoulder, and afterwards remarked that he was somewhat shaken by the fall. Dr Eades was educated in Dublin, where he took the degree of bachelor of arts at Trinity College, and afterwards became lecturer on *materia medica* in that city, a position which he held until leaving for these colonies, which he did in 1848 as doctor of a ship bound for Adelaide. He soon established himself in a good practice in the sister colony, in which he continued to reside till the discovery of gold here became a source of attraction, and he came amongst others. His professional reputation had preceded him, and consequently he fell in with a good practice in this colony, and soon took a position in public affairs. He occupied the position of honorary physician of the Melbourne Hospital for many years, only resigning it a few months ago. Upon the establishment of a medical school in connection with the Melbourne University, the office of lecturer on *materia medica*, therapeutics, and medical botany was accepted by him, and he was very much liked by many who attended his teachings. In his medical capacity he was health officer of the city of Melbourne, since the death of Dr. Macadam, and was also one of the board of visitors of the lunatic asylums. When he resigned his position of alderman in the City Council to take up that of health officer, he had been councillor and alderman for a period of twelve years, representing Latrobe Ward. In the municipal year of 1859-60, Dr. Eades occupied the position of Mayor, and during his term of office the well-known disturbance at the Parliament Houses occured, when the Riot Act had to be read in Melbourne. Those who saw Dr. Eades in this scene state that he went through his part of the business with great firmness, and secured the confidence of the people. He was in his time an active member of the Royal Society, but has not lately done much in connection with that body, and was also, if not the oldest, one of the oldest surgeons in the Volunteer Force.

His funeral took place on the 15th, and was attended by a large number of citizens and relatives.

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On view, a New Portrait Model of the TICHBORNE CLAIMANT.
Open, Summer and Winter, 10 a.m. till 10 p.m. Admission One Shilling; children under 10, 6d. Extra Rooms, 6d.

THE LONDON EXHIBITION
OF
ART AND INDUSTRY, 1872,
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KENSINGTON,
Will be OPENED to the Public on WEDNESDAY, 1st MAY, 1872.
The prices of Season Tickets will be:—For a Gentleman, £2 2s.; for a Lady, £1 1s.; for a Youth under 15 years of age, £1 1s.

THE LONDON EXHIBITION of 1872.
An OFFICIAL RECEPTION and PRIVATE VIEW of the PICTURE GALLERIES of the LONDON EXHIBITION of 1872, will be held by His Royal Highness the Duke of EDINBURGH, K.G., and Her Majesty's Commissioners, on 27th April, when the Royal Albert Hall and the Horticultural Conservatory will be opened. An invitation card may now be obtained by purchasers of season tickets at the Royal Albert Hall, Kensington-Gore, and at the usual agents.

THE LONDON EXHIBITION of 1872.
SEASON TICKETS purchased for the LONDON EXHIBITION of 1872, will entitle the proprietors to an invitation to the Official Reception and Private View on the evening of the 27th April, to be held by his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, K.G., and Her Majesty's Commissioners.

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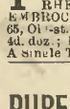

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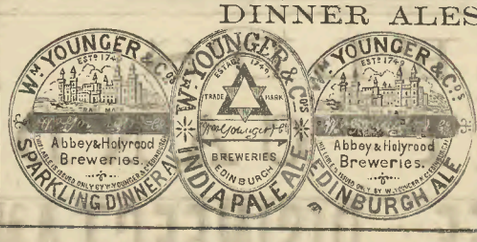

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LAY OF A DINER-OUT.

Air, "Of in the stilly night."

Oh! I was ill last night,
And still it preys my mind on,
As Memory brings to light
The horrid things I dined on!
The roast, the boiled, that both were spoiled,
The fish so soft and flabby,
The poultry tough, the claret rough,
The whole affair so shabby!
Oh! I was ill, etc.

The Champagne cup was spiced, how wrong!
To taste it scarce I dare did.
The Punch Romaine did not seem strong,
But then, alas, the hare did!
The wines were hot, the soups were *not*,
The sauces quite distressing,
The peas were old, the gravies cold,
And oh, that salad dressing!
Thus I was ill, etc.

An oyster stale, though in a stew,
It very hard to bolt is;
Those partridges were not done through,
The bread sauce like a poultice!—
The cheese was not *the cheese*, and what
Could make them call it Stilton?
The mayonnaise seemed to my gaze
Like greens, with soft soap spilt on!
Oh I was ill, etc.

When I remember all
The flavours mixed together,
In the entrées great and small,
And cutlets hard as leather,
Had I forborne—'tis thus I mourn—
Or sooner had deserted
That fatal feast, I'd then at least
Dyspepsia's pangs averted!
But I was ill last night,
And still it preys my mind on,
As Memory brings to light
The horrid things I dined on!

BOARD AND LOGICAL.

Fitsmythe (to his friend Buffles):—"Regular set of duffers sir! Never was such a humbug as that board, sir!"

Board (taking it personally):—"Oh, indeed! 'Oo are you a calling of a humbug, sir? This 'ere board ain't nothing o' the sort. An' you're another!"

THE CORPORATION AND THE CAT.

On Wednesday last the Old Bailey presented the peculiar and exceptional spectacle of a number of persons vainly trying to get into Newgate, access to which is, as a rule, not denied to the humblest and least honest of Her Majesty's subjects. The disappointed ones had presented themselves, duly armed with admissions from the Sheriff, in order to witness the flogging of a couple of garotters: but the Governor, under order of the Aldermen, who are *ex officio* visiting justices, refused admission to all save the representatives of the daily papers. For our own part, nothing could induce us to be present at the infliction of a punishment which we cannot but consider a revival of the barbarous code of old times; but if flogging, like hanging, is supposed to inspire wholesome repressive fear, although carried out within the jail, and not *coram publico*, its remedial effect can only be achieved by a public record of its performance in the columns of the papers generally, and not merely of the dailies. We are not sure that we might not go further, and urge that there can be no just cause why private individuals, actuated possibly by a consciousness of inward diabolical promptings towards robbery with violence, should be debarred from the salutary spectacle.

We would rather believe that the exclusion of our weekly contemporaries was really in the nature of a compliment, and that the apparent favouring of the daily press was due to the belief that the dailies have a monopoly of the patronage of those classes, for whose wholesome intimidation flogging is instituted; but we fear so delicate a distinction would not have suggested itself to aldermanic intelligence.

There can be little doubt that the difficulty arises, in the abstract, from the anomaly by which, while flogging and hanging are instituted in these days of civilisation as salutary public lessons, those who desire to attend the national suhool at which they are taught, are stigmatised as morbid-minded and brutal, by common consent. The visiting justices, to put it plainly, announce, "Now, we are about to give you a great moral lecture—but, first of all, please to shut your eyes, and put your fingers in your ears!"

We have always regarded and spoken of the Corporation as a useful body, at whose expense a great deal of small wit is too often indulged in. Those who (to take one recent instance) have alone had the spirit to defend the rights of the people to Epping Forest are not the men we like to see held up to ridicule. But we cannot but feel that, owing to some small pique, some petty jealousy, or some absurd feeling of [illegible] dignity, some of the City authorities have been betraye[illegible] adoption of an irrational and absurd step, one of those [illegible] which, from time to time, bring the Corporation into [illegible] lend a plausibility to the ready ridicule of th[illegible] body, which, behind all its pomp an[illegible] the cause of civil and religious li[illegible]

A[illegible]

The agricult[illegible] longer; and [illegible] dear wo[illegible]

The [illegible] was "w[illegible] We don[illegible]

As a "nation of s[illegible] "counter"—case to [illegible] are yet—all-a-taunt-o[illegible]

Vesuvius exhibits symp[illegible] Anti-Vaccination League w[illegible] refuses to submit to Jenner-aliti[illegible]

The Principal Feature of ever[illegible]

FUN OFFICE, Wednesday, Feb. 24, 1872.

CASTE V. TRIBE.

Descend, O Muse, and in fit terms describe,
How the 9th Lancers served Lieutenant Tribe,
First of the tribe Non-Purchase, who obtain
Commissions; money, only, once could gain!
Petty annoyance ere his advent rose,
Which prejudice, not after-judgment, shows.
With little sense—but with discernment less—
They sent him off to Coventry to mess:
Nor did their persecution then relent,
They drove him further—from the Regiment.

Not so! the army *will* be scouted, when
It has no officers and gentlemen!
Enquiry follows—George of Cambridge, shrewd,
Detects the feeling which their minds imbued;
Defeats the plot so wicked and so bad,
And, reinstating Tribe, defeats the Cad.

Then Dame Britannia calls before the school
And thus rebukes each epauletted fool—
"My sons are brave by nature, and will all
Defend their country at their country's call;
Think not that money—whate'er else it buy—
Has the monopoly of courage high,
Nor fancy well-filled purse or lofty strain
Can claim advancement o'er the men of brain!

Nay more, remember, if again I hear
Of such base conduct, I shall prove severe.
I do not care a bit for 'swell' or 'nob'—
He'll feel the rod if he assumes the snob!"

EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF SIR GUY DECULVERIN,

Knight Errant and Gentleman.

[We have been favoured with the following from a correspondent, who informs us that it was wrapped round his last Sunday's dinner, a polony with pease pudding to follow. As the style is peculiar and the subject new, we have, after correcting many faults and mannerisms peculiar to a work evidently printed many hundreds of years ago, presented the fragment to our readers, and we shall be glad of an opinion from any antiquarian friend as to the date when the hero of the following flourished.]

As the good knight De Culverin stood by the postern he was a [illegible]dy fit for any artist or sculptor who might have passed that way. [illegible]e road was lonely and deserted, and our hero's knocking at the [illegible]acted no attention whatever, either inside or outside the [illegible]

[illegible] at last exclaimed De Culverin, after he had waited for [illegible]ly worn out the knocker, "this is indeed [illegible]mark he would have applied himself [illegible] at the time of which I write [illegible] institution of this now [illegible]

[illegible]rt and mystery of [illegible]ger is abroad, [illegible] domestic [illegible] country's [illegible] I shall [illegible]ity. [illegible] given, [illegible]ors," so [illegible]nse was [illegible]ed to the [illegible] time had [illegible] groaned [illegible] he would [illegible] his armour. [illegible] grew fright- [illegible] foam flew from [illegible]ng inflicted upon [illegible]ence, and though [illegible] speedily recovered [illegible]al axe from his waist- [illegible] building. Soon he had [illegible] the postal authorities was [illegible]tly to allow the passage of [illegible]gh quite easily, and in a few [illegible]nges.

[illegible] feasting in the hall, where, as [illegible]rd were all a-wagging, suspect [illegible] for them, but it fell nevertheless.

When Sir Guy had once effected an entrance, he whistled for his dappled and highly-trained steed, the most sensible creature in the world, who could fire off guns and pretend to be dead in a manner equal to any Christian on the field of battle—and, mounting, the knight proceeded to descend the kitchen stairs, couching his lance and capping his revolver as he did so. The wassailers were still unsuspicious, for the clever horse, knowing the necessity of caution, went upon tiptoe, and it was not until the hall porter had been transfixed to his chair by a cunningly wrought javelin, and four or five serving men had been chopped in small pieces, that the remainder knew that there was anything the matter. For Sir Guy was extremely speedy in his movements, and as he caracoled and demivolted up and down the chamber, slicing a face off here and lopping a limb off there, he looked a perfect picture of manly grace and knightly beauty. When he had demolished two or three score of his antagonists his anger began to cool down, for like all noble natures, his was averse from too much bloodshed. Therefore, calling to him a little foot page, he ordered that some of the very best walking funerals at three pounds fifteen each, should be provided for the departed, and he was particularly anxious that the pieces should be properly assorted, and that no mistakes should be allowed with regard to the proprietorship of the various portions of humanity which lay strewn around. Also, such was the magnanimity of his nature, that he ordered the proprietor of the castle, an old and enfeebled Saxon, to look carefully after the widows and orphans of the slain, and, having arranged everything satisfactorily, he rode off in search of further adventure: and he was so far successful, that, before long, he met with the following extraordinary rencontre.

[Here our correspondent's portion of the mysterious paper ends, but as soon as ever he gets a fresh supply of money, he is going to buy some more saveloys, and will, if possible, have them wrapped in the sequel to the foregoing.]

SCIENTIFIC FARE.

N Polar-bear ham,
On rattlesnake jam,
On fricasseed lizard,
On elephant's gizzard,
On fillet of whale,
On caracal's tail,
On *compôte* of spider,
On oak-apple cider,
On barbecued snakes,
On porcupine cakes,
On *pâte* of otters,
On peccary trotters,
On *civet de* skunk,
On ant-eater's trunk,
On saddle of pony,
On chalk macaroni,
On vulture in chains,
On guinea pig's brains,
On hedgehogs baked whole,
On filleted mole,
On slugs in clear jelly,
On earth-wormicelli,
On garlic, lamp-oiled,
On cuttle-fish boiled,
On cockroaches fried,
On rhinoceros hide,
On wolf (rather high),
On adjutant-pie,
On curried baboon,
On cutlet of 'coon,
On tartlet of grubs,
On roast tiger cubs,
On plainly-boiled cat-fish,
(You cannot eat *that* fish!),
On ribs of hyena,
On this catalogue vasty
Of dishes so nasty,
I'm told there have been a
Few people, who ventured to dine in their greed,
But I don't think you'd want to,
If ever you'd gone to
The famed Palæontographical feed.

APRIL FOOLS.

O Puck, my prince of baby-boys, less baby's bib and tucker,
Say, mischief-mite, what mortal wight this moon hath gone a-mucker.
Titania's breast shall be your rest, Titania's lips your supper,
If you but tell the underworld the doings of the upper.

They say a swarm of April fools went coastward, corps by corps,
To take the measure of the ups and (Brighton) downs of war.
I call not these men April fools; *et voilà pourquoi—Parce*
Qu'ils étaient moins des fous "d'Avril" qu'ils étaient fils de "Mars!"

They say a leader among men, the master of his school,
Hath been and made at Manchester full many an April fool;
So lofty were his sentiments, so high he soar'd over sense,
His title henceforth is to be *His "Dizzy" Eminence!*

They say that Brother Jonathan finds damages no go,
And, 'stead of kicking up a shine, is getting up a "row."
We're ready aye to meet his men, and give with conscience calm, a
Discharge of *Atalanta* claims, though not of *Alabama!*

They say the tiller of the soil, the hopper of the clod,
Like Oliver has "asked for more" and ceased to kiss the rod.
No fools are they this April tide to try to mend their lot,
And Fun he bids them one and all "strike" while the iron's hot!

They say the swindler swindleth still, the victim still believes,
They say that rogues and vagabonds are still as thick as thieves,
They say that Fun, still smiling, sails 'mid wreck and rock and pool,
The envy of each April—and of every other—fool!

Ominous.

Somebody on the Turf has been passing sentence by implication on a notorious Baronet! The *Sportsman* announces the arrival at training quarters at Canterbury of—

The bay colt, Sir Charles Dilke, by High Treason out of Remedy. He has been re-named Tower Hill.

We are glad to think this *quasi*-prophecy is not likely to be realised, as the baronet, to judge from the absurdities he has said and done, is ensured against decapitation, by having already lost his head.

A poor-sign of Intelligence.

This is a remarkable instance of the cunning of some animals:—

An English gamekeeper has recently broken a black sow to hunt game in the woods, and she is said to run in the hunt with wonderful success. She will track game, back and stand and point partridges, pheasants, snipes, and rabbits as skilfully as a bred pointer. She bounds in response to a whistle, and wags her head and squeals with delight on being shown a gun.

Of course, the sow hopes by taking this interest in sport, to save her bacon. That's sow it is!

Taking Heart.

Under the alarming title of "ladies and heart-disease" a paragraph from the *British Medical Journal* reveals the secret that the fair sex is, as compared with the male sex, almost exempt from the most serious organic diseases of the heart. Oh, the selfishness of man! This is why fellows are always trying to negotiate an exchange of hearts with the dear creatures.

No piece for the wicked.

We don't know what Mr. Tomlinson, M.P., will say when he hears it; but there is a rumour that the Mint is about to call in all the fourpenny pieces. Thinks it, because it recalls the groats, that there shall be no more gruel with rum in it? We do not see why the fourpenny piece should be abolished, even though it is not a coin of particular 'vantage. We trust Mr. Tomlinson will not stand by and see the fourpenny bit without a bitter resistance.

The Ducie has!

We learn with pleasure that the Earl of Ducie has raised the wages of his agricultural labourers, and shortened their work by an hour on Saturdays. We trust other landlords will follow his example, adopting the motto "*Te duce.*" If not they must be summoned to the bar of public opinion under a writ of *duces tecum.*

Islet-erally True.

A contemporary states that a provincial bard, Button by name, has just published a poem beginning—

I am sitting alone on an islet.

This is elegant and appropriate. The allusion preserves the traditional connection between Button and Eyelet whole. Button should be studded.

JABBERWOCKISM.

To the Editor of Fun.

Sir,—Of all the isms—Nepotism, schism, agrarianism, transcendentalism, and what you like—that ever afflicted the world, the latest—Jabberwockism is the worst! One is not safe is one's ordinary occupation, one cannot go into society, one cannot take up a paper, without coming on some allusion to *Through the Looking Glass.* I am a steady sober middle-aged single man, and although the popularity of the work may be pleasant to Messrs. Macmillan and Co, and to the author, it is no joke to me! The other day I was talking seriously to a very nice young lady of my acquaintance, and expressing the delight I felt on learning that we resided in the same suburb. "Then," said she "why don't you chortle?" If "chortle" is equivalent to "seeking other scenes"—I chortled. That same evening while still in the state of depression due to the shock I have just recorded, I went to Mrs. Chearphull's "evening." As I shook hands with the hostess she said to me, "Why what *is* the matter with you, Mr. Singlesides? You look as mimsy as a borogove!" I shall not visit that house again!

I went to my club. Griffle, who is "literary," came and sat by me, and learning the cause of my grief spent an hour in torturing me with a long explanation that the Jabberwock was not original, but a crib from the German, as had been shown in *Macmillan.* I knew all the while that the magazine article was a hoax, and the German as genuine as the English; but I only blest the Editor of the periodical inwardly, and succumbed to fate.

I think I took too much Pommery to drown my care. I have an indistinct recollection of writing a letter before I left the club. At any rate, on going to-day to my office—Her Majesty's Magnum Bonum and Quillpen Department, Whitehall—I was summoned into the presence of the Under Secretary, who demanded an explanation of a letter he had just received from me (written on club paper). I enclose a copy, merely adding that I told him the letter was intended for my resignation. It was the only way I could see out of the difficulty. What do *you* think about it? Yours, etc.,

Coppernail Singlesides.

Enclosure.

The cuftive maffle on the doops
Inflinks the gorrum of the clade;
And where the incobranctive choops
The polliwinfles gade.

Yet moom them! For the greftic mimf
Coroons the glabe, and krinks the warb,
While quirrimillant doofloos symph,
And palavent the blorb.

Then let the finglemorphant scrobe
Inpluggerate the jubant gorf!
I still inpungerfy the mobe,
And spankterise the florf.

[We can only assure our beamish correspondent, whose enclosure has cost us some uffish thought, that under these frumious circumstances he has our entire sympathy in his outgribings.—Ed.]

Ver-non Semper.

Among the recent alterations of Street-nomenclature ordered by the Metropolitan Board of Works, it is stated that a street in Marylebone is to be renamed.

On the 9th of June last the Board changed the name of York street to Harcourt street. The name was strongly objected to by the inhabitants, and the Board to meet their views, has abolished Harcourt-street and substituted York-street in its stead.

Good gracious! Object to the name of Harcourt? Surely the inhabitants must forget that the M.P. for Oxford who bears that Historical name is, as he modestly told us himself, a relative of the Royal family!

More like it!

If we may judge from the description of their practices given by Mrs. Dawe, at the Lambeth Police Court, the peculiar sect, who have been conducting services in a Railway arch in Walworth are less deserving of the name of Shakers than of that of No-great-Shakers!

To the Point!

The Anti-Newtonian folks, who declare the world to be a flat, have made the remarkable discovery that every globe must have six cardinal points. We never saw a globe with a point, and so we must be excused for saying their argument is begging the point.

NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTE!

Old Dame:—"Now, Jennie, if you wash up your dishes, make the room tidy, get through your work early, and are a *very* good girl, perhaps as a treat I'll let you go and see old Butcher Briskett buried this afternoon."

DREAMS.

I love—oh, how I love!—to dream
I guide a splendid drag and team.
With cracking lash I flick the tits,
That champ with foaming jaws their bits,
As onward—onward still we fly,
Who—who in dreams is blest as I?
Although my powers
In waking hours
Ne'er dared essay—and never will—
To driver aught firier than a quill.

I love—ah, how I love!—to dream
I steer my bark o'er ocean's stream.
Above, the howling breezes rave,
Beneath me boils the bounding wave,
The boldest seaman holds his breath,
As on I speed, defying death!
And yet my powers
In waking hours
Stop at the Thames—and ever will,
Because the motion makes me ill.

Closely Argued.

The Dean of Carlisle has been denouncing tobacco-smoking as pestiferous. Well, we prefer a cloudy atmosphere to a Close one.

Black and White.

What contradictory beings teetotallers are! They are going to hold a meeting about a *Permissive Prohibitory* Bill. This is on the principle of "there's no compulsion, only you must!"

The Real Land of Equality.

The "poor Indian" is rapidly disappearing from the American continent; in England the red man is as good as the white—on the chess-board.

Preserve us—from our Friends.

Whatever differences of opinion may prevail on the game-law question, perfect unanimity should mark the conduct of members of Parliament on one point—the "preservation" of Epping Forest.

Anything for a change.

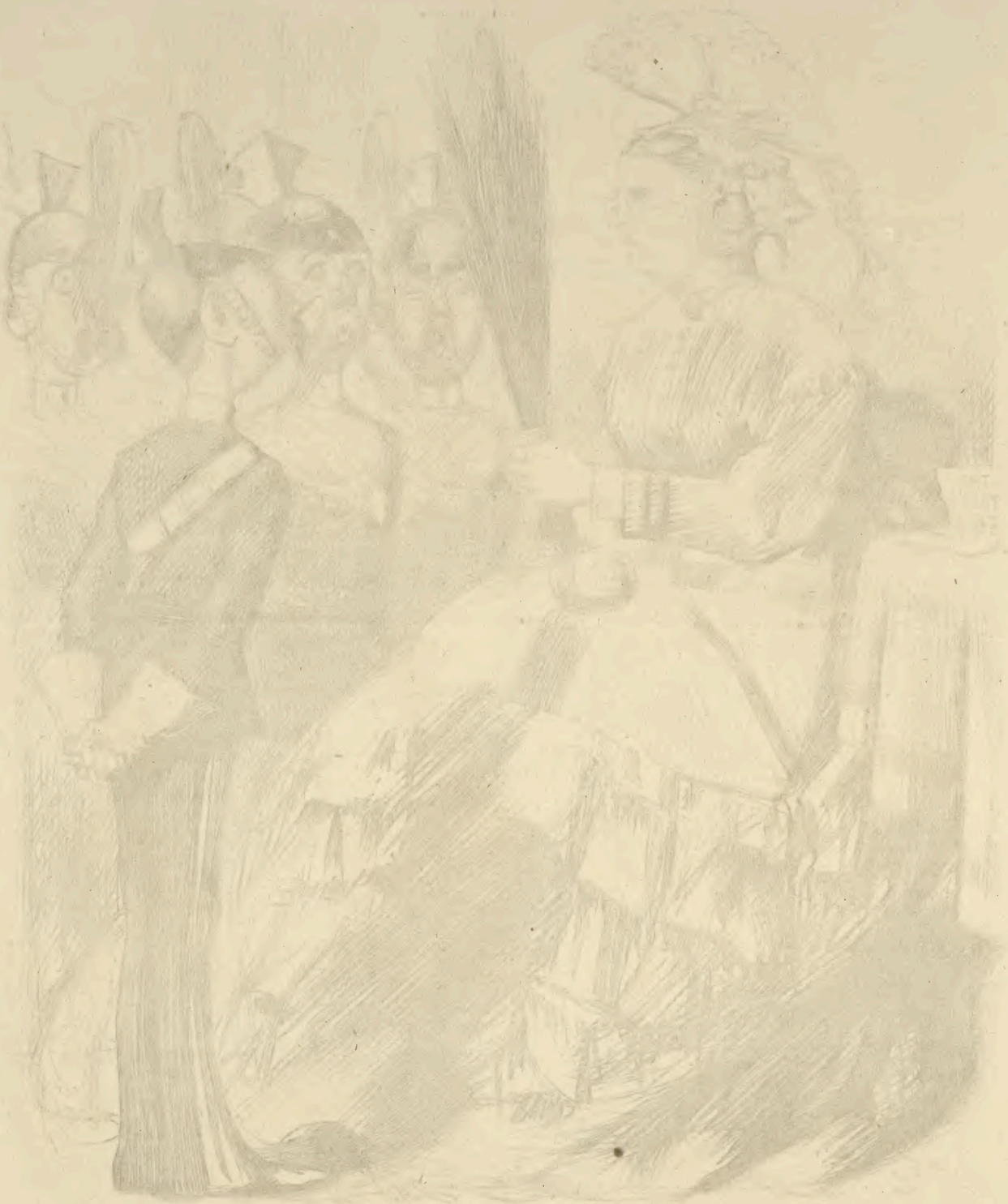
The fourpenny-bits, it appears, have seen their day, and no more will be issued. We only hope that it will be our good fortune to hold plenty of the "New Threes," well known to the old lady of Threadneedle-street.

Baleful!

The Claimant's still in Newgate! Piteous tale,
In the Old Bailey—and yet can't find bail.

CASTE V. TRIBE.

Dame Britannia :—"NOW, MY YOUNG FRIENDS, PLAINLY UNDERSTAND ME, IF I HEAR OF ANY MORE OF THIS BULLYING OF THE NON-PURCHASE BOYS, YOU WILL ALL SMART FOR IT!"



OUR SHORTHAND NOTES.

It appears that Captains of men-of-war, if they think lifeboats "nasty, lumbering things," may dispense with them, and risk their men's lives. We should consider officers of that kind "nasty, lumbering things," to be dispensed with. = Somebody has been nominating John Bright to the Presidency of the British Republic. It is an insult to so distinguished a statesman to enter him against Sir Charles Dilke. = Marquis of Bute married. Mr. Disraeli was present to see the wedding of Lothair. Monsignor Catesby officiated. = Sir John Coleridge reproved by the House for showing an animus against the Claimant. Claimant may be big, but his prosecutors should not be bigoted. = A Mullarkey, of Mayo, convicted of bigamy, but dismissed. It seems you mayn't have two wives in England, but in Ireland you May-o! = Taglioni, having lost her property during the late war, returns to England to teach dancing. Let everyone "take steps" for her benefit. = Judges of Fine Arts at the International have accepted only six hundred out of the sixteen hundred pictures sent in. All right—provided the rejections are due to demerit and not favouritism! = Continued diplomatic finessing over Alabama Claims. Britain won't go to Geneva to be caught in a gin. = Murders on the increase. We shall really have to hang somebody! = City Commissioners of Sewers are spending 30,000*l.* *per annum* on improvements. Evidently not Sewers *in forma pauperis.*

How are they off for soap?

Unless we are under a grave misapprehension, one of the best notions of the day may be found—*mirabile dictu*—in a music-hall programme—a marvellous "Tub-performance." This ought to be a thoroughly clean trick, and should find a host of imitators. Of course their washups could not refuse to license the hall where such a performance takes place.

A Case of Assurance!

The following is extracted from an American journal:—

A gang of burglars, 11 in number, were getting on finely with a bank-safe at Manchester, Ohio, a few nights ago, when their keg of powder exploded, killing two, wounding one, and somewhat discouraging the others.

We beg to draw the attention of our Accidental Insurance Company to this interesting case. By prevailing on Bill Sikes to insure, they might insure for themselves a telling paragraph in the record of accidents which they advertise from time to time.

Explosion of Gunpowder. W. S., professional crib-cracker, injured by inadvertent ignition of a keg of powder, intended for professional purposes. Premium £4 4s. Compensation £100.

The Inebriate One.

A Parliamentary return just issued gives the number of convictions for drunkenness in the United Kingdom. According to this document the convictions in England were only one in every hundred and seventy one of the population. Yet our Exeter Hall friends would punish the hundred and seventy for the excesses of the one! We do not see why a hundred and seventy people should be made miserable because one fellow is a little too jolly!

Guard the dear boon!

The opening of a new hospital near Liverpool has given Lord Derby an opportunity of making a well-timed speech on sanitary matters. May his remarks not be Bootle-less!

Of what does a philosopher in thread-bare garments remind us?—The poor-suit of knowledge.

A Bridge of Glass.—A Pince-nez.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 268.

The orchards are white,
A beautiful sight,
A promise of plenty that's fair to the eye;
If our hopes are not lost
By return of Jack Frost,
What apples and pears we shall have by and by!

1. Term after term he waited still,
His legal duties to fulfil;
He was not asked, though he was called,
He wore a wig ere he was bald;
His whole life through he bore his wrong—
It came not—'twas, in short, too long.

2. We thought him far too dead and dull,
To rise from serfdom's slough,
And his oppressor's power annul:—
Behold him risen now!
He seeks the Briton's heritage,
A fair day's work, a fair day's wage!

3. He said to me, with trader's pride,
"It is not gold—but looks as well!"
"Ah' then it's made of—" I replied—
"Of what?" he asked. "Of course to sell!"
That party was sold—
But it was not for gold!

4. He worships the Prophet, to Mecca he bows,
No wine does he drink, for his creed disallows;
In no quaker have you non-resistance like *his* met,
He bows to his lot quite resigned, saying *kismet!*

5. About this creature sought I knowledge
The other day at Heralds' College:
Prince Leopold it was whose shield
The thing's existence first revealed.
The reply my poor brain threatened promptly to soften—
"We can't find it legs though we *do* find arms often!"

Solution of Acrostic No. 266.—*Rainy April*: Rusma, A-trip; Invader; Nisi; Yokel.

Correct Solutions of Acrostic No. 266, received 17th April: Slodger and Tiney; Pik; Bidoy; Yerrip; Spheroid; Pertinax; D. E. H.

Yerrip.—It did not reach us in time.

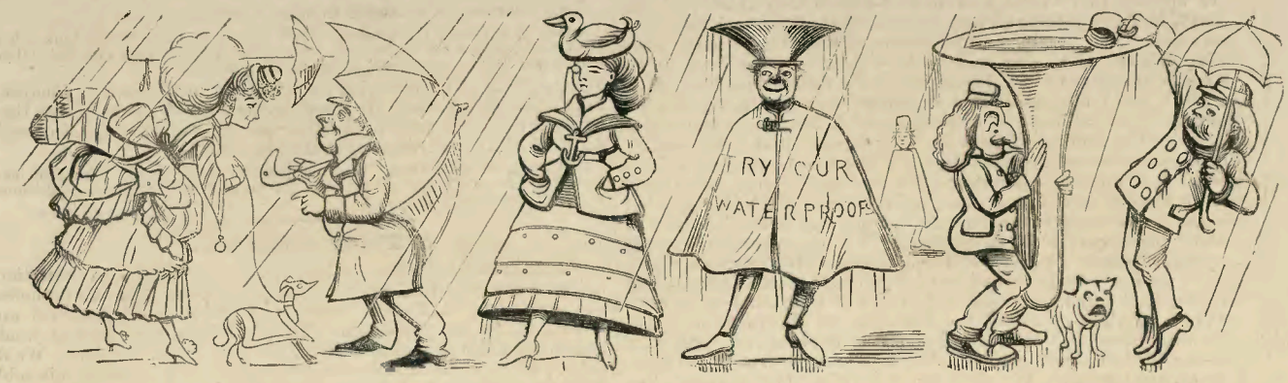
Motto for the Ophthalmic Institution.—"Eyes right!"

"STRAIT: A DIFFICULTY."—(*See dictionaries.*)

Landlord (*showing his house to possible tenant*):—"Every convenience you see, sir!—you enter the Dining Room straight from the Drawing Room!"

Old Hickopper:—"'Gschackly sho! *But*—if ca'n' guar—guar'ntee h'll be able to enter latt'r *straigh'* from form'r—wo'n' sui' me!"

SCRAPS OF REASON, BEFITTING THE SEASON.



April Showers.

May Flowers.

Fashion's Powers.

PHILOSOPHIC FANCIES.

I do not complain
At the season's rain,
For I know that the April showers,
While distressing the fair, are adorning the plain,
And decking it out with flowers.

And we soon shall have May,
With blossoms so gay,
When the warmth has got to the roots.
And I know pretty well, when the blooms pass away,
We soon shall gather the fruits!

But what good upon earth,
Or what possible worth,
Springs from Fashion for human kind—
Except the production of innocent mirth,
I'm blest if e'er I could find!

A Maid-an' Lady.

This is rather a novelty in advertisements:—

WANTED, by a YOUNG LADY, aged 18, a SITUATION as Parlour or House Maid where another servant is kept. Can give the highest references.—Miss A. K., &c.

We somewhat doubt whether many people would want so very lady-like a parlour or housemaid. She might be above her work. In fact from her signature, one sees she would be a-miss.

What's in a name?

If the Golden Lotion, we see advertised, is the safe positive and effectual cure it is stated to be, it should be described as a blessing, and not be Akhurst.

Jumping to a conclusion.

An American paper says, "The Utah grasshoppers are again on the jump." Of course they are! Isn't this Leap Year?

DOGGREL VERSES.

By a Disappointed One.

I wanted much a dog, you see,
Of undisputed breed,
I laid great stress on pedigree,
And paid to curs no heed.
Not any special kind I sought;
"Blood! blood!" was still my cry,
Alas my yearnings came to nought,
My hopes were doomed to die!

I first began to advertise,
When to my dwelling came,
A man who boasted two black eyes,
And walked a little lame.
He said, "I was a gent who knew
A well-bred dorg at sight!"
I said, "I rather think I do,
For they are my delight!"

This man had brought a score or so
Of dogs for me to see,
But one retriever known as "Joe,"
He was the boy for me!
I chose him for his silky coat,
He was both fair and fat,
I bought him for a ten-pound note,
And thought him cheap at that!

"Joe" lived at ease a week about,
Till partridge-shooting came;
And then I proudly took him out
To circumvent the game.
He *did* retrieve—he rather shone
In his peculiar line,
But then the rascal hunted on
His *own* account—not mine!

I gave him to my grocer; and
I got another prize,
The surest ratter in the land
With little restless eyes.
Alas! alas! his nightly howls,
They haunt me to this day;
He feasted on my choicest fowls,
And then—he ran away!!

Since then I've had at least a score
Of whelps of every kind.
Three proved but sorry curs; whilst four
Ran mad; and two went blind.
And now, I've bought a dog from Page,
My friend across the lane,
Who when I near him foams with rage,
And tries to break his chain!

MARGATE OUT OF SEASON.

We did not go to Margate last July and walk upon the pier:—we went to Margate this April, and we strolled on the jetty. Beautiful Margate may be described as in a state of *déshabille* just at present. She is preparing to receive her visitors, and if she had a servant, that domestic would say, "missus is not at home, but we expec' her in a month or two," with the conventional evasion of the truth. At the time of our visit we felt as one who treads alone some banquet-hall deserted, whose lights are fled, and garlands dead, and visitors diverted.

To be sure there were nymphs with flowing back-hair on the jetty, but they were chiefly residents. There were bathing-machines out, but their occupants must have been local lunatics. Flies (with horses) stood on the parade, and never seemed to do anything else. We always thought they hybernated with the other flies. The seafaring population seemed to be making a living in the usual way, by taking short turns up and down, hitching their trousers, and looking through telescopes. The only sign of real life was a smart steam yacht lying-to off the jetty. When she steamed away with her owner and a party of friends, nothing but the shells of shrimps and barcelona nuts remained to remind us that the jetty was a place of popular resort. We turned to gaze on Margate.

Could we believe our eyes? Was a distinguished exile, who once stayed here previous to his descent on Boulogne, and who kept his eagle in a pantry on the Parade, transplanting the Tuileries to Margate? No! It is Fagg's pleasant hotel, breaking out into beauty, and, in conjunction with the Campanile of the Sailors' Institute, trying to impress the visitor with a confused idea of Paris and Venice. But we may add that Margate is building and adorning itself generally. Even the mysterious building, crowned with a flower-pot, at the head of the pier, and called the Harbour *Due et mon Droit* House is being re-stuccoed.

We wandered along the cliff, and met a juvenile deputation from the Wanstead Orphan Asylum (which has a branch here), looking as rosy and well as sea air should make them. And, we may say too, that we met the surgeon of that most excellent charitable institution, the Seaside Infirmary, and we were very glad to hear of its continued well-doing, to promote which the subscriptions of the public are urgently needed; surely no one who goes for a healthful holiday at Margate, forgets to leave some offering, however small, in the box of the Infirmary, to help the poor little ones who are lying ill there.

How green the fields looked! and how the birds sang! and how the gulls swept over the sea! and how the sea rippled! and how the landladies looked at us over cards that bore the mystic sign "Apartments!" and how the fly-drivers looked as if they were so glad to see us they would have taken us twenty miles for nothing! and how we were disillusioned when the man who drove us from the Parade to the station demanded "two shillings!" and how ridiculous it was to pay it without a murmur!—but then we had dined royally at Fagg's, with jolly companions, at the invitation of—but no, delicacy compels the supppression of Lee's name.

But the gasp of sea air was ample compensation! Didn't the ozone blow down our back, free of charge, while we sat on the jetty watching the boys *not* catching crabs—or whales—or whatever it was they fished for without hooks? Didn't the iodine prescribe itself and exhibit itself for exactly twenty-one shillings less than a guinea, and do us a deal of good? And wasn't the journey down and back—which might have detracted greatly from the benefit—made pleasant by the comfortable carriages, and the proverbial civility and courtesy of the officials of the London, Chatham, and Dover?

Look here, gentle reader! If you're wearied or worried or weak—and can barely steal a day from work—steal the day and get half-a-dozen hours at Margate, and bless your stars, and thank us for the suggestion. You will find Margate by no means less pleasant just now because it is not high "Margate Season."

A Sur-prize.

It is just announced that the House of Representatives of Washington has voted a sum of one hundred and ninety thousand dollars to the officers and crew of the *Kearsage* for having destroyed the *Alabama*. If this late recognition of that act is not intended to swell the "consequential damages" urged against us, it is a proof that England is not the only country in which the distribution of prize-money is delayed for half a generation.

Answers to Correspondents.

[*We cannot return unaccepted MSS. or Sketches, unless they are* accompanied *by a stamped and directed envelope; and we do not hold ourselves responsible for loss.*]

An Explanation.—With regard to certain paragraphs which have appeared in this Journal, and which Mr. George Frederick Pardon considers to have been injurious to him, we have no hesitation in saying—what our counsel has already said for us—that we withdraw them, the more readily that there was no intention of injuring him.

V. O. X.—We may add, "and nothing more!"

B.—We do not undertake to answer general questions, but to reply simply on matters relating to the paper. You should apply to journals that devote their minds and columns to universal purposes. Still as you *will* apply to us for a cure for freckles, try digging them out singly with the point of a red-hot knitting-needle. Only, mind, *we* do not recommend it.

F. Drahcir.—"Mulberries" may "fatten antitheses," and there is possibly "cowjuice" in "palanquins;" but we fail to see the point of the joke. After all that may be due to the illegibility of your writing. That's what we make the first two lines.

F. R. (Guildford).—We cannot return them, as you—apparently—cannot conform with our rule.

J. W.—"Through the Looking Glass," Macmillan and Co., Bedford-street, Covent Garden. We don't know the price.

Blogg and Puffkins.—The length is fatal, in our opinion. Furthermore we *never* accept MSS. from anonymous correspondents.

Declined with thanks:—Jones; ? ?; M., Liverpool; $\frac{d}{b}$; B.; Printer's Devil; E. K.; All for Fun; W. X, Z.; F. P., Southampton; W. L.; G. M. C.; R. H. D., Euston-road; A. B., jun., Glasgow; H. W., Islington; D., Hartlepool; M. B., Glasgow; Empty Air; R. G. H.; D., Windsor; Chip; M., Kingsland; W. B. L.; Vivat Dilke; Owdashus Cuss; R., Lower Norwood; B. F.; An Additional Idiot; Theory; Dull Wig; S., Islington; R. J.; Newist; Carrie; — Kingston; Liverpool Lunatic; Bogus; Bucks; A struggling one; S. T. P.; Callay; N., Leeds.

DOWN TO HIM, AND DOWN ON HIM!

Stern Matron (inquiring after the character of a servant):—"Is she steady?"

Young Housekeeper:—"Well, she requires looking after!"

S.M.:—"Oh, I look after the servants!—I *see* to everything—*manage* everything! My word is law to every one in *my* house—even down to my husband!"

CHATS ON THE MAGS.

April.

St. Paul's is rich in readable matter. "Seraphina Snowe" is excellent, and Henry Holbeach of course claims attention. Miss Ingelow's story has reached a point of absorbing interest, and impresses one vividly with its truth. "Septimius" is wild and weird.

Good Words has a paper on "The Idiot Colony at Caterham," by Dr. Gilbert, full of curious information and very touching. The other contents, are if anything, above rather than below the high standard of this excellent magazine.

The *Sunday Magazine* in both art and literature maintains its average of excellence.

In *Good Words for the Young* we have "The Deserted Ship," and "The Travelling Menagerie," as standing dishes, with any number of capital sketches and papers to delight the youngsters.

In noticing the *Gentleman's Magazine* we overlooked the flimsy quasi-criticism of "Players of our Day," which, though quite good enough for its subject "the *jeunes premiers*," contains one or two points which should not be passed over. First of all its author, while, sneering at the comedies of the late T. W. Robertson, is not above the meanness of misquoting the dead writer's dialogue, in order to prove it dull; and secondly, he associates Mr. Bancroft, who is an actor with the talent to create character parts, with the *jeunes premiers*, who have nothing to do but look nice, wear nice clothes, and try to look gentlemanly without appearing idiotic.

The *Young Gentleman's Magazine* descants on Natural Philosophy, the Great Plague, Firemen, and Guns. What more can the lads want in a periodical?

The *Atlantic Monthly* contains a poem by Longfellow, "Echo Club," "The Poet at the Breakfast Table" and a story by Bret Harte. Few magazines could offer a better bill of fare.

Our Young Folks carries Jack Hazard into further troubles, and gives us more of "Crusoe Life," to the delight of the boys, who will regret that it is concluded.

The *Overland Monthly* is better than usual this month. "Sam Rice's Romance" is quite Bret Harte-ish. Stoddard it must be, we think, who contributes a delicious little poem, "South Sea Bubbles."

Received:—The *Food Journal*, *Young Ladies' Journal*, *Gentleman's Journal*, *Old Merry's Monthly*, *Colburn's New Monthly*, *Nautical Magazine*, *Leisure Hour*, *Sunday at Home*.

A Profitable Investment.—Buying a watch that gains.

Printed by JUDD & CO., Phœnix Works, St. Andrew's Hill, Doctors' Commons, and Published (for the Proprietor), at 80, Fleet-street, E.C.—London: April 27, 1872.

COMPLAISANT.

Artist (after trying for half-an-hour to get the Expression he wanted). "No, no, it won't do, Smithers! The Position is Constrained. You don't Stand easy enough: I want you to look Drunk, you know."

Model (and he'd done his best, too). "Well, it is Difficult to 'Make Believe,' Sir,—but—if you should 'appen to 'ave 'alf a Bottle o' Spirits in your Cupboard, we could Manage it in no Time, Sir—I should be most 'Appy!!"

"FROM BETWEEN TWO STOOLS."

Up, in the cloud-lands of High Church,
Down, in the mud-flats of Low,
Hark to *your* Chapel and *my* Church,
At it, with word and with blow!
Minister girding at Rector,
Rector on Minister down.—
A white-tied Achilles and Hector,
With National School for Troy-town.

Through a longer than ten-year-long leaguer
That fortress the Church-Hector held,
And with orthodox lance, keen and eager,
The Chapel-Achilles repelled.
But Achilles found allies and backers,
Who seemed, for the time, of his mind;
Olympus was with the attackers,
And the scale against Hector inclined.

Awhile, those who'd backed up Achilles
Rejoiced to see Hector give ground:
"When *he* thrust from Pergamus Hill is,
Free way to 't," they thought, "will be found.
Then, at last, thirsty souls may have entry,
To draw of those fountains so clear,
With no jealous clerical sentry,
To tax and toll all that come near."

But scarce is the Church-Hector driven
From the gate he so struggled to hold,
Than Achilles, who so long has striven
To oust the Church Champion bold,
Himself to his foe's place advances,
And takes his foe's weapons to wield:
As sharp-pointed rancour his lance is,
As sev'n-fold intol'rance his shield.

And stubborn, in front of the gate, there,
Where for entrance the thirsty ones pray,
He proclaims "If *I* please, you shall wait there;
None shall pass, but by *my* will and way.
If Churchman once crowed o'er Dissenter,
Now 'tis turn of Dissenter to rule;
Not an urchin a free-school shall enter,
Unless 'tis a school of *my* school.

"If Hector once drove you like sheep on
The pathways to *one* Church that run,
Not less *my* road now you shall keep on—
The pathway that leadeth to *none*.
On these points there *must* be one mind, Sirs:
The point is, 'whose mind shall it be?'
Once you settled with *him*, but you'll find, Sirs,
Henceforth you've to settle with *me*.

"My least finger, soon I will teach you,
More heavy than *his* loins doth weigh;
If the teeth of his whips once could reach you,
I have scorpions ready to flay.
You have yearned from Church-yoke to be free, Sirs,
On your necks that lay heavy as lead;
Now I'll give you a trial to see, Sirs,
How you like Chapel-yoke, in its stead."

So Chapel, loud echoing Church-cry,—
Bass and treble, but both to one air;

SATISFACTORY.

"Dining at Lady Laburnum's to-morrow!" "Yaas."
"So am I." "So Glad!"
"So Glad you're Glad!!" "So Glad you're Glad I'm Glad!!!"

SONG BY A SOUTHERNER.

(*To* President Grant.)

Down upon John Bull, Ulysses!
Bring the Britishers to book!
Statesmanlike of you, now, this is.
They'll repent the line they took
When, in hostile camps divided,
We were fighting; we and you;
And with neither part they sided,
But stood neutral 'twixt the two.

They'll repent not having taken
Counsel tendered for their good,
And, with constancy unshaken,
'Gainst some pressure having stood.
They might have, instead of letting
Alabamas slip, of course,
In a fix by that means getting,
Taken quite another course:

Might, as then in no condition
Two to one were you to meet,
Us have granted recognition,
And have backed it with their fleet,
Of our ports to make swift clearance,
In event of war, at hand—
They'll repent non-interference,
Which has cost them your demand.

But two hundred millions under
Put your claims, or you'll have made,
Pressing that surcharge, a blunder:
Yes, Sir, for you'll nought get paid.
England will to fight count cheaper
Than to pay all that for peace;
Moderation will be deeper,
With a view John Bull to fleece.

Soul and Shoe.

An "eminent Spiritualist" writes that the means by which tables are caused to make noises are what he calls "Psychics." Is this a misprint for "Sly kicks"? If so, the Eminent and *Mr. Punch* are agreed.

Clerks of the Works.—Watchmakers' Assistants.

ANCIENT ROMAN REVIVALS.

In a letter signed "Sellerim," the *Morning Post* publishes an account of a *trapèze* performance at the Alhambra Theatre exhibited by two girls, respectively sixteen and twelve years old. The entertainment afforded by these children to an intelligent British Public essentially consists in risking their lives. The "apparatus" which they employ to afford our Kind this pleasure is "nearly twice as high and dangerous as that used by Leotard." One of their feats, indeed, according to "Sellerim," is "technically and expressively termed 'a leap for life'." The mere perusal of its description is enough to turn any moderately nervous person, who is in the least degree imaginative, delightfully giddy.

Among the series of splendid Peep-shows at the Crystal Palace illustrative of Pompeii, is a representation of the sort of sport shown by gladiators on the arena of an ancient Roman amphitheatre. Why should not British managers be at liberty to revive this sort of spectacle for the amusement of the humane and enlightened persons who rush to witness *trapèze* performances? Only because we have no "Dacia men," or other captives or slaves, whose lives are of no consequence, so that they can be killed without being murdered in the eye of the law. If gladiatorial combats were only legal, like *trapèze* feats, they would be not at all less elevating morally and intellectually than those other dangerous and possibly, if not necessarily fatal displays. On the contrary, perhaps the sight of savages slaying one another would, in comparison with that of innocent children incurring the peril of death, be considerably the more gratifying to the benevolent spectator. Moreover, *trapèze* performers, in case of tumbling, may possibly fall on the people below, and even children of twelve years old falling all the way from the gallery to the pit would drop down upon them with a weight quite great enough to hurt those good people's heads. No inconvenience of this sort could be caused by falling gladiators. The Legislature might be petitioned to give the Lord Chamberlain the power of licensing such real tragedies as those which used to be enacted in the Colosseum. Advertised by the appellation of Sanguinary Scenes in the Circle, no doubt they would draw crowds of those sightseers who delight in scenes as like them as is possible in the present state of civilisation. The revived scenes of slaughter would exceed the original if enriched with the superaddition of a comic element in the person of a Fool in the Ring, whose drolleries should, of course, be entirely of that practical kind which alone in their simplicity would be appreciable by beholders as richly endowed with thought and imagination as our *trapèze* performance-goers.

As we conclude these profound remarks, we observe that a poor boy, of fourteen, has just been killed by a fall from a *trapèze* at the Alhambra Music Hall (but this is an imitation Alhambra), at Nottingham. Certainly we do not cancel the above paragraph.

A COUPLET FOR A KING.

His Majesty the King of Siam, now on a visit at Bombay, has been showing himself a highly civilised monarch there. He was, according to the *Bombay Gazette*, received by the Commander-in-Chief at the station; but there is reason to doubt that he announced himself to that gallant officer in an extemporaneous couplet of macaronic verse, saying:—

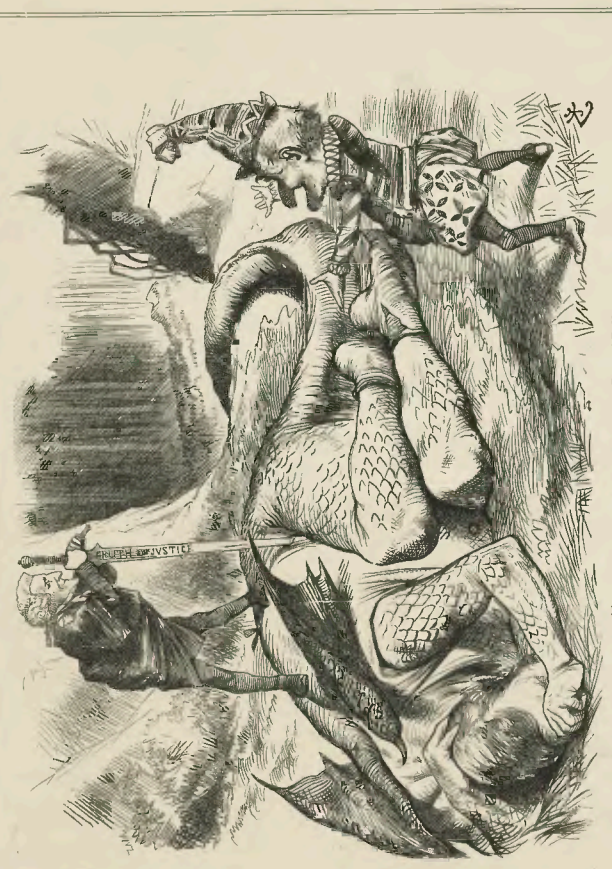
"Ego sum, *I am*,
The King of Siam."

For, indeed, nobody has stated that he did any such thing. Somebody, however, may have been reminded of one of Gay's Fables, in which a bookseller invites a wiser elephant to become literary.

"Learned Sir, if you'd employ your pen
Against the senseless sons of men,
Or write the history of Siam,
No man is better pay than I am."

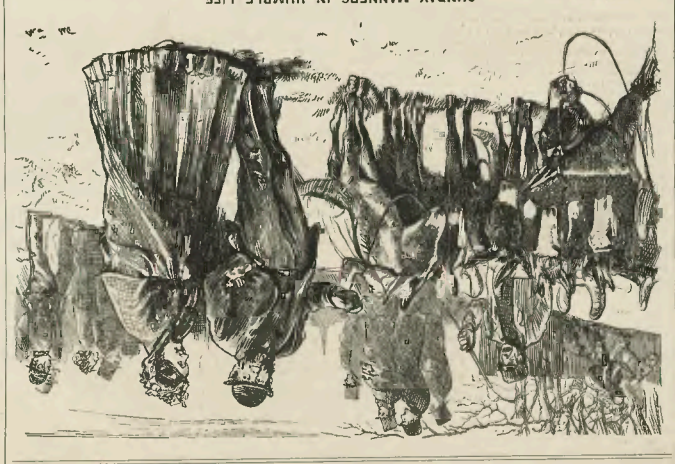
The animal had not the elegant manners displayed by literary men, especially when they receive such invitations from publishers.

"Then, wrinkling with a sneer his trunk,
'Friend,' quoth the elephant, 'you're drunk.'"



"THE MONSTER SLAIN."

"And hast thou slain the *Jabberwock*?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!"
(*See* "The Jabberwock," in *Through the Looking-Glass*.)



SUNDAY MANNERS IN HUMBLE LIFE.

Sam Gager. "Fen I 'ave twopenny'th o' Downey Hick, Mama?"
Mrs Gager (his Mama). "Taake 'im 'yem, sat! jest I'd rather taake it in liquor, if it's all the same to you!"

An Omnibus Tax.

The simple abolition of Schedule D alone of all the Income-tax Schedules would, as the *Times* demonstrates, be unjust; but, if a proportion made by the *Times* were adopted, Schedule D would probably be abolished very soon. Undoubtedly—

"Nothing can be more unjust than an artisan who receives weekly wages to the amount of £250 a year should escape taxation, while a clerk who receives £200 a year, for quarterly stipends should pay 6*d.* in the pound income-tax."

As this partiality of taxation is perfectly unjust, of course nothing can be more so. But there might be other inequalities equally unjust. If an artisan earning £250 a year in weekly wages were forced to pay exactly the same income-tax, it would be quite an injustice that a costermonger who earns a shilling a day should be exempt nothing at all. Were this Income-tax distributed over all incomes whatsoever, large and small, without exception, the injustice of its incidence would be greatly diminished. But this would be even more unjustly than taxing the People's tea and sugar. The masses would much rather have a morning's small-beer to insensible taxation than a Free Breakfast Table procured by an Income-tax shared by themselves.

Mortal Immortals.

Our visions of mortals and immortals, which, we admit, are merely those of everyday commonplace sort of people, are thrown into strange confusion when we read that "M. Duveyrier de Hautavaux was officially received into the French Academy yesterday," and that "the new immortal delivered the customary panegyric of his predecessor." The only apparent solution of the puzzle wrapped up in these words is to suppose that the general instability of things in France has affected even its immortals.

The Wagawock.

Behold the Cartoon opposite! As Quakers sake,
Firstly,
"Is not this type well cut, eh, with Zoaxian art,
Filled with true omnium?"
Of course it is. "That goes without to say," as the French elegantly put it. But there is something which *Mr. Punch* means to say.
He invites his best acknowledgements to Lewis Carroll, author of the delightfullest fairy love extant, for the idea of a Wagawock in *Through the Looking-Glass*. Everybody knows the marvellous poem therein entitled "*Jabberwocky*." It is a hundred hymn meters the quintessence of absurdities, and its now and Gallerstonian words are the delight of society. *Mr. Punch* very heartily cried out to the Baron of Wales, on meeting H.R.H. again, "Come to my arms, my Beamish Boy!"
But poets are also prophets, *vide* Mr. Gaultier, *passim*. The Author of "Jabberwocky," when long ago revolving that grand idea, in its solemnity solitude, was prepaying a type the full meets and value of which now burns upon the world, as a token from *Mr. Punch's* magic wand. The Jabberwock meant the Wagawock, over whose mortal carcass all Christendom is rejoicing. The poem sets forth the story of the laying of the Australian Monster. Listen to a dream, and to the interpretation thereof:—

Jabberwocky.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

MORE POSITIVISM.

Confidential Housekeeper. ("*That young Person*" *having called about the Under-Housemaid's Situation.*) "But she says, M'm, she haven't a Character from her Last Place——"
Mistress. "And expects me to take her without a Written Character? Good Gracious, Mrs. Roberts, has the Woman her Intellects?"
Housekeeper. "Well, Mum, she have Somethink tied up in a Bundle."!!

THE PRESENT AND THE PILLORY.

Our bluff old English ancestors,
To rogues they so unkind were!
O dear, how such as Titus Oates
The cart's tail whipped behind were!
A rogue, who naughty stories swore,
Not only did they beat
Sometimes once, sometimes twice or more,
Until his back was hurt all o'er,
To teach him not to cheat.
Sing, formerly, O formerly,
Rogue made to stand in Pillory!

Besides, to an impostor they
Did other things than those, too,
They cropped his ears and bored his tongue,
And slit up his poor nose, too.
Likewise they burnt him in the hand,
And on his face, or brow,
They stamped him with a red-hot brand.
A scoundrel, then, they would not stand,
As we, mild friends, do now.
Sing, formerly, O formerly,
Rogue made to stand in Pillory!

The perjured knave, who purse had none
To forfeit for false suing,
In person they adjudged to pay
The damage of his doing;
And, since they could not make him good
For any other thing,
A scarecrow to his tribe he stood,
Whilst at his visage, framed in wood,
The People had their fling.
Sing, formerly, O formerly,
Rogue made to stand in Pillory!

NEARLY THE LAST OF THE CLAIMANT.

Will Shakspeare's lines on the Tichborne Case:—

"What!
An Advocate for an Impostor?"
Tempest, Act I., sc. 2.

Mr. Claimant *to* Mr. Baigent.

"You make my bonds still greater."
Measure for Measure, Act V., sc. i.

On Another Occasion:—

"If it should come to the ear of the court how I have been transformed."
Merry Wives of Windsor, Act IV., sc. 5.

His Evidence:—

"I had been drowned . . . . You may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking."
Merry Wives, Act III., sc. 5.

To the Attorney-General—

"Thou art clerkly, *Sir John*" . . . .
Idem, Act IV., sc. 5.

On One very Important Point:—

"And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady will suddenly break forth."
As You Like It, Act I., sc. 2.

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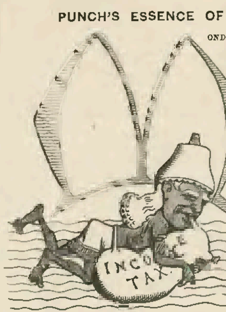
PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



Monday, *March* 4.—What an odd world it is! Or stop, let us be classical. Horace is always welcome to the English gentlemen.

Qui fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo,
quam sibi sortem,
Seu ratio dederit, seu fors
objecerit, illâ
Contentus vivat: laudet diversa sequentes?

Mr. Theodore Martin, you are always happy to oblige a lady, we are sure. There may be one lady who desires an interpretation. Sing:

"Tell me, Mæcenas, if you can,
How comes it that no mortal man
Is with his lot in life content,
Whether he owes it to the bent
Of his free choice, or fortune's whim,
And why is there such charm for him
In the pursuit his neighbour plies?"

These Lords, who might do nothing but walk about the Squares with golden coronets on their brows, patronising the plebeians, are already clamouring for work. They envy the Commons, and demand Bills. Lord Granville promised them something, perhaps a Cattle Bill, as if the Nobles were those "whose talk is of bullocks."

As numbers of the Peers came up to that Lord, and congratulated him on the birth, that morning, of a son and heir, *Mr. Punch* may surely add his gratulatory compliment. There is no lady in the Peerage, or out of it, who has two prettier names than Lady Granville. "Castalia Rosalind" makes perfect music. By the way, the Earl gave a large dinner-party the same evening. The aristocracy, it is true, do not shout and sing after dinner, like cads, but still——.

In the Commons, Mr. Pender took his seat for Wick. Do you know that this gentleman hath a town-house that must be dear to every lover of English literature? 'Tis the house in which Horace Walpole spent the earlier part of his life, before Sir Robert moved to the other house in Arlington Street, over the way.

The French Government are obligingly deporting to England batches of Communists. Twenty were sent from Dieppe. We believe that at least half of them are no worse than other people, and that a great many are much to be pitied, but the remitting them here is not a friendly act.

Colonel Tomline got on his silver coinage again, and Mr. Lowe explained that Government was not bound to keep a certain quantity going about. When there is a demand, the Mint coins. What is the reason that the Mint has not struck a graceful Thanksgiving Medal, to be procured at various prices? A collection of French medals is a history. Do we never do anything worth commemorating?

We went into Committee on Druid Cardwell's Army Scheme. Mr. Holms, of Hackney (hard words for most of his constituents), moved to reduce the Army by 20,000 men. There was a debate on this, and *Mr. Punch* observed with satisfaction that Sir Henry Hoare (hard words for most of his constituents) rebuked those who would, unpatriotically, weaken our land force. He begged Mr. Cardwell not to listen to Rodomontade—that is the way to spell the word, which is derived from the name of the great old hero whose deeds were, however, not so great as fools said they were. *Here*, the aitch *is* to be dropped out.

Mr. Göschen said that Government and its workmen were on the best terms with one another, and that it would be a good thing if Members and others did not come meddling between them. We rather incline to hold with him.

Tuesday.—Lord Lansdowne said that the Public Offices in Downing Street would be ready in 1874, and in the mean time he should not pull down the houses in front of them. Very well, but will he mind having the road thereabouts occasionally cleaned? It was complained of to Parliament by Charles the Second, who said that his bride had to come to him through the mud there, and we are not sure that it has been swept since.

In the Commons Mr. Dixon led on his League to battle against the Education Act. Mr. Forster met him full front, and defied him, and carried a resolution to the effect that the Act has not yet had fair play, and ought not to be meddled with. The Conservatives stood by the Cabinet, and the meddlers, who are inspired by a vehement and doubtless conscientious hate of Church influences, and who prefer hindering education to letting the Church educate, were twice defeated, by 355 to 91, and by 323 to 98. *Observe.*—Mr. Forster is accumulating golden opinions from all sorts of men, and one day he will stand on the aureous heap, and then you'll see how high he'll be, if he only minds his business and reads his *Punch.*

Wednesday.—This was a great day at Westminster, if not in the House. On Monday, the jury in the Tichborne case had said that they did not want any more evidence, meaning that they were convinced that the Claimant was an Impostor. To-day, the sponge was thrown up, and, a few hours later, Claimant Castro, or Orton, or whatever he is, was safe in the care of Mr. Jonas, the excellent Governor of Newgate. The Chief Justice declared his opinion that Castro had been guilty of wilful and corrupt perjury. So that those who warned the Australian butcher that at the end of the trial it must be "Tichborne or Portland," warned him wisely. *Mr. Punch* joyfully records the collapse of an audacious attempt at robbery, supported by one of the most cruel and dastardly slanders ever devised by rogues in council. He also rejoices in the thought that the folks who lent money in aid of the scheme have lost it all.

Mr. Charley carried the Second Reading of a Bill for the protection of "Infants" whom it is not sought to rob, but to kill, from the practices of Baby-Farmers. The penalties imposed are "rough and ready;" and yet Mr. Winterbotham, for Government, did not admire the measure. If that be its worst fault, we earnestly hope that it will pass.

Mr. Muntz carried the Second Reading of another good measure, one for preventing the Adulteration of Food. It is to increase the penalties for this kind of rascality, but Lord E. Cecil thought it not stringent enough. Perhaps Government, this time, did not admire it on that account. Your Minister is a wonderful being.

Thursday.—Well said, Lord Malmesbury. We have not had the frequent happiness of applauding your Lordship, and therefore have the more pleasure in assuring you of our present respect and esteem. You complain that the traffic in London is incessantly impeded by coal-waggons. Yes, and by all sorts of other abominable Juggernaut cars, which ought not to be allowed in the streets during the hours of business. But the Railway element is too strong in the House of Commons to let us hope for redress. Yet those who pretend to study the wishes and comfort of the people should note the frantic joy of the population when a Van comes to grief, and the pleasure with which we all receive the news that a Van-Demon is sent to jail. Life and limb are in danger every minute of the day from the vans and waggons. A League of Country Members, who are not afraid of certain influences, might come to our aid.

Mr. Gladstone said the Government held themselves bound to pay the costs incurred by Governor Eyre. It will be remembered that he had to defend himself against fanatic prosecutions. To Mr. M'Arthur, who absurdly brought up the case of Gordon, a coloured Baptist preacher, hanged for his share in the Jamaica riots, Mr. Gladstone quietly replied, that there was no analogy between the cases, and that no compensation was due to Gordon's representatives.

The Attorney-General informed Mr. Eykyn that the perjured Castro would certainly be prosecuted by the Crown, and that it was under consideration whether certain other persons should not receive the same attention that they have accepted notice to "bolt."

Scotch Education occupied the rest of the evening. Mr. Auberon Herbert has been taken to task for saying that Parliament should decide questions without reference to the temporary opinion of the constituencies, yet Mr. Orr Ewing, one of the gravest and most sensible men in the House, said just the same thing later—"we were to vote on our convictions of what was right, irrespective of the feeling out of doors." Are we Legislators or Delegates? The Scotch Bill was carried by an enormous majority—238 to six!

Friday.—The Cape Colony gives more trouble to the Colonial Office than all the other colonies put together, complained Ministers, in answer to some pertinent inquiries by Lord Salisbury. Hm! There is a story in Sydney Smith's memoirs about a pugnacious person who related that a dog had rushed out and bitten him. Sydney said that he should like to hear the dog's account of the matter.

In the Commons we heard that Prince Alamayhew, son of Theodore of Abyssinia, was to be carefully educated, as a private young gentleman, in England. He is too young and delicate for a rough public school. He might have been re-christened Rasselas, in honour of the literature of his adopted country.

Debate on question whether a Welsh County Court Judge ought to be able to understand Welsh. Members for Wales were very courteous, if urgent, in their representations that he ought; and Mr. Bruce, who is "half a Welshman," promised that, in future, attention should be paid to their desire. Justice should be blind, but not virtually deaf.

We are tired of the Ewelme Rectory business. It came on again, and Mr. Gladstone defended himself with a great deal of ability, but Mr. Henley summed up the proceeding in what he stated to be the way the "country folks" described it. "It ain't right, and we wouldn't have expected it from Mr. Gladstone."

The Parks Bill made much progress, in spite of Mr. Vernon Harcourt and the mob meetings, at which persons in mock canonicals chant profane parodies on the Litany, by way of proving that the assemblies are desirable.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

Mr. Barlow, and Masters Tommy Merton and Harry Sandford, visit the Haymarket Theatre.

Tommy and Harry were much diverted with the ceremonies of the festal Tuesday, which they witnessed partly from a convenient situation in Fleet Street, and partly from a prominent position near the Marble Arch, whither they repaired in all haste after cheering the Queen at St. Paul's. On this occasion Tommy was not a little gratified with the high respect with which he found himself treated, as well by the admiring populace, as by the honest soldiery, and the chiefs of the intelligent police.

"I am indeed glad," said Tommy, "to have been a spectator of this marvellous exhibition of enthusiastic loyalty. I had thought that Queens and Princes never did anything but wear crowns on their heads, and eat sweetmeats all day. I see that I was wrong. As for the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs, I protest I am so delighted with their grandeur and beauty, that I could spend the whole day in observing them."

"It was indeed fortunate," observed Mr. Barlow, "that the weather was so uncommonly fine. But were we denizens of a more northern region, we should be compelled to dwell in a climate where, during winter, darkness reigns for several months."

Tommy. Pray, Sir, stop. What! are there countries where it is night continually for several months together?

Harry. Indeed, Tommy, Mr. Barlow is right.

Tommy. Why, then, Sir, I protest such a country should be filled with theatres. For my part, I would not care how long the night was, so that I could be continually diverted with some entertaining spectacle. Truly, Sir, in such a climate as you have been describing, a run of one night for any theatrical exhibition would indicate a great success.

Mr. Barlow now produced three tickets for the Haymarket Theatre, and proposed that, should his young friends not be overcome with fatigue, they should forthwith set out for that place of amusement.

"Dear heart!" said Tommy, "what a number of plays we shall have seen before our holidays are ended! And, indeed, I begin to be of opinion that it is impossible for a person of elegance to live anywhere except in London."

Harry smiled at this, and Mr. Barlow observed, that if he felt tired he could go to bed at once.

"O pray, Sir," said Tommy, "do let us visit the theatre to-night! I think I could now attend a theatrical entertainment for ever without being tired."

After listening to some excellent melodies with which the honest musicians seated in the orchestra for that purpose had regaled them, they now turned all their attention towards the stage, having been informed by their beloved tutor that they were now about to witness a mythological comedy entitled *Pygmalion and Galatæa.*

Harry. As I am alive, here is Mr. Buckstone. Now, Master Tommy, we shall indeed be vastly diverted.

During the progress of the play the young people showed by their attentive demeanour how pleased they were with everything they saw and heard.

"There is," continued Mr. Barlow, "a certain freshness in the treatment of this story, and an easiness in the versification, which entitle the honest author to a larger share of commendation than I am, in most cases, able to bestow."

Harry. This is intended for a Greek piece.

Mr. Barlow. Without doubt.

Harry. Is, then, Sir, *Leucippe* a correct name for a Greek soldier?

Mr. Barlow. You may remember, Harry, that, at the Queen's Theatre, when "Apœcides" was pronounced "Appy-cides," I told you, perhaps there existed some authority for these quantities with which we were unacquainted. And in this case I do not doubt but that the honest writer and the sturdy comedian to whom this part has been intrusted, had each sufficient warrant, both for the appellation and the costume which closely resembles that of the illustrious Julius Cæsar. But where all is so good, these are small matters; and my dear Tommy and Harry, I would warn you, as strongly against excessive and indiscriminate praise on the one hand, as against such useless hypercriticism which, in examining, with one eye, certain faulty details through a microscope, shuts the other to the better part of the picture. And, indeed, for my part, I would as soon blame the entire work for this oversight as charge upon the worthy author the selection of the Euston Road Statuary which adorns Pygmalion's studio, or the Egyptian costume of the lady who plays the Greek wife, *Cynisca.* I trust, my dear Tommy and Harry, that you will be ever able to distinguish sound from sense, and to discriminate between what is merely verse, and what is really poetry. I do not think that I have, for some space, witnessed any theatrical representation where, as in this case, the merits so far outweigh its demerits, that one can pronounce a verdict of almost unqualified commendation upon the whole performance.

Tommy. I protest, Sir, for my part, that, being unable to form any clear opinion of my own, I shall repeat, in company, all that you, Sir, have just said with so much discretion.

Mr. Barlow. Whether, then, Master Tommy, do you consider it more honest to use your own faculties, or those of others?

Tommy was much abashed at this rebuke, and owned that he had hitherto preferred to come to an agreement with those who might be discussing any matter, than, by expressing a contrary opinion, to incur a diminution of friendship.

Mr. Barlow. Then would you sacrifice honesty to personal ease? Is it not more noble to assert one's own views with sufficient modesty?

Harry. Your remarks, Sir, call to my mind the story of *Leonidas and the Conceited Pedlar,* which, as Tommy has not yet heard it, I will now proceed to relate. You must know, then, Master Tommy——

At this moment, the curtain rising upon the afterpiece, precluded further conversation.

On quitting the Theatre, Mr. Barlow sent his card to the Manager, and on which he had written, that "he wished him continually increasing prosperity, and that if Mr. Buckstone would like to hear the story of *Pizarro and the Virtuous Shrimp,* he would attend him forthwith in the *Kaffy* next door."

No message, however, being returned, Mr. Barlow, after waiting for two hours on the steps of the *Café,* buttoned up his coat, and followed his young friends to their lodgings in the Strand.

A GOOD DAY'S WORK.

"The Paris Correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* telegraphs that an English deputation waited on M. Thiers yesterday morning, with a view to obtaining the abolition of passports, improved international travelling, and the support of the French Government for improved harbours and the proposed tunnel under the Channel. M. Thiers received the deputation most graciously, and went over the whole ground."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

All the wonderful things now-a-days are done by the old men. What middle-aged man, what young man, would have had strength, to go "over the whole ground," like M. Thiers? The friends and admirers of the President of the French Republic must be delighted to know that he is so hale and hearty. For a man of his years to accomplish such a long and fatiguing journey, shows a vigour of Constitution which we are not accustomed to find in France.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jub-jub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch."

He took his vorpal sword in hand,
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tum Tum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgy wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my Beamish Boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
He chortled in his joy.

Merely interpolating the note that the word "wabe" is explained by the Poet to mean "a grassplot round a sun-dial," but that it also means a Court of Justice, being derived from the Saxon *waube,* a wig-shop, *Mr. Punch* proceeds to dress the prophetic ode in plain English:—

Waggawocky.

'Twas Maytime, and the lawyer coves
Did gibe and jabber in the wabe,
All menaced were the Tichborne groves,
And their true lord, the Babe.

"Beware the Waggawock, my son,
The eyelid twitch, the knees' incline,
Beware the Baigent network, spun
For gallant Ballantine."

He took his ton-weight brief in hand,
Long time the hidden clue he sought,
Then rested he by the Hawkins tree,
And sat awhile in thought.

And as in toughish thought he rocks,
The Waggawock, sans ruth or shame,
Came lumbering to the witness box,
And perjured out his Claim.

"Untrue! untrue!" Then, through and through
The weary weeks he worked the rack;
But March had youth, ere with the Truth
He dealt the final whack.

"And hast thou slain the Waggawock?
Come to my arms, my Beamish Boy!
O Coleridge, J.! Hoorah! hooray!"
Punch chortled in his joy.

CAN A LADY KEEP A SECRET?

This startling scrap of news we recently have stumbled on, copied from our trustworthy contemporary the *Graphic*:—

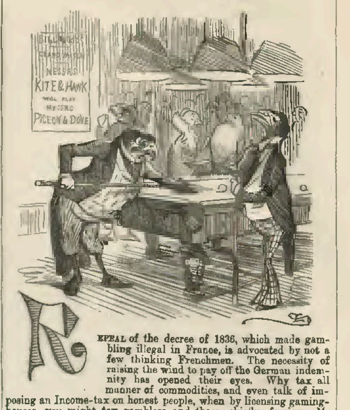
"A lady has found the principle which differentiates the finite from the infinite. She asks the Academy of Sciences a million sterling for the secret."

It has been said that a lady cannot keep a secret. But this, perhaps, depends on whether or no the secret is considered worth its keep. A secret that is valued at a million sterling is certainly worth keeping, if there be any likelihood of getting such a sum for it. At the same time we should hesitate, if the seller were a lady, to buy it at that price, and should rely on human nature with a pretty strong persuasion that the secret, after all, being in a lady's keeping, would not very long be kept.

Misleading Title.

To prevent a natural mistake, it may be as well to explain that the "Pacific Islanders' Protection Bill," now before Parliament, is *not* a measure to guard us poor peaceable English against Foreign Invaders, Americans, Irish, &c.

UTILISATION OF VICE.



Repeal of the decree of 1836, which made gambling illegal in France, is advocated by not a few thinking Frenchmen. The necessity of raising the wind to pay off the German indemnity has opened their eyes. Why tax all manner of commodities, and even talk of imposing an Income-tax on honest people, when by licensing gaming-houses, you might tax gamblers, and those, chiefly, foreign. M. Henri de la Pène computes that "the six German watering-places where roulette and trente-et-quarante reign realise sixty million francs a-year." His arguments for a revision of the anti-gambling laws deserve our own consideration. Among us those laws have not suppressed gambling, but only confined it to certain forms. Instead of dice there are stocks and shares, and the horsey betting-ring for all persons disposed to gamble. Why should they not be as well allowed to play at roulette, trente-et-quarante, and blind-hookey? If they were, then they could choose their several games, and there would be all the less gambling on the Turf and the Stock Exchange. There would be fewer speculative fits, and panics. No doubt gambling is a bad thing; but the way to deal with a bad thing which you cannot prevent is to make the best of it. By legalising and licensing all manner of gambling-houses, inclusive of betting offices, and imposing a tax on wagers, which would make them recoverable, you could raise much revenue. Those who supplied payment to it would not feel it, the loser would be untouched by an impost on his loss, the winner insensible of a duty on his mere luck. A gambler at present is simply a good-for-nothing fellow; if his gains were taxable and yielded tribute, he would be good for something. Gambling is a vice: granted. Suppose that all gambling were permitted, from lotteries to pitch-and-toss, under a duty; in so far, the expenses of the country would be paid by the vicious. The virtuous would go scot-free. Put down vice in preference to taxing it if you can. But if you can't, you can't; and wouldn't it be comparatively jolly for Virtue if Vice had to bear the national burdens?

A MYSTIC NUMBER.

It is much to be wished that every cell in Newgate were empty, but, next to vacant cells, arrangements for their future vacancy are the most satisfactory. The following brief extract from a contemporary is calculated to afford some satisfaction:—

"The Cat-o'-Nine-Tails.—Nine felons convicted of robbery with violence are at present in Newgate awaiting punishment by the lash."

Nine felons together, with the Cat-o'-Nine-Tails in store for them, form, considered in their mutual relation, an arithmetical coincidence. Nine times nine are the square of nine, and when the nine felons are multiplied by the nine tails, their accounts will be squared.

While the small unwashed, left in the lurch, cry,
And Britannia is driven to swear—
"I'm sick of your Low and High Churches,
'Twixt their two stools let down, like a fool:
'Plague o' both of your houses!' The birch is
More wanted in them, than in School!

"A truce to sectarian war-cries,
By Miall or Denison pealed,
Their slogan while Ignorance o'ercries,
And points to her plague-spots unhealed.
For I feel, '*Quicquid reges delirant,*
Plectuntur Achivi,' nor smile,
That 'tis Chapel, not Church, would play tyrant
O'er young England, school-less the while."

A FINE FOR A BEATING.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says that:—

"In a case which came before the Magistrate at Wandsworth, a greengrocer at Putney, named Groves, was fined £3 for assaulting his wife; in default he was to go to prison for a month. He asked his wife to pay the money, which she did."

So the wife was fined for the beating which her husband had given her. What a pity, one may think, it is that the punishment for beating a wife is not such as necessarily to fall solely on the wife-beater's shoulders. If the latter had simply to be flogged for his offence, the former would not be liable to be fined.

"SWEET GIRL GRADUATE."

Charles (reading, succinctly). "And he's gone to Quod."

Laura. "Now, he'll know what a 'Quadrangle' means."

WHO ARE THEY?

Who are the lucky people who can buy the guinea pears and twenty guinea pine-apples paraded in the fruit-shops?

Who are the still more lucky people who, without the cost of buying, get the privilege of eating them?

Who are the shabby people who nefariously bring their old umbrellas to their clubs, in the hope of profiting by casual exchanges?

Who are the curious people who buy the "curious old sherries" advertised at fifteen pence a bottle, or the "fine old crusted ports" at one and six?

Who are the clever people, who, now that it is over, have not all along predicted the failure of the Tichborne case?

Who are the credulous people that believe in *Zadkiel's Almanack,* or the tips of sporting prophets?

Who are the weak-minded people who buy the comic sheets which are hawked on penny steamers, and nowhere in the world else?

Who are the young ladies that pay their bets at races, when unluckily they lose them?

Who are the young gentlemen that never call their father "governor," even to their closest chum?

Who are the social people that would not much prefer a steak and pint of wholesome beer to the banquet *à la Russe* which is served by a cheap pastrycook, washed down with the champagne which has been bottled at the grocer's?

Who are the foolish people so credulous as to fancy that war will be the upshot of the Alabama business?

Who are the vicious people that pay organ-fiends and German band-its to molest their quiet neighbours?

Who are the weak people that put their faith in quacks, and so encourage the outpouring of their advertisements?

Who are the wondrous people who buy the wondrous garments one sees ticketed by cheap tailors as "the Style!" "the Latest Fashion!" "the Ticket!" or "the Cheese!"?

Who are the virtuous young ladies that never lose their dance card, in order to throw over a bad for a good waltzer?

Who are the virtuous young gentlemen that can give up football in order to escort their sisters for a duty-walk?

Who are the odd people who in their hearts prefer the costly, tasteless, long white-stalked asparagus to the cheap and toothsome green-stalked, which, alas! is not deemed fashionable?

Finally—Who are the wicked people who read *Punch* at the shop-windows to save the cost of buying it?

THE HOOGHLY AND THE ITCHEN.

There is a river at Calcutta and a river at Winchester; it is called the Hooghly at Calcutta, and there are salmons in one, namely the Itchen, which is the Winchester river, and from whose source was derived the ancient and noble name (De Itchenbourne, Tichborne) pretended to by the Wagga-waggawack. *Vide Cartoon.* But the salmons are only to be found in the mouth of the Itchen at Woodmill, and they sell in the immediate neighbourhood for as much as two and sixpence per pound.

Nevertheless, we hope that Lord Northbrook on Saturday last relished the Itchen salmon which we dare say he partook of at the dinner given to his Lordship at St. John's House, Winchester, on the strength of his appointment to the Viceroyalty of India. If he did not happen to taste Itchen salmon, he surely tasted Itchen trout, among all the delicacies of the season deservedly provided to celebrate the self-sacrifice of a nobleman who goes out to govern Indians, when he might stay at home and enjoy himself. In giving Lord Northbrook a dinner upon a Lord Mayor's scale, a just appreciation of merit has been displayed by Robert Forder, Esq., Mayor of Winchester, duly mindful of the dignity of a City once not inferior to that of London.

TAKE CARE OF THE HALFPENCE.

"House of Commons.—At question time, Mr. Baxter, in reply to Mr. Greene, stated that it was intended for the future not to sell less than one dozen of halfpenny postage cards, for which an extra charge of one halfpenny would be made, and that a saving would in consequence be effected of £13,000 a-year."

Most of us are content, if we can turn an honest penny, but Government thrift outstrips private carefulness, and will be satisfied with nothing less than turning an honest halfpenny.

Cricketing News.

The Tichborne Eleven against the Australian Squad.—This long-protracted match has been decided, all the Squad being bowled out. Curiously, their champion player has been trying (vainly) to find his bail.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—March 16, 1872.

Henry Dunbar
Dec. 23/65

Lord Raglan - Ap. 5. 1855
Ch. Ch. (Leader) Dec. 17. 1859
Photo - Exhibn. Jan 28 - 1860
Alth. Review. Dec - 1860
Henry Dunbar. Dec. /65
Sheep in Wolfs - May /67
In Memoriam - Fun. Nov. /66
Much ado - July /67
K.T.'s Farewell - Sep. 2 /67
Marvel - Aug. 12/71
Bread & butter, Nov. 11/65
Redesdale - July 18/68
Hippocampus - Mar. 21/68
Sleight Aug 12/71
Remarkable telegram Nov. 10/72
J. Smith - D°
Speedie - Dec. 16./71
Cromwell - Oct. 25/72
Redowtin Ct. Ct. Oct. 26/72
Tennyson - Dec. 9/72
Univ. Endow. Nov. 23/72
Claimant - Dec. 11/72
Scotsman Lewis Carroll. Dec. 11./72
Taking hint Ap. 12/69
Chaldean - Times Dec. 4/72